

Roberts Family

Connecticut to California

Revised

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Printed by BYU Family History Specialist and bound by Schaffer's Bindery

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Other Publications:

Daphne
Autobiography of Daphne Helena Roberts Cooper Hartle
1st edition 1968
2nd edition 1998

Mary's Diary
Diary of Mary Knowlton Coray Roberts
2004

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About the Editor

Irene Cooper Wayland



Growing up in a large family surrounded by loving grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins, brothers and sisters I felt safe, secure and very much loved. My childhood was filled with happy times and wonderful warm memories.

As long as I can remember, my mother, Maurice Nielsen Cooper, was always doing genealogy. I did not get involved in what she was doing or even ask questions, but perhaps more of it was rubbing off on me than I thought. My grandmother, Daphne Helena Roberts Cooper Hartle and her husband, Frank Hartle were also deeply involved in genealogy. They were “quiet” examples to me.

As a young child the books that I enjoyed reading were about the lives of individuals. It is interesting that my desire as a young woman was to become a “business machine operator.” To those who have never known life without a computer – they did not exist or were so very large that no one dreamed of having one of their own in their home at that time – early to late sixties!

So as I put this all together it now seems very natural that I find myself so deeply involved in publishing books that tell the stories of individuals. The most commonly used business machine today is the computer and “yes” I love operating it! I love the multimedia, designing, formatting, organizing and all the challenges that come with it. Detail is vital and that is just part of me and who I am.

This book is the fruits of the numerous “talents” given to me by a loving Heavenly Father who knew where they would lead me and that they would keep me occupied in doing “good things” all the days of my life.

May these stories and histories be a joy to all who read them – bringing light and understanding of the paths that our beloved ancestors trod and the courage and faith with which they faced their daily challenges.

Acknowledgments

As Jennie N. Weeks stated in the first edition Acknowledgments of *Roberts Family Connecticut to California* – “the contents of this book have been gathered from so many sources and with the help of so many people that it would be impossible to mention each one. But, it is possible to extend deep and genuine appreciation to each and all for your contributions.

The Roberts pedigree has been authenticated from records, (wills, deeds, and census documents) found in the locations where the families lived and from personal diaries and journals handed down through the generations in the family.

It was my mother, Mary Eliza Roberts Noel, who first thought of preparing a history of the Roberts family. For years, we worked together, gathering and preserving the records and histories contained herein. She continued with her unceasing efforts and constant encouragement until her death in 1957.

Aunt Daphne labored countless hours for two years visiting relatives and libraries searching for the information needed, she was an inspiration and help to all. She was assisted by her good husband and we owe Frank Hartle a big vote of thanks.

May [Nielson Biggs] helped prepare the pedigree chart and worked on the early American families with me. Then Margaret's [Nielson Watkins] typing made this book possible. She would drive from Ogden and spend long hours alone working on the stencils after we had gone home from the office.”

To these dear ones we owe our deepest gratitude. Most of them have passed on but they are still very much aware of all their posterity. Because of their untiring efforts and diligence in seeing the project through to publication we have had these precious stories to enjoy for the past 40 years. What a tragedy it would have been if these stories had not been preserved in this book.

I want to thank all of you who have encouraged me to “get this book done!” I am deeply grateful to my dear husband, Karl F. Wayland, who once again has been my collaborator and proofreader.

Table of Contents

About the Editor	iii
Acknowledgment	iv
Table of Contents	v
Forward	xxv
Generations of Roberts Descendants in America	xxvi
Map of Four Corners Area	xxviii
 PART ONE – Roberts Family	 1
Derivation of "Roberts"	2
Roberts of Middletown	3
Research	8
 PART TWO – Roberts Family Generations	 11
1st Generation – Catherine Butler Roberts	12
2nd Generation – Samuel Roberts Sr.	14
3rd Generation – Ezra Roberts Sr.	16
4th Generation – Ephraim Roberts Sr.	18
5th Generation – Ephraim Roberts, Jr.	20
 PART THREE – Ephraim Roberts, Jr. Family	 23
Ephraim Roberts and Huldah Gibbs' Children	24
Dr. Daniel Roberts – Eliza Aldula Clark	25
Dr. Daniel Roberts Marries Eliza Aldula Clark	25
Record of Daniel Roberts and Aldula Clark's Marriage	26
Dr. Daniel Roberts Knew the Prophet Joseph Smith Personally	26
Baptized a Member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints	26
Meeting in Garden Grove, Iowa Held in Home of Daniel Roberts	26
Dr. Daniel Roberts Moves to Lancaster	27
Second Wife, DeLucia Holcomb Dies	27
Dr. Roberts Well Thought of As a Doctor	27
Letters to Pres. Brigham Young	28
Taught and Expected His Boys to Work Hard	29
Move West	29
Dr. Roberts Resides in Provo – California – Goes to Lancaster, Missouri	29
Clark Roberts Takes His Mother, Eliza Aldula Roberts East to Missouri	29
William Roberts – Susan Johnson	30
Lois Roberts – Norman Clark	31
Dr. Clark Roberts – Asenath Adams	31
Cemetery – Head Stones in Winchester, Scott, Illinois	32
Horace Ephraim Roberts – Harriet McEvers	33
Morris Roberts – Elizabeth Hardwick	35
Huldah Lula Roberts – Thomas Barton	36
Jeremiah Wilcox Roberts – Minerva White	36
Levi Roberts – 1st Mary Jane Blair – 2nd Elizabeth Lambert	37
William Clark Roberts son of Levi Roberts	38

PART FOUR – Dr. Daniel Roberts Family	39
Dr. Daniel Roberts and Eliza Aldula Clark Children	40
Dr. Don Carlos Roberts – Flora Basset	41
Doctor in Lancaster, Missouri	41
Charter Member of Masonic Lodge	41
Dr. Don Carlos Roberts Joins the Southern Army During the Civil War	41
Goes West to California Via the Horn	41
Marries Flora Basset	41
Dr. Don Carlos Roberts Dies	41
Daphne Roberts – Seth Palmer	42
Bolivar Roberts – Emma Parmelia Benson	43
Experience in Utah Territory Militia	44
Pony Express	44
Quote From Arthur Chapman	45
Telegraph	46
Bridge Building	47
Picture of Roberts' Toll Bridge – Nevada on Carson River	47
"River Water has Effect on Milk" Story	48
Marries – First Child – Temple Sealing	48
Treasurer – Banker – Drug Store – Miner	48
Devoted to Democratic Principles	48
Loss of Wife and Son	48
William [His Brother] Said of Bolivar	48
Last Will and Testament of Bolivar Roberts	49
Bolivar Roberts and Emma Parmelia Benson's Children	50
Orville Clark Roberts	51
Birth of Orville Clark Roberts Sr.	51
Clark's Baptism	51
Physical Description of Clark by His Sister-in-law, Maria	51
Early Responsibilities for Clark	51
Crosses the Plains Numerous Times	52
Clark Speaks at a Secessionist Meeting in Missouri	52
Clark Crosses the Plains 13 Times	52
Dealing with Indians	52
Lesson Learned – “Stay Out of Others Marital Disputes”	53
Dr. Don Carlos Roberts, Clark's Brother, Comes to Utah	53
Mining and Horse Business	53
Experiences with Indians	53
Messenger for Governor Young to the Indians	54
Arapine Afraid to Face Clark Roberts	55
Walker War Experience	55
Recovers Mare Stolen by Indians	55
Tough Meat	56
Clark Chooses His Wife and Marries, Mary Coray	56

First Home in Mona	56
OUR TRIP FROM MONA, UTAH TO COLORADO	56
Call to Settle a New Area	56
Lineup on this Trip	56
Saying Goodby to Friends and Family	57
Hattie Leaves Her Doll Behind	57
Wagon Company – Heads for Colorado	57
Cousin Edna Joins Them in Their Wagon	58
Etta and the Other Indians	58
Range Horses Bolt	58
Father's Team Leads Out	58
Crossing the Green River Experience	59
Watermelon and Light Rolls	59
Steep Mountain Side	59
Father Coming Up	59
Mancos Hill	59
Lost Oxen and Heifer – Change of Plans	59
Stop to Work on the Railroad – Clark Freights Supplies from Charma – to Three Camps	60
Clark Builds a Log House for His Family	60
Father's Fireplaces – Games	60
Freighting Experiences While Living There	60
Hattie Learns About Birthday Spankings	61
Clark Roberts Moves His Family to Mancos	61
Mancos, Colorado When First Arrived	61
EVENTS IN MANCOS	61
Place in Mancos	61
Mancos Sunday School	61
Back to Provo – Mary's Mother Dying	62
First Fruit Trees Brought to Locality	62
While in Provo	62
Clark's Family Returns to Colorado	62
Three More Children are Born in Mancos	62
Non-Mormon Friends	62
Clark and Mary Start a Weekly Literary Meeting – Debate on Whiskey	62
Mormon Sunday School Organization	63
Clark Vaccinate His Family for Smallpox	63
Moved into Our New House – Railroad Came Through – Close to House	63
Clark Has Contract for Carrying the Mail	63
Clark's Life Depended on Mary's Friendliness and Faith in the Indians	64
Clark Plays a Joke on the Indians	64
Clark's Kindness Shown As Unconditional	64
Roberts Children Remember a Good Teacher, Mr. Floyd	65
Clark Built Three Homes in Mancos	65
Mrs. Floyd Teaches the Girls to Play Chords on Organ	65
Poem: "DADDY" by Mary Roberts Noel	65
Clark and Mary Riding Their Horses Together	66
Clark As a Doctor, Dentist and Surgeon	66
Clark Learned Doctoring from His Own Father, Dr. Daniel Roberts	66
Kindness Was Clark's Nature	66

Clark Loved Playing with His Children	67
Clark Tries to Locate in a Warmer Climate	67
A Christmas to Remember	67
Clark Sells His Place to the Railroad and Wins the Bet	67
Clark Moves Family to Jackson	68
Indian Confrontation	68
Quick Move Saves Them from a Flash Flood	68
Drought, Money Panic, Poor Health, – Worst Hardships While Living in Jackson	69
Mary Shoulders Much of the Burden for Financial Needs	69
Clark is Amused with Daphne's Housekeeping	69
A Well and Testimony Refreshes Travelers	69
Poem: "A DEED AND A WORD"	70
Lou's Stick Horses Carry Him Quickly to Papa	70
Last of Indian Troubles in New Mexico Concerning Plural Wives	70
Jennie and Daphne Make Promise to Clark	70
Clark's Obituary in Provo Newspaper	71
Mary Knowlton Coray Roberts	72
Personality	72
Childhood	72
The Girls Made Their Own Wool Dresses from Wool of a Pet Sheep	72
Pleasant Disposition – Known As "Somebody"	72
Teaches School	72
Known As a Good Lawyer	73
Special Occasions	73
Mary Marries Orville Clark Roberts	73
Ever Increasing in Knowledge	73
Move to Mancos, Colorado	74
JOURNAL ENTRIES – 1881	74
Mary Prefers Not to Cook	75
MANCOS JOURNAL	75
MARY TALKS ABOUT HER MOTHER	77
Lived in the Bright Future – Great Example of Hope	77
TRIP HOME BY TRAIN – AFTER HER MOTHER'S FUNERAL	78
MANCOS	79
Letter to Daphne from Her Mother, Mary	80
Grateful for Clark's Interest in the Provo Woolen Mills	81
Mancos to Bluff Mail Contract and Indians	81
Faith of Mary in Clark and the Indians	81
Indian and the Broom Story	81
Leave Their New Home in Mancos, Colorado	82
DIARY EXCERPTS 1884-1887	82
Howard's Gun Accident	85
Expressions of Love for Children	85
Excellent Orator	85
Mary's Reflections of 27 Years of Marriage	85
Mary's Son, Howard Drowns in the San Juan River	86
Mary's Journal Entries 1916	86
Mary in Colorado with Her Son, Lou and Brother, Will Coray	87
EARLY UTAH PIONEER PASSES OVER DIVIDE from Vernal Express	90

William DeWitt Roberts	92
William, Bolivar, and Their Father Go to California	92
Dr. Daniel Roberts Returns to Missouri	92
Business – Crop Disappointment	93
Gold Mining	93
Returns to Utah	93
Enlists in Service – Indian Troubles	93
Assists with Handcart Rescue	93
Taken Prisoner By Crow Indians	94
Goes East to Visit His Parents Via California	94
Again in Missouri During Civil War Returns to Utah with His Bride	94
First Postmaster	94
Honey Bees Brought to Utah	94
Hotel Roberts in Provo, Utah	95
APPLICATION FOR INDIAN WAR VETERAN MEDAL	95
Julia Maria Lusk Roberts	96
Early Pioneers of Missouri	96
Father's Homestead Very Fruitful	96
Cozy Log Home – Pleasant Evenings	96
Safe from Wolves	97
Girlhood Days – Goose Eggs	97
Unexpected Death of Father	97
Schooling – Meets William DeWitt Roberts	97
Civil War Raging – Glad to Leave Missouri	98
Conditions During Civil War	98
Families Cattle Stolen	98
Clearer Perspective	99
Fiancé Returns	99
Married and Moves West	99
Tribute to Mother-in-law Eliza Aldula Roberts	99
Learns That Her Husband Is a Mormon – Converts	99
Sister Accepts the Truth	99
First Child	99
Many "Firsts" – William Brings Bees to Utah	100
"Thy Will Not Mine Be Done"	100
Letter to Niece – May Roberts Noel	100
New Bathing Suits	100
Thoughts on Marriage	100
Health – Aging – Slowing Down	101
Interesting and Perilous Times – Wonderful Age	101
Celebrating Utah Days	101
Sense of Humor	102
91 Years Old	102
Very Accomplished Woman – Ever Learning	102
Fulfillment of Prophecy	102
Homer Roberts	104

Byron Roberts	104
Adelbert Roberts – Martha Eliza York	105
Pottery and Mining Business	105
Kind, Generous Man	105
Beautiful Home – Family of Twelve Children	106
Adelbert Roberts and Martha Eliza York's Children	106
Rollin K. Roberts – Eunice Clark	106
 PART FIVE – Orville Clark Roberts and Mary Knowlton Coray Family	107
Orville Clark Roberts and Mary Knowlton Coray Children	108
 Orville Clark Roberts, Jr. – Persis Amy Young	109
Birth	109
Loved Horses from Young Childhood	109
Brotherly Bond – Always Together	109
Orville Cuts Knee with Drawing Knife	109
No Fences – Herd Laws	110
Coldest Winter – Calves Froze	110
Hired Help – Orville's Accident	110
Soap and Rhubarb Pills	110
Swedish Boarders	110
Boys Learn to Knit	110
Call to Move South – Utah Or Colorado	110
Boys Play and Watch Building of Railroad	111
Childhood Friends Part from One Another	111
LIFE OF ORVILLE CLARK ROBERTS, JR. by Mary Amelia Roberts	111
Happy and Interesting Life	111
Valentine's Day Wedding	111
Church Entertainment Nights	111
Mother Resourceful – Always Busy Hands	111
Play with Children – Faithful Church Workers	111
Walk to Primary – Father Helps Others	112
Compassion Towards Others	112
San Juan River Floods	112
LIFE OF ORVILLE CLARK ROBERTS, JR. by Glen Roberts	112
Orville Goes to California	112
Active in Church	112
Cares for Daughter, Amy and New Baby	112
"The Old Goat Ranch" – Mother Seriously Ill	112
Honest to a Fault	113
"MY GRACIOUS" – Eat Anything	113
LIFE OF ORVILLE CLARK ROBERTS, JR. by Virga Stevens	113
Lived by the Golden Rule	113
EXCERPTS FROM ORVILLE'S DIARY	113
Goes to California	113
JOURNAL ENTRIES 1912	114
Mother's Prayers	114
First Long Auto Ride	114

Visit's to "Tots"	114
Arranges for Family to Come to California	114
Anniversary Memories	114
Persis and Children Arrive	114
Pleasant Sunday with Persis	114
Family Together Again	114
Daily, Weekly Activities	114
Girls Enrolled in School	115
Virga Baptized	115
Fireworks – Visits Family in Jamacha	115
Speaks in Church – Short and to the Point	115
Visit to Purifying Plant	115
Picnic and Sights at Coronado	115
Father's 79th Birthday	116
Letter from Son, Howard Glen – Stayed Behind in New Mexico	116
Go to See the Circus	116
Amy Enrolled in Normal School	116
Sister, Jennie Comes to California	116
JOURNAL ENTRIES 1914	116
Prepares to Return to Colorado	116
Spiritual Day	117
Long Last Leg of Journey	117
With Family in New Mexico	117
Home Again	117
Treated Grandchildren as Equals	117
Orville Clark Roberts and Persis Amy Young's Children	118
Howard Daniel Roberts	119
Life of the Party	119
Fell in Love – Big Wedding	120
Tragic Accidental Shooting	120
This Was the Answer of How It Happened	120
Indian Trouble	120
Howard's Death	121
LIFE OF HOWARD DANIEL ROBERTS by Mary E. Roberts Noel	121
Howard's Baptism	121
Life on Chicken Creek	121
Stoves in Their Playhouse	122
Howard Shoots His Finger Off	122
Howard and Orville Seldom Separated	122
Experience with Horses "There Goes the Fruitcake	122
Mountain Fever and Bedsores	122
Breaking a Cow for Milking	122
Meets His Wife and Marries	123
Light of Sunshine to His Siblings	123
Taking Care of His Own Family	123
Memorable Trip – May and Howard	124
Dried Peach Pie for Howard	124

Celebrating the 4th of July	124
Brother's Advice and Support	124
Howard and Frank's Relationship and Love	124
Memorable Trip to Idaho	124
Fun at Uncle Sid's	125
May and Jennie Start School	125
Howard, Orville and Hattie Make Christmas	125
Last Time May Sees Howard	125
Receive Word of Howard's Death	125
Deseret Evening News Story of Howard's Death	126
 Mary Whipple Young (May)	 127
"It Must Be Done, and I'll Do It"	127
Frail Health	127
Clark Endeavors to Help Pay for Mama's Operation	127
How Mary Provided for Her Young Family	128
Mama's Dedication	128
Prayer	128
Ambitious	128
Ice Cream	128
Boarders and Roomers	129
Meals for Transients – Indians	129
Baked Bread for Brother Evans	129
Alfred Ruby, Experienced Gardner	129
Spot, Daisy, and Dot – Milch Cows	129
Family Assistance From Relatives	129
Contributions By Each Child	129
Owned House and Lot	130
House Trading	130
Howard a Worry to His Mother	131
Cowshed, Chicken Coop, and Haystack Burn	131
Roberts Brothers Help May's Boys	131
Claude Helps Herd Sheep	131
Claude's Death	132
Clark Attends San Juan Academy	132
Clark Attends Brigham Young Academy	132
Family Moves to Provo	132
Clark Comes By Train	133
Happiest Winter – Family Together	133
Clark Returns to Redmesa – Marries.	133
Tragic Accident – Clark Dies	133
Bertha Joins Clark's Family at BYA	133
Howard Daniel Roberts and Mary Whipple Young's Children	134
 Harriet Virginia Roberts (Hattie)	 135
Birth and Drowning	135
Whooping Cough	136
Various Accidents	136

Sisters Are Born	136
Frank Is Born – Loretta, Indian Girl Comes to Help	136
Learns to Write – Corresponding with Aunt Nellie	136
First Real Christmas	136
Mince Pies – Fried Cakes	136
Swedish Family	136
Doll Destroyed	137
Mount Nebo – Berries	137
Move to Mancos	137
Back in Provo	137
Money to Return to Colorado	137
Return to Colorado	137
Clark Meets His Family in Durango – Home Again	137
Spring in Mancos	138
Daphne's Birth – Frankie's Back Troubles	138
Cares for Frankie	138
Family Well Taken Care of	138
Church Organized – Brother Don Born	138
Children were Never to Quarrel	138
Smallpox Outbreak	139
Testimony of Priesthood Power	139
Blessing by Three Nephites	139
Fire in Bedroom – Girls Asleep and Unharmed	139
Louis Born	140
Howard Marries May Young	140
Move to Jackson	140
Attends BYU	140
Marries Charlie Steele	141
Mountain Vacation – Whooping Cough – Apple Picking	141
Cow Saves Children from Mad Dog	141
Brother Howard's Death	141
Children Starving on Bread and Milk Diet	142
John and Mary (May) Born – One Year Old May Dies	142
Grandpa Steele Spends the Summer	142
Grandma Steele	142
Last of Church in Jackson	142
Hard Life in Jackson	143
Son Don Born	143
Sealed for Eternity	143
Life in Kirtland, New Mexico – Five Year Old Howard Dies	143
Always Room for Two More	143
Kathrine Steele is Born	144
Grasshoppers Clean Out Kirtland and Fruitland	144
Several Moves – Three More Children	144
Hallies Comet	144
Three More Children	144
Blow Snake – Guinea Eggs	144
Farewell to Parents – Father Dies	144

Georgie is Born and Dies	144
Move to Wyoming	144
Charlie's Way with Babies	145
Husband, Charles Dies	145
Makes Rangely Colorado Home	145
Honored on 86th Birthday	145
Charles Milton Steele (Charlie)	146
Born in Prairie Country	146
Effects of the Civil War on Family	146
Home Burned – Father's Life Threatened	146
Move Back to Crescent – House Blown Down	146
Someone Hired to Kill My Father	146
Prairie Fires	147
Ranch in Neola, Iowa – Win a Prize at School	147
Refused to Herd Sheep	147
Catching Wolves' Pups	147
Age 13 – Full Farm Hand	147
Last Schooling	147
Charles Goes West	147
Montana – Iowa – Colorado	148
"It's True, It's True, It's True"	148
Charlie's Father Moves to New Mexico	148
Charlie Meets Hattie Roberts	148
Courtship of Charles and Hattie	149
Harriet Virginia Roberts and Charles Milton Steele's Children	150
Mary Eliza Roberts (May)	151
To Help My Children or Grandchildren	151
"Comfort of Prayer"	151
Birth of 'Little May'	151
Illness of Grandmother Coray	151
Gathering Nuts	152
Schooling	152
God Answers Prayers	152
Rides in the Sleigh	152
Fourteenth Birthday	152
Move to Jackson	152
Enjoyed Helping Carry the Load with Jennie and Mother	152
Going to Town – First Time	152
First Time Plowing	152
Joy During Hard Times – Thank the Lord for Mother's Dream	153
Activities, Work, School	153
Mother Tends Bees	153
Frank Noel Enters May's Life	153
Teaches a Kindergarten Class	153
Shares Feelings and Describes Her Marriage to Frank Noel	154
Describes First Little Home	154
First Freight Trip with Frank	154

Trip in a Wagon When Very Ill	155
God Hears a Mother's Prayer	155
Testimony of Fasting and Blessing	155
Frank's Brothers come to Stay with Them	155
First Baby Born	155
Frank Runs a Trading Post Sa-Noss-Tee	156
Baby Leland Dies of Typhoid Fever	156
Bold Difficult Trip with Four Small Children While Pregnant	156
Relief Society President	157
Wonderful Relief Society Parties	157
Another Son Is Born	157
Managing Six Children Under Nine Years of Age	157
Indian Fair at Shiprock – Terrible Storm	157
Together at the Sa-Noss-Tee	158
Latter-day Saints Sunday School Organized	158
Frank and May Go to World's Fair in California	158
Dorothy Born – Becomes Very Ill	158
School House Next Door	159
Move to Vernal	159
"Home Sweet Home" Cabel Home	160
Busy Family	160
Grandmother Roberts – Love for Children	160
Mother Passes Away	160
War – Flu – New Baby – Quarantined Themselves	161
School at Home	161
Suffering with Hay Fever and Asthma	161
"Peace and Happiness"	161
"Caboose" Roane Chadwick Noel is Born	161
Rich or Poor – Always Happy	161
Big Brush Creek	162
Frank Noel – County Clerk – Twelve Years	162
Move to Draper, Utah	162
Poem: OUR HOME IN DRAPER	162
Temple Work	163
Asthma Trouble Again – Moves to St. George, Utah	163
Time with Family	163
Poem: THE OLD FIREPLACE	164
MY TESTIMONY	165
Final Move to California	165
Picture: 50th Wedding Anniversary	165
Frank Leland Noel	166
"Visits" Meant Overnight	166
Schooling	166
Held His Mother in High Honor	167
Frank Goes West	167
Goes to San Juan River – Brother, Henry's Accident with an Ax	167
Mother's Influence – Guiding Star	167
Just Drifting	168
Fruitland	168

Playing Baseball and Horse Racing	168
Store Business – Reservation	168
"Two Grey Hills"	168
Dreams of a Home	169
Mary Eliza Roberts Enters His Life	169
Builds a Home	169
Visits to Fruitland – Renews His Dreams	170
Tribute to His Wife	170
Picture: Frank Noel's Trading Post	170
Picture: Navajo Blanket Display	171
Letter: To Friends and Relations	171
Mary Eliza Roberts and Frank Leland Noel's Children	172
 Martha Jane Roberts (Jennie) – Jens Peter Nielson	 173
Grandmother Nicknames Her Jennie	173
Activities on Chicken Creek	173
Childhood – Happy Days	173
Father Saves Us from a Cow, "Old Star"	174
Herbs for Medicine	174
Associates from the East	174
School Years	174
Trade Horses for Oxen – Have Fun Working Oxen	174
Father Grows Ill	174
Measles Epidemic	174
Answer to Mother's Prayer	175
Good Friends – Good Times	175
Teaches and Attends BYU – Frank Gets Them to Train on Time	175
Trips to Mountains with Brothers	175
Broken Doubletree	176
Jens Peter Nielson Enters Jennie's Life	176
True Pioneers	176
Jens' Mission	176
New Life for Jennie and Jens	176
Move to Bluff	176
Trip to Salt Lake for Temple Sealing	177
Balky Horse	177
First Baby – Unusual Experience – Connected with Baby's Death	177
Second Daughter Born – Other Children	178
Third Daughter	178
Fifth Daughter – Only Son Born	178
Deadly Irrigation Ditch	178
Jens' Accident	178
Jennie Stitches Her Daughter's Nose Back On	179
Indian Experiences	179
Jennie's Compassion	179
Always Happy – Making Others Happy	179
Mother's Musical Talent	180
Love of Knowledge	180

Seeking Knowledge	180
Loved Life	180
Transporting Chairs in Dark of Night	180
Brother Howard Dies	181
Letter: TO MY CHILDREN	181
Poem	182
MY TESTIMONY	182
Nielson Home in Bluff, Utah	183
Martha Jane Roberts and Jens Peter Nielson's Children	184
 Frank Homer Roberts – Evelyn Taylor	 185
Birth – Healthy Child Until Three Years Old	185
Character	185
Discover Frank Has Curvature of the Spine	185
Fun Times	186
Drink Only "Flora's" Milk	186
Sensitive	186
Loved Horses	186
First Experiences of Unkindness – Forgives	186
Gains Respect Using Proper English	187
Proves Himself a Man	187
Poem	187
Respectful and Thoughtful	188
Never Trots His Team	188
Studies Bible – Bookkeeping	188
Does Well Farming	188
Renews Friendship with Eva	188
Loved Children	188
Pleasant Valley, Utah	188
Better the Water Condition	189
Active in Politics – Never Ran for Office	189
Very Lonely after Eva Died	189
Tributes	189
Funeral Services for Frank Roberts	189
Letter Frank wrote to His Sister Daphne	190
 Daphne Helena Roberts – Robert Pomeroy Cooper (Roy)	 191
Birth	191
Five Miles to School	191
Jennie and Daphne Attend School in Denver	191
Roy Cooper Comes into Her Life	191
Very Comfortable "Tent" Home	192
Move to California	192
Jamacha, California	192
Dream Home Built in LaJolla, California	192
Move to San Diego, California	192
Greatly Enjoyed the Exposition	192
Roy Leaves – Daphne Moves to Vernal, Utah	192

Becomes a School Teacher – To Earn a Living	193
Dry Fork School Teaching	193
Flu Epidemic	193
No Deaths in Dry Fork Because of Flu	193
Teaches – Central, Ashley, Dry Fork, and Leota Schools	193
Katherine Bryant and Frank Hartle Become Part of Her Life	194
Frank's Family	194
Daphne's Autobiography	194
Daphne's Birth	194
"Tots" Beloved by All Her Family	194
Frank and Daphne – Special Relationship	194
Intellectual Family	195
Learns to Play Chords on Their Organ	195
Woolen Mills Provide Warm Clothing	195
Broken Doll – Broken Heart	195
Memorable Christmas	195
Jennie and Daphne Go to School in Denver	196
Roy Cooper Becomes a Part of Daphne's Life	196
Tearful Reunion of Dear Friends	196
Daphne Helps the Little Children Perform	196
Special Promise Given by David O'McKay	196
The Promise	197
Living in Redmesa	197
Arvene Is Born Christmas Morning	197
Arvene Almost Dies of Whooping Cough	197
Roy's Brothers Have a "Get Rich Scheme"	197
Disaster Hits	198
Go with Roy Wherever He Wished	198
Trip to California	198
Jamacha Place	198
Fasting and Praying for Roy	198
Roy Is Cleared and Returns Home – The Birds Begin to Sing	198
Decorating Their House	199
Helena Is Born	199
Orville Clark Roberts' Final Illness	199
Mary Witnesses a Very Touching Moment – Her Husband and Youngest Son, Lou	199
Mary Moves to Utah	199
Orange Grove Freezes	199
Very Hard Business Lesson Learned	199
Another Opportunity “?”	200
Roy Returns Home from the East	200
Exposition	200
Roy Goes to Arizona	200
Daphne Leaves California	200
Trip to Utah	201
On to Vernal	201
Very Little Food But Not Sad	201
Plenty of Food for Winter	201
Divorce	202

Begins Teaching School at Dry Fork	202
Trying Experience with the Devil	202
Flu Epidemic	202
Home of Own in Vernal	202
Diamond Mountain	203
Homesteading	203
Whooping Cough	204
Leota School	204
Leota Home	204
Midwife	204
Birth of Kay Bryant	204
Frank Hartle	205
Daphne and Frank Marry and Move to Helper, Utah	205
Move to Salt Lake City	205
62 Years Teaching in the Church	205
Two Dreams	206
Tribute and Poem to Daphne Written by May Roberts Noel	207
Daphne Helena Roberts and Robert Pomeroy Cooper's Children	208
Daphne Helena Roberts and Frank Hartle's Child	208
 Don Carlos Roberts – Claire Poyer	 209
Birth – Burns	209
Vaccinated	209
Brother Howard's Wedding	209
Colt Frank Would Not Ride	210
Baptized LaPlata River	210
Pa Cared for Younger Children	210
School	210
Don Works with Frank	210
Freighting with Frank	210
Play – Pretending to Be Miners or Freighters	211
Celebration	211
Always on Time to School in Spite of Cold	211
Frank and Don Give Support to Family Income	211
Log Milling and Mill Tending	211
Hauling Apples	211
Seriously Close Call for Horses	212
Best Job – Learned the Most	212
Should Have Been an Engineer	212
Church Activity	212
Don Meets Claire Poyer	213
Family of Six Children – Later a Seventh	213
Bishopric Service	213
Tries Dairy and Chicken Business	213
Works Railroad	213
Black Face Sheep	213
Several Moves – Claire Started a Laundry	213
Church Service – Primary Children's Hospital Organist	214

Retirement and Temple Work	214
Claire Poyer Roberts	214
Poyer Family	214
Rheumatic Fever – Schooling	214
Piano Lessons	214
Father Homesteads in Colorado – Mother Moves to Hastings, Nebraska	214
Working Years	214
Father Dies	214
Meets Don Carlos Roberts	214
Lost a Son at Age Two	215
Several Moves and Jobs – 16 Years in Vernal	215
Live in Provo – Then Salt Lake City	215
Church Service	215
Don Carlos Roberts and Claire Poyer's Children	216
Louis Dermont Roberts – Winifred Louise Dean	217
Childhood Memories	217
Spent a Lot of Time with His Father	217
Stories About Indian Dealings	217
Two Homes – Farmington and the Ranch	218
Schooling – Good and Bad	218
Sunday School	218
Trip with Frank – Indian Dealings or Trouble	218
Traits Learned from Brothers	218
Nephew Clark – More Like a Brother	219
Death of Father – Leaves a Big Vacancy in His Life	219
Missionary Work	219
Fed Cooked Duck – Feathers and All	219
Receives Word of Clark's Accident	219
Returns Home from Mission	220
Serious Accident with an Ax	220
Thoughts of Louise Dean – Marriage	220
Marriage – Honeymoon	220
First Summer in Rico Mountains	220
First Child Born – son, Frank Homer Roberts	220
Florence Louise Is Born	221
Terrible Tragedy	221
Mother Passes Away	221
Rhea is Born – Moved to Vernal	221
Support and Help from Frank and May Noel	221
Move to Reader Place	221
Paradise Park and a Fun Picnic	221
Lived in Leota	221
Dangerous Conditions	221
Birth of Lowell – 30 Degrees Below Zero	222
Changes – Move to Vernal – Reader Home	222
Children's Horses – Welch Pony, Blaze, Rocket	222
Three Youngest Children Born	222

Trip to Tuba City	222
Missionary Work	222
Sheep Business – From 16 to 75 Years of Age	222
Gratitude	223
Tribute to Sister Daphne and His Nephews	223
Tribute to Nephews Robert and Arvene	223
Love for the Lamanite People	223
EXPERIENCE OF LOUIS ROBERTS AND HIS NEPHEW, CLAUDE ROBERTS	223
Tribute to Claude	224
Encounter with an Old Man and His Daughter	225
Troubles Ahead and Troubles Behind	225
Tries to Doctor Claude's Feet	226
HOWARD'S ADDITION TO LOUIS AND CLAUDE'S EXPERIENCE	227
Hazardous Trip – Unknown Trail	227
Loss of Horse – Food Supply	227
Don Goes Home – Frank Takes His Place	227
Howard Comes with Uncle Frank	227
Poorly Marked Trail – Trouble Keeping Directions Straight	227
Delayed – Return for Turpentine – Rain	227
Pony Falls – Plans Frustrated	228
One and Half Day – No Sleep – Nothing to Eat	228
Frank and Howard Head the Sheep	228
Claude Sick with Typhoid Fever	228
Grateful for the Gospel	228
Winifred Louise Dean Roberts – District Mother of Year	229
Louis Dermont Roberts and Winifred Louise Dean's Children	230
 PART SIX – William DeWitt Roberts and Julia Maria Lusk Family	 231
William DeWitt Roberts and Julia Maria Lusk's Children	232
Lillian Aldula Roberts – Volney Bonnet deLoery	233
Three Children	233
Gifted Musicians	233
Grandpa Roberts Loved Music	233
William DeWitt Roberts, Jr. – Mary Ann Taylor (Polly)	234
Built and Managed Hotel Roberts in Provo	234
Newhouse Hotel Assistant Manager	234
Natural Athletic Ability – Horse-riding Standing Up	234
Helped His Community	234
"Will Roberts" of Utah	234
Love of People – Tremendous Capacity for Friendship	234
Obituary of Mrs. Mary Ann (Polly) Taylor Roberts	235
Dermont Homer Roberts – Emma Jane Bennett	236
Picture: Provo Historic Hotel Roberts	236
Orpha Zulema Roberts – James Merriweather Walker	237
Eugene Lusk Roberts – Sytha Brown	238
Professor and Educator	238
Missionary Work	238
Gene Marries Sytha Brown	238

Instituted the Timpanogos Hike	239
Sunset Hikes	239
BYU International Meet and Relay	239
Excellent Coach	239
Roberts Administration at BYU	239
Develops Community Center in San Diego	240
Southern California	240
Other Notable Activities	240
Editor, Cartoonist, Satires	240
Writing Under Many Pseudonyms	240
Author of "Indian Legend of Timpanogos"	241
Writes Poems	241
Biography and History Stories	241
Honors	241
"Timpanogos Roberts"	241
E.L. Roberts Services Set in Provo	242
Poem: The Storm	242
 PART SEVEN – Sidney Algernon Knowlton and Harriet Burnham Family	 243
Sidney Algernon Knowlton and Harriet Burnham's Children	244
Sidney Algernon Knowlton and Charlotte Regina Artegren's Children	244
History of Sidney Algernon Knowlton and Harriet Burnham	245
Ancestry and Marriage of Sidney	245
Parents of Ten Children	245
Sidney and His Brother Ephraim	245
Ephraim Remains in Cumminsville, Ohio	246
Knowlton's Move from Ohio to Illinois	246
Mormonism Enters Their Lives	246
Sidney Known to Be a Successful Farmer	247
Missionary Work	247
Call From Church Leaders	247
Son, Benjamin Describes Their Journey West to Great Basin	248
Family Settled in Salt Lake	248
Closing Years	248
Continued Interest in Agriculture	249
Sidney Known As a Man of Integrity	249
Church Work	249
Commissioner to Locate University Lands in Utah	249
Sidney's Plural Wives	249
Tribute to Sidney and Harriet Knowlton	249
Sidney's Death	250
Picture: Home of Sidney and Harriet Knowlton in Salt Lake City, Utah	250
Obituary of Harriet Burnham Knowlton	251
Additional Information and History of the Knowltons	252
Sidney Algernon Knowlton Ancestry	253
Harriet Burnham Ancestry	254

PART EIGHT – Coray Family	255
1st Generation – Elnathan Coray and Abigail Green Family	255
2nd Generation – John Coray and Phebe Howe Family	255
Phebe Howe Coray 2nd Marriage – James Abbott	255
Silas Coray and Mary Stephens' Children	256
Howard Coray and Martha Jane Knowlton's Children	257
Howard Coray Autobiography	258
Henry Ward Beecher – Discusses Religion	259
Howard Lays Aside His Studies in Search of Getting a Testimony from God	259
First Meets People Who Are Mormons	260
First Hears Mormonism Preached	260
Howard and Family Members Are Baptized	260
Received Strong Testimony	261
Attends Conference and Meets the Prophet Joseph Smith	261
Employed by Joseph Smith As a Clerk	261
Ordained an Elder	261
Received Patriarchal Blessing from Hyrum Smith	261
Observing the Prophet – Very Much at Ease with Everyone in Every Situation	261
Howard Observes Joseph Smith's Knowledge in Conversing with People	261
Joseph Smith as Sidney Rigdon's Cat's Paw?	262
Howard Observing Joseph Smith's Interaction with Others	262
Howard Ask by Prophet Joseph Smith to Write the Church History	262
Howard Observes Prophet Joseph Smith and John C. Bennett Writing Nauvoo Charter	262
Howard Witnesses and Feels the Prophet Joseph Smith Receiving Divine Revelation	262
Howard's Leg Is Broken by Prophet Joseph Smith	263
Prophecy Given to Howard by Prophet Joseph Smith	263
Miraculous Healing	263
Working with Edwin D. Woolley and Then Miller	263
Teaches School	264
Howard Meets Martha Jane Knowlton	264
Courtship and Marriage	264
Martha Jane Becomes Howard's Assistant School Teacher	264
First Child, Howard Coray Jr. is Born	264
Mission with Father-in-law, Sidney Algernon Knowlton	264
Ordained High Priest	265
Coray Home in Nauvoo	265
"Whistling and Whittling Brigade"	265
Death of Silas Coray, Howard's Father	265
Martha Jane has a Peculiar Dream – Hyrum Smith Seals Howard and Martha Jane	265
Death of Joseph and Hyrum Smith	266
Mission Call – Plans Changed	266
Call to Write the Smith History	266
Receive Endowments in Nauvoo Temple – Children Are Sealed to Them	266
Leave Nauvoo	267
Fort Kearney	267
Nishnabotna River – New Fort Kearney – Salt Lake City	267
Salt Lake City General Tithing Office – Tooele County – Provo	267
Howard Recorder in Provo	267
Howard Serves Mission to Virginia	267

Juab County Homestead – Provo	267
Other Missions	268
Tribute by Howard Coray to His Wife Martha Jane Knowlton Coray	268
Stake Missionary	268
Mission to Smyth County, Virginia	268
Ordained a Patriarch	268
Death of Howard Coray	268
Letters Written by Howard Coray	269
Why God's Servants Are Not Popular and Never Will Be	272
Powerful Testimony of Howard Coray	272
Martha Jane Knowlton Coray	277
Interest in Preserving Facts	277
Teaches Sunday School at Young Age	277
First Contact with Mormons	277
Baptized a Mormon	277
Recognizes a Living Prophet	277
Records Speeches – Joseph Smith – Others	277
Blessing Given by Patriarch Joseph Smith Sr.	277
Martha Jane Meets Howard Coray	277
Significant Accomplishments	278
Death of Beloved Prophet and His Brother	278
Assists Lucy Mack Smith	278
Endowment and Sealing	278
Leave Nauvoo	278
Martha Operates Hunsaker Ferry	278
Crosses the Plains with John Sharp Company	278
Salt Lake City	278
Move to Tooele County – Grasshoppers	279
Family Locates in Provo – Education	279
Difficult Times	279
Promise of 15 Years More	279
Death of Daughter – During Childbirth	279
Home in Mona	279
Move Back to Provo	280
Dean of Women – BYU	280
EXCERPTS FROM THE DIARY OF MARTHA JANE KNOWLTON CORAY	280
Picture: Brigham Young Academy	281
Martha Jane Knowlton Coray Lecture Hall Program	282
History of the Prophet Joseph Smith by His Mother Lucy Mack Smith	284
Salt Lake Herald – Death of Martha Jane Knowlton Coray	285
The Territorial Enquirer – Death of Martha Jane Knowlton Coray	286
Women's Garden – Nauvoo	288
William Coray and Melissa Burton	289
Purchase Pony at Hunsaker Ferry	289
Terrible Storm	289
Chills and Fever	289
Pictures: Mormon Battalion	290

Forward

To preserve the stories and history has been the primary focus and purpose of this 2006 edition of *Roberts Family Connecticut to California; Revised*. Also to again make this book available to the descendants of those who grew up on these stories.

The format has been designed to make reading easier. The organization hopefully will help it to flow from one generation to the next with continuity. Subtitles have been added to identify what the paragraph or section is about. Listing all the subtitles in the Table of Contents will hopefully help in finding a particular incident quickly.

Those who are familiar with the first edition will quickly notice that the lists of family descendants have been omitted. Each individual family can compile their own.

All the research and information that Jennie and Daphne had in the first edition has been included in its entirety. Those wanting to do research on this Roberts line will find a good starting place by studying what is in this book.

Throughout the book direct quotes have been italicized instead of indented. On Howard Coray's history – three typeface have been used; autobiography is italicized – the holograph typeface looks like this – and regular typeface used for headings and other material.

May all who read from the pages of this book find some thing that they can relate to and possibly help them in their own personal lives. That is the desire of our ancestors who have passed on their stories to their posterity – that their lives – their stories – their courage may somehow help the generations yet to tread this mortal life.

Irene Cooper Wayland

Daphne Helena Roberts Cooper Hartle wrote the Forward for the 1965 edition of *Roberts Family Connecticut to California*. She says: *The purpose of this book is to bring the members of the Roberts family closer together in fine unity and to bring them to a greater knowledge of their outstanding heritage.*

We all owe Jennie Noel Weeks, a grand-daughter of Orville Clark Roberts, a debt of gratitude for her untiring efforts in her research work. She found many facts which tend both to substantiate and to disprove family traditions, and she discovered bits of family history that are priceless. They bring our ancestors near to us in such a friendly way that we feel we really know them, and it is a joy to know that they have had the privilege of accepting the gospel.

*As to its station in life, we find that this family was not among the wealthy, nor among the poor, but that it was from the great "middle class" which lies at the foundation of society and which perpetuates the race. We believe that, as the man who loves his country most is the man who knows the most about it, so – **the man who loves his family most is the man who knows the -most about it.***

The compilers of the 1965 Roberts Family book sacrificed much time and labor with the object of benefitting and edifying those who are interested, and of presenting them with a reliable record of their family, living and dead. It has been the aim to make the book in substance and in form, worthy of the dead ancestors, honorable to the living descendants, and acceptable to you — the reader.

Daphne Helena Roberts Cooper Hartle

Generations of Roberts Descendants in America

These two pages are for the reader to be able to – at a glance – see how one person relates to another as they read the stories in this book. Each family is listed. An * or + refers you to their family – the next generation.

1st Generation —

Catherine Butler Roberts

Roberts Children

1. William Roberts

2. Samuel Roberts abt 1666*

3. John Roberts

Wetmore Children

Benjamin Wetmore

Abigail Wetmore

Hannah Wetmore

2nd Generation —

Samuel Roberts & Mercy Blake

1. Samuel Roberts

2. Mercy Roberts

3. Ebenezer Roberts

4. Daniel Roberts

5. Desire Roberts

6. Sarah Roberts

7. Ezra Roberts 1709*

3rd Generation —

Ezra Roberts & Mary Adkins

1. Mercy Roberts

2. Mercy Roberts

3. Mary Roberts

4. Ezra Roberts Jr.

5. Hannah Roberts

6. Josiah Roberts

7. Stephen

8. Ruth Roberts

9. Ephraim Roberts 1746*

10. Esther Roberts

4th Generation —

Ephraim Roberts Sr. & Phebe Clark

1. Daniel Roberts

2. Daniel Roberts

3. Ephraim Roberts Jr. 1775*

5th Generation —

Ephraim Roberts Jr. & Huldah Gibbs

1. Dr. Daniel Roberts *

2. William Roberts

3. Lois Roberts

4. Dr. Clark Roberts

5. Horace Ephraim Roberts

6. Morris Roberts

7. Huldah Lula Roberts

8. Jeremiah Wilcox Roberts

9 Levi Roberts

6th Generation —

*Dr. Daniel Roberts &
Eliza Aldula Clark*

1. Laura Roberts 1824
2. Lucy Roberts 1825
3. Dr. Don Carlos Roberts 1826
4. Daphne Roberts 1829
5. Bolivar Roberts 1831
- 6. Orville Clark Roberts Sr. 1833 ***
- 7. William DeWitt Roberts 1835 +**
8. Orpha Roberts 1838
9. Daniel Roberts 1840
10. Homer Roberts 1842
11. Byron Roberts 1843

*Dr. Daniel Roberts &
DeLucia Holcomb*

1. Adelbert Roberts 1847
2. Roland Luck Roberts 1848
3. Rollin K. Roberts 1850

*Sidney Algernon Knowlton &
Harriet Burnham*

1. Ruhamah B. Knowlton
2. Harriet Virginia Knowlton
- 3. Martha Jane Knowlton ***
4. Julia Ann Knowlton
5. Ephraim Knowlton
6. Mary Ann Knowlton
7. George Washington Knowlton
8. John Quincy Knowlton
9. Benjamin Franklin Knowlton
10. Marcia Eliza Knowlton

*Sidney Algernon Knowlton
& Regina Artegren*

1. Abraham B. Knowlton

7th Generation —

*Orville Clark Roberts **
*& Mary Knowlton Coray **

1. Orville Clark Roberts Jr. 1869
2. Howard Daniel Roberts 1871
3. Harriet Virginia Roberts 1873
4. Mary Eliza Roberts 1876
5. Martha Jane Roberts 1878
6. Frank Homer Roberts 1880
7. Daphne Helena Roberts 1882
8. Don Carlos Roberts 1885
9. Louis Dermont Roberts 1889

7th Generation —

William DeWitt Roberts +
& Julia Maria Lusk +

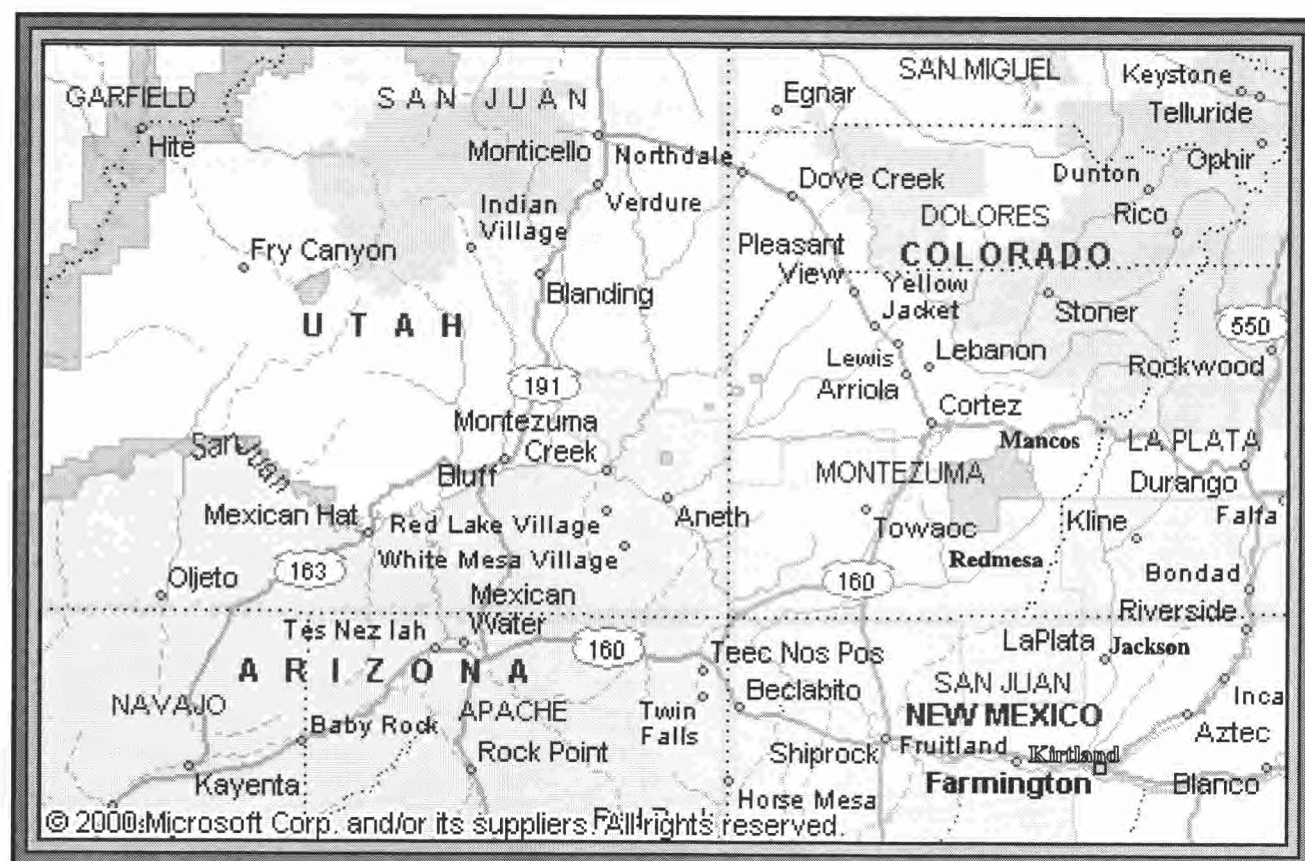
1. Zelena Maria Roberts 1863
2. Lillian Aldula Roberts 1864
3. William DeWitt Roberts Jr. 1867
4. Don Carlos Roberts 1869
5. Dermont Homer Roberts
6. Josie May Roberts 18
7. Orpha Zulema Roberts 1873
8. Roy Clarence Roberts 1877
9. Ralph Edison Roberts 1884
10. Eugene Lusk Roberts 1880
11. Teressa Louise Roberts 1886

*Howard Coray &
Martha Jane Knowlton*

1. Howard Knowlton Coray 1842
2. Martha Jane Knowlton Coray 1844
3. Harriet Virginia Knowlton Coray 1846
- 4. Mary Knowlton Coray 1848 ***
5. Surepa Euphrina Coray 1850
6. Helena Knowlton Coray 1852
- 7. William Henry Coray 1853**
8. Sidney Algernon Coray 1855
9. George Quincy Coray 1857
10. Francis DeLaVan Coray 1860
11. Louis Laville Coray 1862
12. Don Silas Rathbone Coray 1864

Map of Four Corners Area

Where the Roberts Family lived



Part I

Roberts Family

Connecticut to California

Derivation of “Roberts”

Roberts of Middletown

Research

DERIVATION OF “ROBERTS”

(Published in the Deseret News Church Section of November 1, 1941)

The surname ‘Roberts’ is derived from the Saxon words Rod, meaning counsel and bert or Bericht, meaning bright or famous, which together signify “the famous in counsel.” Robert is also said to have originated from the Teutonic personal name of great antiquity, Robert, which was introduced in England about the time of the Norman Conquest. From the shorter forms of the prolific name Robert; namely, Rob, Hob, Nob, Dob and Bob, have sprung a host of surnames such as Roberts, Robertson, Robeson, Nobbs, Noblett, Dobbs, Dobson, also Hobbes, Hobson, and Hobbins which later became Hopkins, Hopkinson, Hoby, and others.

ROBERTS OF MIDDLETOWN

As the report of Jacob Lines Jacobus on the Roberts of Middletown portrays the unique method of recording court records in the early 17th century, it is felt that as a matter of interest, it should be submitted as recorded.

“The Vital Records in Middletown Land Records, Volume 1, page 23, contain the following entries:

Sarah wife of Thomas Wetmore, died 7 December 1644
Mary wife of Thomas Wettmore died 17 June 1669
Thomas Wettmore, Sr. and Katterne leeke (?), m. 8 October 1673
Benjemen son of Thomas & Katteren Wettmer, b. 27 November 1674
Abigall dau of Thomas and Katteren Wetmore, b. 6 November 1678
Hana dau. Of Thomas and Katteren Wetmor, b. 4 January 1680
Thomas Wetmore, Sr. died 11 December 1681
Catteren wife of said Thomas Wetmore died 13 October 1693.”

The spelling of names is as they appear in my personal verified copy, published in *The American Genealogist*, Vol. 12, page 213. When I [Jacob Lines Jacobus] was working in Middletown one time, the late Frank Farnsworth Starr, who specialized in Middletown families, came in, opened the original volume in which the above entries occur, and asked me how I read the name of “Kattern” in the marriage entry. The fourth letter of the name is peculiarly formed, the other letters are quite clear. I said it seemed uncertain to me what name was intended; it might be Leeke, it might be Leete (though the letter does not look like a ‘t’ to me), or it might be Leere (Lear) if the scribe went up too high on the ‘r’. I understood from Mr. Starr that he took the name to be Leeke, for he mentioned the Leeke family of New Haven; but I got the impression that he had never learned the origin of the Roberts family.

The will shows that she must have had a Roberts husband, since she had three Roberts sons. Most printed sources give her name as Catherine or Katharine (Leete) Roberts. That of course is impossible, for she married Wetmore under the name of Leeke or Leete, and she would not have resumed her maiden name after having three Roberts sons. Her name at the time she married Wetmore must have been Leeke (or whatever the name is). Hence her maiden name is unknown; she married first a Roberts; she married second a Leeke (?); and she married third Thomas Wetmore. Her second husband probably did not long survive, for she had no children by him, though she was still young enough when she married Wetmore, an elderly man, to give him three children.

The Roberts sons doubtless were brought to Middletown by the marriage of their mother to Wetmore of that place. Their births are not recorded there, and no early Roberts family appears there until the three Roberts sons of Catherine were old enough to marry and appear in the records.

The problem boils down to this: Where did Wetmore find this widow (Leeke-Leete-Leere) who had previously been a widow Roberts and who had three sons born somewhere named William, Samuel and John Roberts? If such a combination of names is found AT THE RIGHT DATE almost ANYWHERE, the problem should quickly be solved.

I therefore covered, somewhat hastily, the following general sources where a clue might have been found:

Index of Connecticut probate at the State Library
Index of Connecticut Vital Statistics at the State Library
New England Roberts families mentioned by Savage
Boston Vital Records; Roxbury Church Records; Suffolk County Land Records (these three for a quick general survey of the Boston area.)
Early Essex County, Massachusetts Court and Probate Records
Complete indexes of the 34 volumes of The Mayflower Descendant (to cover Plymouth Colony)
Genealogical Dictionary of Main and New Hampshire
My own card index of early records of Long Island towns
New York (New Amsterdam) Church Records; a port and shipping center where numerous English merchants, mariners, etc. settled
Early New Jersey Wills in New Jersey Archives

I failed to turn up a single likely clue in any of the above sources.

The will of Thomas Wetmore of Middletown (printed from the record copy in Manwaring's Digest) mentions that he had received of his wife Katherine 20 pounds of her estate, of which he had repaid 6 pounds to her, but nevertheless gives her the entire 20 pounds out of his estate in household stuff, etc. It thus appears that Catherine before she married Wetmore, had property of her own, probably from the estate of one or both of her former husbands. It seemed advisable to consult the probate papers, particularly the inventories of Thomas and Catherine Wetmore, to see if they mention any property, especially land, NOT in Middletown, but in some other place, for that might give the clue to Catherine's former residence with her Roberts husband. No such out of town property was mentioned.

The only document in the file (Hartford District, File 5983) of THOMAS WETMORE of Middletown is the inventory of his estate, amounting to L468.02.03, dated 7 January (1681-2) and signed by the appraisers, Nath: White, Robert Warner, and John Saudig. At the bottom of the sheet is written:

<u>The Legatees His Sons</u>		<u>His Daughters</u>	
John	36 years	Elizabeth	32 years
Thomas	29 years	Mary	31 years
Samuell	26 years	Hannah	28 years
Israhiah	25 years	Sara	17 years
Beriah	23 years	Mehetabell	13 years
Nathaniell	20 years		
Joseph	18 years	Abigall	3 year
Josiah	13 years	Hanna	1 year
Beniamine	7 years		

The file of Catherine Wetmore of Middletown (Hartford District, File 5963) contains the will, inventory, distribution, and discharges by some of the heirs. Not all of these documents are given in Manwaring's Digest, Volume 1, page 519, which omits the date of the will, the mention of a step-daughter in it, and the discharges. The following digest is in the words and spelling of the original will, with only legal verbiage omitted:

August 14, 1688

The last will and testament of Catteren Wetmore. . .

my son William Roberts, ten pounds

my son Samuells Roberds, ten pounds

my son Beniamine Wetmore, six pound. . . which is beside
that he hath by vertue of his fathers will

And to my two daughters Abigaill and Hannah they having
ten pounds a piece willed them by their father

Thomas Wetmore. . .

(Residue) equally divided among all my sons and daughters
to each one alike

Test John Hall Senior
Beriah Wetmore

The mark C of Catteren Wetmore

More over I Request my trusty and beloued son in Law (step-son) Beriah Wetmore to see the accomplishment of this an ouerseer that as Respecting the malls (males) who should haue their portions out of the stock & Corne and my daughter in Law (step-daughter) hannah Stow to see that my daughters haue their portions in the beding and Linen & Cloathes that is out of the Utinsels.

The will was attested by John Hall Senior and Beriah Wetmore, 6 Dec. 1693. It will be noted that Catherine signed her mark with a capital C. showing that this spelling of the name was intended. The married name appears as Wetmore (not Whitmore or Whetmore) in nearly every place in the ORIGINAL papers.

The inventory of the estate of Catteren Wetmore was taken 26 Oct. 1693 by William Southmaid and Francis Whitmore; total, L108.01.00.

Distribution dated 18 Dec. 1693. "Then: the children of the widow Katherine wetmore Deceased: William Roberds: Sammuell Roberds & John Roberds ye children now menshond as Beniamen wetmore Abigail: wetmore and Hanah Wetmore. . . should haue three pounds per pers" (before specified property was divided,etc.)

(These are autographs:
the last two signed as
guardians of the minor
Wetmore children)

(signed) William Robburds
SAMUEL ROBBURDS
John Robburds
Israhiah Wetmore
Nathanel Stow

There are four discharges or receipts, all dated 24 Apr. 1694. Samuel Roburds receipted to "brothers william Roberds & beriah Wetmore Administrators to my mother Wetmores Estate"; wit. — Nathanell Wetmore, John Stone. William Robarts gives discharge to brother beriah Wetmore; — wit. — John Hall Sen, Nathanell Stow. Beriah Wetmore gives discharge to Brother William Roberds that "atru devishon" is made; wit. — John Hall Senior, Nathanell Stow. Nathanill Stow as "gardian to Abigaill wetmore and hannah Wetmore" gives discharge to beriah wetmore and william Roberds; wits John Hall Senior, Mary Hubard (her mark).

It is amazing with all these documents, and all the study that has been made to locate the origin of this Roberts family, we are still without clue to the name of the Roberts husband of Catherine, the father of her three sons. I suppose it is possible that she came to this country as a double widow, with some property and the three boys. But it seems more likely that her Roberts children were born on this side of the Atlantic. It must be remembered that Middletown, although not coastal, was in the days of sailing vessels a port, located up the Connecticut River. I have not tried Virginia, Bermuda, or Barbados. There was considerable population movement all along the Atlantic coast, and even some immigration from Old England, Scotland, Wales, etc. But it would be rather unusual for a widow with some little property and three boys to come to New England from the other side unless she had connections here. And it is not very likely that Thomas Wetmore, at his age, would have sent to the other side for Catherine to come over; for in view of HER AGE, much less than his own, he could never have met her except on this side, unless he made a journey to England or Wales if the Roberts family lived there.

It seems more likely therefore that she lived with her first husband on this side the Atlantic, and that contact was made here in some way. If so, it should be possible to find and identify her husband or husbands, but it might require searching records of various localities along the coast, from Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard to the Bahamas.

William Roberts of Milford, Connecticut left a will, and this and the vital and church records of Milford made it certain that all his surviving children are listed in my New Haven Genealogy Magazine, Volume 6, page 1510.

I have seen no place in the Guilford Leete family for Catherine, either as her maiden name or as a widow. The First Phillip Leek of New Haven did not die until May 1676, after Catherine had married Wetmore. Of his three sons, Thomas remained in New Haven and did not die until 1719; the other two sons, Philip and Ebenezer, removed to East Hampton, L. I., and the records of East Hampton show them both to have been living after Catherine married Wetmore. So I don't see how she could have been widow of a Leek of this family.

Every avenue pursued has ended in a blind alley. I have spent too much time on this, but the mystery annoys me, and I should like to solve it.

Jacob Lines Jacobus (signed)"

In correspondence from Mrs. Mary E. Drew of Schenectady, New York, she indicates there were many persons named Roberts in the Middletown area and the confusion is great. There has been no real effort to untangle the relationship as far as she knew but she has established a few facts concerning these families.

An answer to her query in the Hartford Times says "Catherine () (Catorn in some records) was a widow of William Roberts of New London (1654), and gives Calkin's "History of New London" as the authority. She checked the Albany records and found that the William Roberts of New London was not known to have a wife but that he lived in a house with people who received his scanty belongings at his death; no relationship was indicated.

FROM THE REPORT OF Francis Richmond Sears, which is purely negative, we have the following, in part:

"Although I went to Greenwich, Connecticut and checked the deeds, I found practically nothing. I examined the records at Hartford, Connecticut but found nothing there either. I am convinced that the will of William Pennoyer is a clue to the parentage of Catherine () (Roberts) (Leete) Wetmore, and it seems to me that we have justification of Evan Butler of Cusop, Hereford, England.

Now, Catherine () Roberts, or Catherine () (Roberts) Leete (or Leeke) must have come to this country some time before October 8, 1673 when she married in Middletown, Connecticut, Thomas Wetmore, Sr. and her three Roberts children must have come with her. I do not believe that her Roberts husband came here for I think he died in England. It is interesting to note that Catherine first appears on October 8, 1673, when she married Wetmore and that Walter Butler appeared in Greenwich, Connecticut in 1672. This seems more than coincidence.

RESEARCH

The only known clue to the parentage of Catherine () (Roberts) (Leete) Wetmore seems to be contained in the Will of William Pennoyer, Esq., citizen and clothworker of London, dated 25 May 1670 and proved 13 February 1670-1, which mentions, among others, - 'To Evan Butler of Cusop, Hereford, seventy pounds, and to his son, Walter, now at New England, and to each other of his children threescore pounds apiece. . . To Katherine Butler, alias Roberts, sister of the aforesaid Evan Butler, five pounds to be paid to her own hands. All and every of the said several persons of the surname of Butler being of my kindred. (Water's Genealogical Gleanings in England, Boston, Massachusetts, 1901, Vol. I, pages 504-505). A footnote at page 505, states that Walter Butler, son of Evan Butler of Cusop, Hereford, named above as being in New England, was probably the Walter Butler who , in 1672, was one of the 27 purchasers of Horseneck in Greenwich, Connecticut. He was a legal voter of Greenwich in 1688, but his name does not appear in the town lists of 1694-5 although a Thomas Butler is found in that list.

Now, it would appear that Katherine (Butler) Roberts, the sister of Evan Butler, was residing in England when the will of 25 May 1670 was drawn since she was to receive the five pounds "to be paid to her own hands" and she was not stated to be residing outside of the country although Walter Butler was clearly called "now at New England." This fits into all of the known facts: she was a Roberts on 25 May 1670 which gave her sufficient time to have married Leete (or Leeke) after that date and before 8 October 1673, when she married Thomas Wetmore, Sr. She clearly was not married very long to her second husband, Leete, by whom she had no children who lived and as none are named in her will. It also seems certain that she came to this country after the date of the above will and prior to 8 October 1673, when she married Thomas Wetmore at Middletown, Connecticut. Thus, she was not here very long before her last marriage, which is quite consistent with the absence of information about her on the records. It is almost certain that she married her Roberts husband in England and that he died there. It is highly probable that she married her Leete (or Leeke) husband also in England and came to this country as a widow of both of these husbands, bringing her Roberts children with her.

Burke's Ken to Parish Registers states that the parish registers of Cusop, Hereford, England, began in 1754. This is far too late for any helpful data on this particular problem by at least one hundred years.

On 17 January 1703-4, Joshua Knap & ye Widow Chapman, being administrators of the estate of Walter Butler of Greenwich, deceased, delivered to Daniel Marshal upon ye account of the wife, Elizabeth's portion, (I:261).

NOTE: It will be seen that the trip to Greenwich, Connecticut failed to produce any affirmative evidence on this problem. The above deeds do prove the identity of the husbands of some of the daughters of Walter Butler, and they also prove that Rebecca Butler, the widow of Walter Butler, married a Chapman after his death.

After checking the Greenwich, Connecticut deeds, a visit was made to Hartford, Connecticut and, although the records there had been checked before, another check was made in the light of the new evidence discovered. The deeds at Middletown, Connecticut have already been checked without finding any early Roberts deeds.”

Search has been undertaken in the microfilms of the early Herefordshire wills in the endeavor to find further facts on the Roberts, Leete, or Butler family. This locality was first suggested by the will of William Pennoyer, Esp. of London, 1670, who mentioned Evan Butler of Cusop, Hereford, and his sister, Catherine Butler, alias Roberts.

The parish registers of Cusop did not begin until 1754. Request sent to the genealogist there stated that Jay or Wye seemed to be the mother church for the area, but at the time it was impossible to make a search in the registers of Jay nor were Bishop’s Transcripts available for that parish.

The next choice was to search the Calendar of Wills for possible further information. There are many rolls of films in the library here on the Calendars of Wills in Herefordshire. These, of course, appear in old style English and are handwritten so much time is required to read and decipher them.

The index to the wills between 1663-1668 listed the following: Katherine Roberts, Matthew Roberts; William Butler, Richard and Elizabeth Butler Leete. These four wills were studied, but they do not give the facts needed to make connection with this family.

Some errors have been found in the Research done beyond Ezra Roberts. Please contact Irene Wayland 435-545-2353 and she will put you in touch with others doing Research on the Roberts line.

Part II

Roberts Family

Generations

1st Catherine Butler Roberts

2nd Samuel Roberts Sr.

3rd Ezra Roberts

4th Ephraim Roberts, Sr.

5th Ephraim Roberts, Jr.

Generation One

CATHERINE BUTLER ROBERTS

As early as 1673, we find our grandmother, Catherine Roberts, with her three Roberts sons, among the pioneers of America. Whether she braved that perilous voyage alone with her three small boys, or whether they were born in America, we cannot ascertain, but we do know that she married Thomas Witmore, Sr., under the name of Leete (or Leeke) in Middletown, Connecticut on 8 October 1673.

Since Thomas Witmore is also an early immigrant ancestor on another of our lines through his daughter, Elizabeth, we can consider them together and take pride in the fact that they were numbered among the worthy pioneers of Middletown.

Thomas Witmore with others, were the first to settle the plantation of Mattabeseck in 1630 and in the year 1653, November 23, the proprietors changed the name to Middletown and drew up its constitution.

Public worship of God was the first thought of these fine men who made New England famous for its fervent religious spirit. Tradition has it that the first Sunday services were held under the shade of the wide spreading limbs of a gigantic elm. Before the first year ended, the people had voted to build a meeting house.

The settlers were energetic and hard workers, who obtained their living from the soil and from the ingenuity and skill of their own hands in making articles necessary for the community and for trade with England.

In time, Middletown became the largest town in Connecticut and also the most important port. The early settlers naturally built along the river front, then back up the sloping hillside, and with growing prosperity, many fine homes rose amid gardens and orchards reaching down to the blue Connecticut with its busy dock. "It was a beautiful scene with its colonial mansions which gave a gentle air of

respectability." There is still a tract of land known as the Witmore acres in this locality and we find the names of Washington and Lafayette carved on many tree trunks.

The people of Middletown were united and cooperative. Ten years before the Revolutionary War, they were preparing for it. Middletown had been an Indian stronghold for many centuries before the white man settled there. The Indians in 1650 were the Mattabesett tribe, under the chieftainship of a man of strong character and a powerful will who had far reaching influence upon both his own tribe and the whites.

John Witmore, father of Thomas Witmore, came to this country in 1630 and was killed by Indians in 1649 in Massachusetts.

Thomas Witmore, born in England in 1615, came to America in 1635. He purchased land in Weathersfield in 1639, moved to Hartford in 1645, when trouble started there among the church congregations, and finally, in 1650, settled in Middletown.

On 20 May 1652, Thomas Witmore was made a freeman by the General Court; the qualifications necessary to be a freeman at that time, were:

1. A true orthodox
3. Possessed L 200
2. Twenty years of age
4. Swear allegiance

He was among the leaders in the community holding many important positions both in the government and the church. He was married three times and was the father of 16 children, three by Catherine, who loyally assisted him in his public work and home management.

CATHERINE (PROB. BUTLER) of Middletown, Middlesex, Connecticut

b. abt. 1642, England

d. 13 Oct. 1693, Middletown, Middlesex, Connecticut

m. 1. Mr. Roberts, 2. Mr. Leete, 3. Thomas Wetmore

1. Mr. Roberts of England

b. abt. 1638

Children:

William b. abt. 1664 of Middletown, Middlesex, Connecticut m. Dorothy Forbes
 d. 1735

***Samuel** b. abt. 1666 of Middletown, Middlesex, Connecticut m. 22 Sept 1691
 d. 21 Feb. 1739 Mercy or Martha Blake

John b. abt. 1668 of Middletown, Middlesex, Connecticut m. 27 Dec 1693
 d. 6 Jul 1721 Sarah Blake

2. Mr. Leete

no issue

3. Thomas Wetmore of England, s. of John Wetmore and Miss Jessop.

b. 1615

d. 11 Dec. 1681

m. 1. 11 Dec. 1645 Sarah Hall,

2. Mary Platt

3. 8 Oct. 1673 Catherine Leete

Children:

Benjamin b. 27 Nov 1674 of Middletown, Middlesex, Conn.
 d. 13 Oct 1699

Abigail b. 6 May 1678 m. 2 April 1697
 Samuel Bishop

Hannah b. 4 Jan 1680/81 of Middletown, Middlesex, Conn. m. 5 Feb 1701/02
 d. 7 Sept. 1722 Nathaniel Bacon

*Direct line of ancestry.

Generation Two

SAMUEL ROBERTS SR. & MERCY BLAKE

Samuel Roberts, the son of Catherine, grew up in the interesting Village of Middletown, with its Indian legends and the many old Indian ruins to explore, (many of which are puzzling the archeologists of our day.)

When the immigrants began coming to Middletown there were less than two hundred members left of the Mattabuset tribe of Indians, and they were friendly and helpful' and years afterward, when their noble Chief died, the settlers cared for those who were left, especially his aged widow, who was taken into their homes and cared for as one of their own loved ones, until she passed away.

There were also the many factories that were built along the streams that were busy making many articles for the use of the people, and to be shipped to England. History tells us there were many potteries, which were not among the least important, as dishes and earthenware are always in demand. Is it not reasonable for us to conclude that Samuel could have learned this art in his youth, and followed it as a trade and handed it on down to his posterity?

Samuel married Mercy or Martha Blake the 22nd of September, 1691. His family of seven children were all born and reared in Middletown.

We find in the book of deeds of Middletown where Samuel deeded some land to his son Ebenezer, which is as follows:

To all people greetings, Know ye that I Samuel Roberts of Middletown, in the County of Hartford, in the Colony Conn., in New England, for and in consideration of the love and parental affection that I have for and do bare unto my son Ebenezer Roberts of the town of Middletown. Do give, grant and make over, convey, and confirm, unto my son Ebenezer Roberts and to his heirs and assigns forever, the equal half of my home lot (which I have before this date, not disposed of,) which is on the West side of the Conn. River, in Middletown in the town plot. It borders partly on the right-of-way and partly on the land I have given to my son Samuel Roberts, also on my dwelling land, also with the privilege of half my barn, both standing unsaid and free liberty to pass and repass on my land

.....

Only I the said Samuel Roberts do reserve to myself for this year the fruit of the fruit trees on said land.

Signed, sealed and delivered 4 June, 1736, the tenth year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George the 2nd of Great Britain.

Signed Samuel Roberts (Seal)

Witness:

Jabenezer Hamlin
William Rockwell

SAMUEL ROBERTS SR., of Middletown, Middlesex, Conn., son of Mr. Roberts and Catherine Leete.

b. abt. 1666 Middletown, Middlesex, Conn.

d. 21 February 1739, Middletown, Middlesex, Conn.

m. 22 September 1691

MERCY or MARTHA BLAKE, Middletown, Middlesex, Conn., daughter of John Blake
and Sarah Hall

b. 16 Nov. 1673, Middletown, Middlesex, Conn.

d. 16 Dec. 1724, Middletown, Middlesex, Conn.

Children:

Samuel	b. 14 Aug. 1692, Middletown, Middlesex, Conn. d. 17 Dec 1724	m. May 5, 1722 Eunice Clark
Mercy	b. 26 June, 1694, Middletown, Middlesex, Conn.	
Ebenezer	b. 29 Oct. 1697, Middletown, Middlesex, Conn. d. 28 Sep. 1766	m. 21 Dec., 1721 Mary Johnson
Daniel	b. 14 Nov. 1701, Middletown, Middlesex, Conn. d. 15 Apr. 1776	m. 10 Nov., 1728 Eunice Cornwall
Desire	b. 20 Nov. 1704, Middletown, Middlesex, Conn.	m. Zacheas Conde
Sarah	b. Jun. 1707, Middletown, Middlesex, Conn.	
*Ezra	b. Apr. 1709, Middletown, Middlesex, Conn. d. 4 Nov. 1760	m. 13 Aug., 1730 Mary Adkins

Generation Three

EZRA ROBERTS & MARY ADKINS

Ezra Roberts, son of Samuel and Mercy or Martha Blake, was born and reared in Middletown, Connecticut and grew up among the factories and industry of the place. We might conclude that he chose the trade of pottery, as that seems to be the only profession that was handed down to the

following generation, and one that was always in demand in the building up of the western unsettled country, and was really an art.

He married Mary Adkins 13 August 1730, whose father was a land owner.

At his death we find where his daughters deeded over their share of his property to their brother, Joseph Adkins, as follows:

To all people to whom these should come Greetings. Know ye that Ezra Roberts of Middletown in County of Hartford and Colony of Conn. in New England with Mary, his wife, and Elizabeth Atkins and Abigail Adkins, both of Middletown, for diverse good causes and considerations moving, both remised, released, and forever Quit Claimed and be these presents for them and their heirs, doth fully, clearly and absolutely remise unto Joseph Adkins of Middletown unto his full peaceable possession and to his heirs, assigns forever all such right, estate title, interest and demand whatsoever, as the said Ezra and Mary Adkins Roberts and Elizabeth and Abigail Adkins had in the dwelling house barn and hamelot with all other lands whatsoever, whether divided or common and undivided land in Middletown aforesaid that did belong to Josiah Adkins late of said Middletown, deceased.

Signed, sealed and delivered 20 February 1734, eighth year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George ye second of Great Britain.

Ezra Roberts (signs)
Mary Roberts (her mark X)
Elizabeth Adkins (her mark X)
Abigail Adkins (her mark X)

Witnesses: Gles Hall
Joseph Sonthmayd

Mercy or Martha Blake

Generation Four

EPHRAIM ROBERTS, SR. & PHEBE CLARK

To understand more clearly the background of our progenitors and know the conditions under which they lived, thereby better understanding ourselves, we must study the history of their day as well as the geography where they lived and worked and loved and reared their families. Therefore, let us go back to when our first parents came to this country.

We find in the history the early settlers of New England came to America thoroughly imbued with the spirit of law and order. Every possible condition of community living was anticipated and prepared for in England before a ship sailed for Massachusetts Bay, and but four years had elapsed after the landing at Plymouth before cattle were brought to the new country. Accordingly, when the pilgrims sailed forth for the Connecticut wilderness, we find them driving cattle before them.

We have also found that the settlers of Mattatuck were not a mere band of adventurers bound together by a common purpose and a common sympathy; nor yet a confederacy of independent individuals, at liberty at any time to withdraw from the general government voluntarily submitted to, but that they were pre-eminently a unit in regard to social, political and religious matters. It was not each man's privilege to select for himself a portion of land on which to found a home and raise sustenance for his family, but the major vote of those men who were qualified to act determined where each one should pitch his tent, as it were, and where he should be privileged to expend his efforts to produce the good things of life. When each man's vantage ground had been duly carved out for him, he could not build upon it such a domicile as he liked, and reside upon it when it suited him to do so; but in all things he was subject to the rule of others, whether he would or would not. In like manner he must not choose for himself what form of religious

worship he would sustain, or whether he would support any form, but must submit to the governing voice of others in this, as in minor matters.

In view of the above orderly and dignified arrangement, it is interesting to witness the extreme caution and care with which the colonists approached a condition incident to the new life, and for which they had no precedent in English living. When the necessity lay before them "in their beginnings" to improve their land in a common way that should best advance the public good, it was ordered that each town "should choose seven able and discreet men, who were to take the common lands belonging to each of the towns into sad and serious consideration, and after a thorough digesting of their own thoughts, they were to set down under their hands in what way the lands might in their judgment be best improved for the common good." If five men in any one town agreed on the way of improvement suggested, that agreement decided the law for that town.

As time went on the inhabitants had the liberty to choose three new men for the committee each year.

In 1640, there was an order that anyone who performed a marriage should keep a record of it. In 1644 it was ordered that the Town Clerk should keep a record of the marriage and births of the children afterward. In 1650 marriages, births, and deaths were included in the requirement; but the time for rendering the certificate was extended from three days to one month.

We find in these records that Ephraim Roberts, son of Ezra and Mercy Adkins Roberts, who was born 9 May 1746 in Middletown, married Phebe Clark, 28 December 1770 in Waterbury and their son Daniel was born 7 December 1771 in Waterbury.

We see from the above that law and order was part of their very existence, and life really had a deeper meaning for them than it could possibly have to the early settlers of some of our western towns, where the first man there took possession of all the land he cared to claim and made trouble with any one who came later and tried to settle near him.

Very little information has come to us about Ephraim and his family. We do know that the first child died young and that Ephraim died in 1776 in Watertown. His wife, Phebe Clark, later married, but we have no record of her having more children so we suppose that she cared for her two sons until Ephraim, Jr. became of age and moved with his family into Ohio.

EPHRAIM ROBERTS, SR. New Haven, New Haven, Connecticut, son of Ezra Roberts and Mary Adkins.

- b. 9 May 1746, New Haven, New Haven, Connecticut
- d. 5 July 1776, Watertown, Litchfield, Connecticut
- m. 28 Dec 1770, Watertown, Litchfield, Connecticut

PHEBE CLARK of Middletown, Middlesex, Connecticut, daughter of Daniel Clark and Phebe Bradley.

- b. Abt. 1745 New Haven, New Haven, Connecticut
- d. 1829 Watertown, Litchfield, Connecticut

Children:

Daniel	b. 7 Dec 1771 Watertown, Litchfield, Conn.
	d. 20 Jan 1773

Daniel	b. 26 May 1773 Watertown, Litchfield, Conn.	m. 12 May 1802
	d. 25 Aug 1852	Elmira Bishop

*Ephraim, Jr.	b. 14 May 1775 Watertown, Litchfield, Conn.	m. 15 May 1795
	d. 25 Aug 1861 Brown County, Illinois	Huldah Gibbs

Generation Five

EPHRAIM ROBERTS, JR. & HULDAH GIBBS

(by Daphne R. Cooper Hartle)

Ephraim, son of Ephraim and Phebe (Clark)Roberts was born 14 May 1775 at Watertown, Litchfield, Connecticut. He married Huldah Gibbs 14 May 1796. Huldah was the daughter of Gershon Gibbs and Submit Cadger, she was born 16 July 1775 in Bethlehem, Fairfield, Connecticut. They lived in Watertown until after their son Daniel was born 5 November 1798, then they went to Cornwall where their son William was born in August 1800. Then back to Watertown where their daughter Lois was born in 1802. It might be that they never moved from Watertown. It just might be that Huldah went to Cornwall to be with her mother, when William was born. Then History gives us a vivid picture of what was happening at that time, so we can live in our imagination along with Ephraim and Huldah and their small family, as they moved towards the west.

The Virginian Landing Company was trying to obtain a large tract of land from what was known as the Six United Tribes of Indians, and the land as described by the historian is as follows:

At the time of the coming of the white man, it was one vast forest. The soil, by the annual accumulation of leaves and abundant growth of forest vegetation, was luxuriant, and the trees stood close, and of gigantic size. The streams and small lakes swarmed with fish, and the forest abounded with game. It all rested in Virgin purity.

The first authentic record we find of the white man's claim to this portion of the Redman's domain is the Virginia title to the great Northwestern Territory acquired thru its several charters granted by King James I, in 1606-1609-1611 without any recognition of the original owners and occupants of the soil.

The first charter comprised the land practically lying between the 82 meridian to the Pacific Ocean.

Before the whites could peaceably take possession of the land lying in the Western Reserve, a title from the Indians was necessary, and was finally accomplished through the treaty of Fort Stanwin, Consummated with the six Nations October 22, 1784. Then after similar treaties with other tribes were accomplished, the last being made at Fort Industry (Toledo) Ohio on 4 July 1805. The last vestige of Indian title to land in the Reserve was forever extinguished, lying west of the Cuyahaga River and the Portage Path.

Then the dividing into Counties and Townships began. The first party of settlers for the new land came from Watertown, Connecticut. Among them was the Ephraim Roberts' family.

On 10 July 1800, Trumbull County was erected partly from Territory previously embraced in Jefferson County and included all of the land constituting the Western Reserve. In 1802 all the Territory now embracing Portage County besides a portion of that in Trumbull and Summit, was organized under the name of Frankland, but soon afterward other Townships were cut off from Frankland. When Portage County was erected, it contained six Townships in good running order. It remained a part of Trumbull until 10 February 1807; although the act of erecting Portage was passed, it did not go into effect until one year later – in 1808. Portage County received its name from the fact that the old Indian Portage Path between the Cuyahaga and Tuscarawas Rivers was originally within its limits, though now it is in Summit County.

We can surmise that Ephraim Roberts and his family obtained their land at the place where all this changing of county lines took place, so without moving his residence, he lived in three counties at different times.

However we find that he must have traveled from Watertown across the lower part of New York, and across Pennsylvania. As their next child Clark, told the census taker of 1850 that he was 45 and born in Pennsylvania.

Horace Ephraim and Morris, the twins were born in Ohio, 1 April 1807, while the county lines were still unsettled, then Huldah Lula was born 24 January 1809; Jeremiah Wilcox born 24 November 1812 and Levi born 9 September 1815, all in Ohio. The 1820 census shows Ephraim Roberts and his wife owning property in Portage County.

On 2 February 1822 Ephraim Roberts and wife Huldah of Coventry Township, Portage, Ohio, sold land for \$200.00. A deed was given to Seth Hays of Burton, Geauga County, Ohio, and then 11 April 1823, Ephraim Roberts and Huldah, his wife, sells to Lucy M. Parks of Burton, Geauga County. Deed No. 6-495.

The call to go west, seemed to be so strong he could not resist, so we find him breaking away from all his former interests, preparing to move into Western Illinois.

In the 1840 census of Ripley, Brown County, Illinois, we find Horace Ephraim Roberts, while his brother, Dr. Clark, is a few miles away in Scott County, Illinois; their parents Ephraim, Sr. and his wife Huldah are with Clark. In the census of 1850, Ephraim and Huldah are still with their son, Dr. Clark, where Huldah died in 1851. The 1860 census shows Ephraim still with his son, Clark, and he is now 86 years of age, but he died at the home of his son Horace Ephraim in Ripley, Brown County, Illinois, in 1861.

The township of Ripley was first settled by a pioneer by the name of O'Neal in the summer of 1826. One of the most prominent of the early settlers was John N. Ebey. He was a potter by trade and

recognized in the clay that was shown him by a friend to be of a superior quality, so at once prepared to develop his trade so a shop and kiln were soon erected. In 1836 the first pottery manufactured in the town of Ripley was taken from the kiln. This was the starting point that made this town so famous as one of the most extensive manufacturing towns of pottery. By 1865 there were thirteen pottery shops and over 1,000,000 gallons of ware shipped annually.

The 1850 census names Horace Ephraim as a property owner in Ripley, Brown County, Illinois and here he and his brothers became proficient in the art of making some of the best pottery on the market wherever they lived.

President Brigham Young encouraged them to start a plant in Provo, Utah and later the sons of Horace Ephraim had a kiln in Vernal, Utah

In following our forefathers in their journey westward, we are impressed with the seeming unity that existed among them. They seemed to always be near enough to keep in touch with each other. We find Daniel's sons, Clark and Bolivar were born in Scott County, Illinois, and they came to Utah practically at the same time. We can't help but wonder about their mode of travel and the route by which they came.

In taking into consideration the lack of roads at that time and the dense forests that had to be passed, and the many streams leading down to the broad Ohio River, which was the main source of travel at the time, we can surmise that they used the water way in going from Ohio to Illinois, it being so generally used. They never thought to mention it anymore than we mention the fact today, that we go by car.

Ephraim Roberts joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints but stayed in Illinois. He is buried in Ripley Cemetery, Brown County, Illinois. His wife, Huldah Gibbs Roberts was born 16 July 1775, and died 17 August 1851 and is buried in Winchester, Scott County Illinois Cemetery.

EPHRAIM ROBERTS, JR. Watertown, Litchfield, Connecticut, son of Ephraim Roberts, Sr. and Phebe Clark.

- b. 14 May 1775 Watertown, Litchfield, Connecticut
- d. 25 Aug 1861 buried Ripley Cemetery, Brown, Illinois
- m. 15 May 1795 Litchfield, Litchfield, Connecticut

HULDAH GIBBS Litchfield, Litchfield, Connecticut, daughter of Gershom Gibbs, Jr. and Submit Cadger

- b. 16 July 1775 Litchfield, Litchfield, Connecticut
- d. 17 Aug 1851 buried Winchester, Scott, Illinois

Children:

***Daniel** b. 5 Nov 1798 Watertown, Litchfield, Conn. m. 15 May 1822
d. 2 Jul 1868 Eliza Aldula Clark
b. 26 Jan 1806
d. 24 Nov 1865

William b. 31 Aug 1800 Cornwall, Litchfield, Conn. m. Susan Johnson
d. 20 Jan 1871

Lois b. 18 Aug 1802 Watertown, Litchfield, Conn. m. 13 Nov 1822
d. 22 Dec 1869 Norman Clark

Clark b. 13 Aug 1805 Vienna, Trumbull, Ohio 1. m. 9 Oct 1828 Asenath Adams
d. 30 Nov 1885 2. m. 10 May 1837 Rebecca Egbert

Horace Ephraim b. 1 Apr 1807 Vienna, Trumbull, Ohio m. May 1828
d. 24 Dec 1874 Vienna, Trumbull, Ohio Harriet McEvers F. Charles McEvers
b. 3 Sep 1808 M. Tamma Knapp
d. 27 Feb 1876

Morris b. 1 Apr 1807 Vienna, Trumbull, Ohio m. Elizabeth Hardwick

Huldah Lula b. 24 Jan 1809 , Smithfield, Ohio m. Lic. 9 May 1831
Thomas Burton

Jeremiah Wilcox b. 24 Nov 1812 , Smithfield, Ohio m. 31 Dec 1834
d. Mar 1894/6 Minerva White

Levi b. 9 Sep 1815 , New Portage, Ohio 1. m. 4 Nov. 1840 Mary Jane Blair
d. Mar 1906 d. 25 Sep 1846
2. m. 13 Apr 1848 Elizabeth Lambert
b. abt. 1828

Part III

Ephraim Roberts, Jr. and Huldah Gibbs Family

6th Generation

Dr. Daniel Roberts

William Roberts

Lois Roberts

Dr. Clark Roberts

Horace Ephraim Roberts

Morris Roberts

Huldah Lula Roberts

Jeremiah Wilcox Roberts

Levi Roberts

Ephraim Roberts Jr. and Huldah Gibbs Children and their Spouses

1. Dr. Daniel Roberts 1798
1st wife Eliza Aldula Clark
2nd wife DeLucia Holcomb
2. William Roberts 1800
wife – Susan Johnson
3. Lois Roberts 1802
husband – Norman Clark
4. Dr. Clark Roberts 1805
1st wife – Asenath Adams
2nd wife – Rebecca Egbert
5. Horace Ephraim Roberts 1807
wife – Harriet McEvers
6. Morris Roberts 1807
wife – Elizabeth Hardwick
7. Huldah Lula Roberts 1809
husband – Thomas Burton
8. Jeremiah Wilcox Roberts 1812
wife – Minerva White
9. Levi Roberts 1815
1st wife – Mary Jane Blair
2nd wife – Elizabeth Lambert

Child One

Dr. DANIEL ROBERTS - ELIZA ALDULA CLARK



Dr. DANIEL ROBERTS



ELIZA ALDULA CLARK

Dr. Daniel Roberts, son of Ephraim Roberts, Jr. and Hulda Gibbs, was born 5 November 1798 at Watertown, Litchfield County, Connecticut. With his parents he moved to Trumbull County, Ohio in about 1804 or 1805 where he became an apprentice to Dr. Miles Clark of Portage County. His daughter, Eliza Aldula, later became Dr. Daniel Roberts' wife.

It is interesting to see where he signed as a witness for a deed made by his father-in-law which is quoted as follows:

Deeds 9-286 – May 11, 1824.
Miles Clark, wife Lucy of Norton, sold to
Thomas Johnston.
Daniel Roberts, Gustavas V. Willard,
Witnesses."

Dr. Daniel Roberts Marries

Eliza Aldula Clark

They were married in Medina County, Ohio on 15 May 1822, as shown by the official marriage register, and there were eleven children born to them.

From the history of William DeWitt Roberts, their seventh child, we learn that Dr. Daniel Roberts and his family moved from Winchester, Scott County, Illinois, to Milton in Pike County, in 1838, and from there they traveled to Galena in Jo Daviess County. From Galena, the family moved back down to Ursa in Adams County, where their daughter, Daphne Palmer and one son, Daniel, died. Early in the spring of 1846, the family left Illinois, crossing the Mississippi River on the ice, and located at Garden Grove, Decatur County, Iowa.

*State of Ohio Daniel Roberts and Aldula Clark were on the
Madison County's 15th day of May 1822 at Norton in said
County lawfully joined in Marriage being previously published
in public meeting in this place
I hereby Certify the above to be true copy from my Records
Given under my hands and Seal at Norton aforesaid this 21st day
of Sept 1822. Attest George S. Willard Justice Peace*

State of Ohio Daniel Roberts and Aldula Clark was on this 15th day of May 1822 at Norton in said County lawfully joined in Marriage being previously published in this place. I hereby Certify the above to be true copy from my Records Given under my hands and Seal at Norton aforesaid this 21st day of Sept 1822.

Dr. Daniel Roberts Knew the Prophet Joseph Smith Personally

Dr. Daniel Roberts was a personal friend of the Prophet Joseph Smith. His son, Orville Clark, told his children that he could remember, when a child, of standing in the doorway beside his father watching the Prophet come up the walk; the Prophet stumbled and nearly fell. Dr. Roberts jokingly said, "Well, Joseph, I never thought I would live to see a Prophet fall." Brother Joseph laughed heartily at the joke.

Baptized a Member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Dr. Daniel Roberts was baptized in Scott County, Illinois in 1841.

Meeting in Garden Grove, Iowa Held in Home of Daniel Roberts

From the files of the Deseret News, we have minutes of a meeting held in Garden Grove, as follows: *Tuesday, 18 January 1848—The morning was delightful in the Pottawattamie Lands where the east wind prevailed, and the Seventies Jubilee was continued in the log tabernacle. The wagons around the Council House looked like a large emigration camp. Joseph Young, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and George A. Smith preached in the forenoon. In the afternoon, the brethren and sisters engaged in dancing, interposed with singing and amusement.*

An important meeting was held in Garden Grove, Iowa, and following are the minutes:

At a meeting of the delegates from Winter Quarters and Mt. Pisgah, with the officers of Garden Grove, held at the house of Dr. Daniel Roberts, 18 January 1848. The following persons were present: Thomas Knighton, President Brigham Young, Lucius N. Scovel, James W. Cummings, Lorenzo Snow; delegates George Carson, John Henderson, Duncan McArthur, John Bear, Hugh McKenney, Isaac Allred, Joseph Blanchard, and Daniel Roberts.

Brother Allred gave a statement of the situation of the field at the time the first camp settled upon the land. It was stated that those who had improved and fenced the land should claim the land, some of whom were now at Council Bluffs; that there were since that time, other lands taken in and added to the field originally set off. After Bros. Scovel, Cummings and Snow had given their statements relative to the nature of their appraisal, and made inquiry of Dr. Daniel Roberts if he were willing to relinquish his claims to the field, and upon satisfactory answer being given, it was moved and seconded that Robert Campbell prepare an instrument expressive of Dr. Roberts for his signature. The instrument drawn up and submitted for the Roberts who, having read it, expressed his satisfaction with its contents and signed the two copies. Bros. Scovel, Cummings and Snow spoke for an amicable adjustment of all difficulties. It was moved and seconded that this

meeting accept the instrument of Dr. Roberts; carried unanimously. It was moved and seconded

that the meeting approve the course pursued and the measures adopted by the delegation; carried."

Excerpts:

2 April 1848 – Thomas Kington appointed to sell the farms at Garden Grove.

6 April 1846 – Money donated for Pioneers by Sister Roberts, \$6.75.

11 April 1848 – Covenant between Nathaniel Beach and Warren F. Reynolds provided with clothing, tools and food to travel to Salt Lake for Garden Grove Company and plant, build fences, etc. to prepare for them to come to the Valley.

30 April 1848 – Captains of ten to report to Captains of fifty. Everything in readiness. Everyone pay tithing to buy oxen for Bro. Whitcomb who had donated teams.

Dr. Daniel Roberts Moves to Lancaster

In 1849, the family moved to Lancaster, Schuyler County, Missouri where their son Dr. Don Carlos was living. They remained until 1851, when they came to Utah. [Dr. Don Carlos Roberts settled in Lancaster, Missouri in 1845.]

Second Wife, DeLucia Holcomb Dies

Daniel's second wife, DeLucia Holcomb, lived at Garden Grove where the records show three of their sons were born. The second son, Roland, died as an infant. Tradition tells us there was a little daughter also, but we have not found her record. Rollin K. Roberts was born 6 May 1850 Garden Grove, and at this birth the mother, Lucy Holcomb Roberts, died. Eliza Aldula then took the two living sons to Lancaster, Missouri and reared them as her own. This is shown in the 1850 census of Schuyler County, Missouri.

Dr. Roberts Well Thought of as a Doctor

Dr. Roberts was well thought of by all who knew him and was remembered by many for his medical skill and his congenial disposition. One time when Orville Clark Roberts family lived in New Mexico, an old lady came to their home and asked if they had a picture of the doctor. Her mother had told her so much about him, she wanted to see a picture of the Doctor Roberts who had given her her first bath. She said her mother had told her that Dr. Roberts would not trust the babies he delivered to

the care of an untrained woman. He always gave the new baby its first bath while he instructed the woman who was to care for it. At that time, it was generally a neighbor lady.

His son, Clark, loved his memory, and said his father would drive his one-horse cart to visit his patients, sometimes for miles, in all kinds of weather and all hours of the day and night. He loved people, especially children, and was always happy to have a group listening to his stories. His one fault was that sometimes he depended too much upon his liquor. One time, when under its influence, he had a quarrel with a man and struck him. The man had him arrested. The next day in court the Judge asked, "Well, Doc, just how hard did you hit him?" The Doctor stepped up to the Judge and said, "Oh, about so hard," and knocked the Judge off the bench. The Judge joined in the laugh, and dismissed the case.

From a footnote printed in the "History of Schuyler County," we read . . . "Among the first physicians of Lancaster was Dr. Daniel Roberts, the father of Dr. Don C. Roberts. Dr. Daniel Roberts was an able practitioner and continued to practice in Lancaster and vicinity until his death which occurred 2 July 1865." In this history, no mention is made of his trip west. From page 723, we read . . . "He was among the charter members of the Masonic Lodge of Love, as was his son, Dr. Don C. Roberts."

Garden Grove, Feb. 17, 1848

Pres. Brigham Young:

Dear Sir:

By order of the head of this place, I am directed to drop you a few lines on a subject they deem of great importance to us here and to the Church at large. We are much alarmed here by the course taken by a Mr. Townsend at Chariton Point, by a Dr. Selvin and a Mr. Brofay, who are commencing to organize a new county at the Bluffs and bring the people under law. Doctor Selvin and Mr. Brofay are for ought we know respectable men, but this Townsend is one of the last of God's creations, and he is the prime mover and instigator of the whole matter. He pretends to be a lawyer, but is a miserable quack at that. He is the Mormons' secret enemy, seeking every opportunity to do them an injury; he, it was, that raised the alarm of a mob and frightened Bro. Durvey from Chariton Point and swindled him out of his place. He, it is, who has of late, with the assistance of a Mr. Cooly, broken up old man Carson and wronged Bro. Isaac Allred of his team, and we are informed that he has instituted four suits against the brethren in this place and Pisgah. He is a deceptive, smooth, hypocritical scoundrel. Let that organization once take root and he will fatten on the miseries of the brethren. We look upon it here as a sure means of more distressing lawsuits and persecution than ever; besides, as soon as the county can be surveyed, it will be forced into market and that will be soon, and what good will the brethren's claims do them then?* To resist law, after it is established, will not answer to keep it from being established.

"We think the better way to do is to keep these law-abiding characters yet awhile at bay, and we are determined to do it in this place, and for our safety we hope it will be done at the Bluffs, for we are certain the devil marks the cards.

Respectfully yours,

Daniel Roberts."

*The early settlers having only squatters' rights would be in danger of losing their land.

Another letter written by Daniel Roberts, to Pres. Young

By order of the council at Garden Grove. The Townsend, above mentioned, is a perfect mobocrat, was once fined \$40.00 in Nauvoo for his bad conduct, and has often been heard to say that revenge is sweet, and that he would have it yet.

Father Kingston wishes me to further say that he does not intend the above to be a matter of instruction but (as he says) he thinks it right and just that you should be made acquainted with the character and standing of this Townsend who we know to be the Mormons' common enemy and will seek all secret advantage to do them injury. If they are allowed to bring them under law at the Bluffs, we may anticipate the results at this place in particular, and our safety will be to flee to the mountains before we are ready, or back to mix with the gentiles.

Daniel Roberts."

Taught and Expected His Boys to Work Hard

The Doctor tried to keep his sons occupied while he was away from home working at his profession. Clark told of one crop of corn for which he and two of his brothers, Bolivar and William, were made responsible. William did not like to hoe corn so every time he came to the end of a row, he would run away and they would have to run after him. Finally, Bolivar told him that if he would stay with it until a certain time, he could go home. When the time came, Bolivar wrote a note to his father telling him that William was lazy so they were sending him home. William read the note and never delivered it. He told his own story when he got home.

Move West

During this time, the plans in Garden Grove had gone forward and they were prepared to move west.

21 June 1851 – Branch met and fasted and prayed that the Saints reach the Valley of the mountains in safety.

29 June 1851 – Branch met and appointed Archibald Scroggins and Charles Jameson for Andrew B. Williams' councilors. William F. Butler was appointed to be Elder Zabriski's second councilor.

By the above, we see that this company was preparing for three years for their trip across the plains and mountains and had a group to prepare for them in Utah at the end of their journey.

In the spring of 1851, Clark returned from a trip he had made to Utah in 1850 with Bolivar and began making plans to move the family west. His mother wanted to go and worked toward that end, but Dr. Roberts did not want to go. When he saw that his family had determined to go, he went to the tavern where he found friends who would listen to his troubles. When Clark and his mother felt quite satisfied with their outfit (they had four young, strong oxen and a good wagon) and everything was in readiness to leave, Daniel had not yet returned, so Clark got into his father's cart and drove to the tavern to get him. Clark said to him, "Pa, are you going with us?" The Doctor began to cuss, but the

bartender said, "Doc, get into that cart and go with that boy." He grudgingly replied, "Well, all right. I guess there is nothing else to do," and went with Clark to join the family that was waiting for him. Their departure left the eldest son, Dr. Don Carlos, in the home at Lancaster, Missouri.

The trip across the plains was fraught with all the trials and hardships incident to travel in those days. This, the Garden Grove Company, had some trouble with Indians, and a stampede of the cattle trying to follow buffalo, resulted in the death of one woman.

Dr. Roberts Resides in Provo – California – Goes back to Lancaster, Missouri

Arriving in Utah, the family went straight to Provo where they located, in September of 1851. In the spring of 1852, Dr. Daniel Roberts with two of his sons, Bolivar and William, started for California. They arrived at Placerville, or Hangtown, 19 July 1852, where the Doctor engaged in his medical profession while the boys worked in the mines. In mid-winter of 1852-53, they moved to San Jose, where they remained until spring, and then journeyed south to San Bernardino to join a colony of Mormon people who had located there. Bolivar left his father and brother there while prospecting in the rest of California and then he returned to Utah. William engaged in farming. The Doctor soon left with the intention of returning east, traveling to San Francisco; he then went by water, crossing the Isthmus of Panama, going up the eastern coast to New York and from there westward to Lancaster, Missouri, where he remained until his death in 1865/68.???

Clark Roberts Takes His Mother, Eliza Aldula Roberts East to Missouri

In 1856, Clark took his mother and two younger brothers to Lancaster to be with the Doctor. She remained until her son, William came to Missouri where he married Maria Lusk, 6 February 1862, and then William brought his wife and mother and brothers back to Utah. The Doctor, however, remained in Lancaster.

The 1860 census names Daniel Roberts, physician, his wife, Eliza Aldula, and the two boys, Homer 14 and Byron 10.

Child Two

WILLIAM ROBERTS – SUSAN JOHNSON

WILLIAM ROBERTS, son of Ephriam and Huldah (Gibbs) Roberts, Jr.

b. 31 Aug 1800, Cornwall, Litchfield, Connecticut

d. 20 Jan 1871

m. Susan Johnson

We found no children for this couple, but found a deed where he sold some land as follows:

Deeds 5-458

Sept. 14, 1921

William Roberts of Coventry to Joshua King of Coventry. . .
beginning at a stake 8 rods southwardly from the corner of William
Triplett's horseshed on road from said Triplett's to James
Robinson's thence running eastwardly parallel with said Triplett's
S line 20 rods to a stake thence southwardly 8 rods to a stake
thence westwardly parallel with the first mentioned line 20 rods to
highway thence along highway 8 rods to first mentioned bounds. 1
acre.

Lyman Clark – Stephen Clark, Wits.

Deeds 5-457 Dec. 19, 1820 (bought land)

John Wilson, wife Barbara sold the above to William Roberts.

Lyman Clark – John Sullivan, Wits.

Child Three

LOIS ROBERTS - NORMAN CLARK

LOIS ROBERTS, daughter of Ephriam and Huldah (Gibbs) Roberts, Jr.

b. 18 Aug 1802, Watertown, Litchfield, Connecticut

d. 22 Dec 1869

m. Norman Clark 13 Nov 1822, Medina County, Ohio

Children:

George Wesley Clark

William Clark

No Further information could be found.

Refs. F (34260) Gen. Hist. 1, Pt. 155

Child Four

Dr. CLARK ROBERTS - ASENATH ADAMS

Dr. Clark Roberts studied medicine under his brother, Dr. Daniel Roberts in Winchester, then at College in Jacksonville, Illinois, under Julianus M. Sturtevant, where he graduated. Practiced first in Exeter, then in Peoria during the cholera there, then in Winchester for the balance of his life.

Was Surgeon Major of the 101st (Chas. Fox) Regiment from December 18, 1862 to March 18, 1864, when he was compelled to resign on account of ill health.

He was charter member and junior warden of

the Masonic lodge in Winchester and was the oldest member of the Lodge at the time of his death.

His history will be found in a book issued by the doctors of Illinois in memory of the early physicians of that state.

He was an astronomer and writer, author of "A Theorem of Planetary Motion" published in 1881 and for years conducted experiments in perpetual motion, on which he published various articles. Also author of several poems, principally "A Dream That Was Not All A Dream."

DR. CLARK ROBERTS, son of Ephriam and Huldah (Gibbs) Roberts, Jr.

b. 13 Aug 1805, Vienna, Trumbull, Ohio

d. 30 Nov 1885, Winchester, Scott, Illinois buried: Winchester, Scott, Illinois

m. 9 Oct 1820 — 1st wife Asenath Adams daughter of Elisha B. and Asenath Adams

b. 1810, Winchester, Scott, Illinois

d. 17 Mar 1833 buried Winchester, Scott, Illinois

Children:

DeWitt Clinton Roberts b. 5 Aug 1829 Winchester, Scott, Illinois

Dermont Clark Roberts b. 20 Aug 1831, Winchester, Scott, Illinois

Infant Child – b. Mar 1833, d. age 6 days Winchester, Scott, Illinois

m. 2nd wife Rebecca Egbert

Children:

Zelia Ann Roberts (died 2 years old)

Vernelia Carolyn Roberts

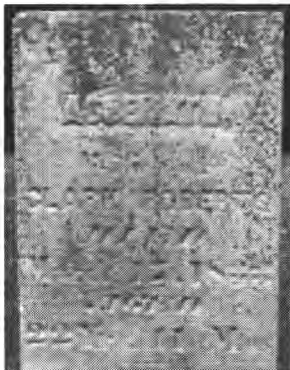
Egbert Frontillo Roberts

Harry Alfronzando Roberts

Matilda Vanderhook Roberts (died 4 years old)



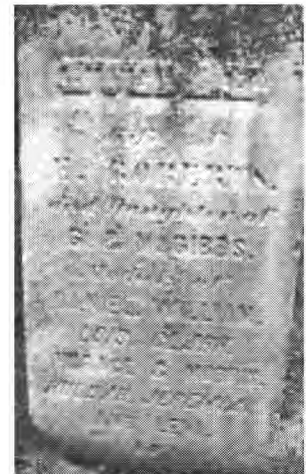
Found in Cemetery Winchester, Scott, Illinois



Asenath
wife of
Clark Roberts
Died
March 17, 1833
22 Yrs 11 Months
Das



Clark Roberts
Surgeon
101 Ill. Inf.



Huldah
wife of
E. Roberts
Daughter of:
G. & M Gibbs
Mother of
Daniel, William
Lois, Clark
Horace & Morris
Huldah, Jeremiah
and Levi

Child Five

HORACE EPHRAIM ROBERTS HARRIET McEVERS

HORACE EPHRAIM ROBERTS, son of Ephraim and Huldah (Gibbs) Roberts, Jr.

- b. 10 Apr 1807, Vienna, Trumbull, Ohio
- d. 24 Dec 1874,
- m. 27 May 1828 — Harriet McEvers in Winchester, Pike, Illinois
(or 5 June 1828)
- m. 11 December 1856 — Jane Eliza Graves in Utah

Horace Roberts was born 1 April 1807, Vienna Township, Trumbull, Ohio. Approximately ten miles west of the Pennsylvania border and fifty miles south of Lake Erie. He and his twin brother, Morris were the 5th and 6th children of Ephraim Roberts and Huldah Gibbs Roberts.

He married Harriet McEvers in Winchester, Pike, Illinois in May or the 5th of June 1828. In 1830 Horace Roberts and family moved to Ripley, Illinois as some of the early settlers. Good stoneware clay beds were discovered there in 1836 and pottery making began soon afterwards. The 1840 census records of Brown County, Illinois lists Horace Roberts and wife with five children.

By 1840, many of the impoverished Mormon Saints were passing through Ripley, Illinois on their way to Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois, and were befriended by the Roberts family. Harriet (wife of Horace Ephraim Roberts) was the first to join the church being baptized by Eden Smith, 5 June 1840. Horace was baptized 16 July 1840. Their eldest daughter, Maria Louisa, states in her autobiography that she joined the church the same year. She was baptized in October of 1840 by the same Elder that had baptized her parents.

What followed is described by Maria Louisa, 'We were set upon by mobs, our house was stoned, our windows were broken, our home and other property was taken from us, and we were compelled

to leave it. In February 1838, I think, [should be 1841] we went to Nauvoo, taking everything in one wagon, and on the road was father, and mother, seven children and the wagon driver. We arrived at Nauvoo all right, and the Prophet Joseph Smith advised my father to build a pottery and make crockery for the poor saints. But what with was the question only the Lord could answer. However, there was no such word as fail. He went to work at it and ere long had it in running order. Many times he was detailed for guards-man and other public work for the defense of the city and people. (Our Heritage, George Olin Zabriskie, p.4.)

The family moved to Nauvoo about 50 miles northwest of Ripley and lived there five years from February 1841 to 1846. The Roberts' Pottery shop in Nauvoo was located on Robinson Street, between Mulholland and Ripley Streets. Nauvoo Restoration Incorporated, located Horace Roberts on Block 27. He appears to be the first potter to establish a shop in Nauvoo – 1841-1846.

Horace was ordained a Seventy by Brigham Young 7 April 1842. Son Homer died 29 July 1842.

In February 1844 Horace and Harriet Roberts received Patriarchal blessings from Hyrum Smith. Then on the 20th of January 1846 they received their endowments in the Nauvoo Temple.

In Winter Quarters Brigham Young sealed

together Horace and Harriet Roberts 1 February, 1848. On the 26 April the same year their son, Charles D. Roberts drowned in the Missouri River – he was 4 years old.

In 1849 Horace Roberts is listed the 18th of December in the Pottawattamie High Council Tithing Record on page 7. *Offering to the Poor, Crockery \$1.50; Onions, .75, 1 ½ bushels.*

The 1850 Federal Census lists Horace Roberts as a potter in Pottawattamie County; age 44. Many Saints set up manufacturing businesses and did quite well. It was not the first pottery shop that Horace had set up in primitive conditions and it would be a natural way to earn a living.

The Roberts received Perpetual Emigration funds to cross the plains to the Salt Lake Valley in 1851. This would indicate that the family was not well off but the need for his pottery skills in the valley were great. He may have traveled with the John Brown P.E.F. Company. To repay his debt he later sponsored P.E.F. emigration of Jane Eliza Graves.*

The family settled in Provo where other family members were then living. From the Life Story of Laura C. Bell we have this insight – 1851: *"After father and mother decided to live at Provo, President Brigham Young told father to put up a pottery shop because people were so short of dishes and such things."*

Horace Roberts was involved in the Roberts' Pottery shop and kiln in Provo that was located on south half of block 115, SW corner of 4th S. and 5th W. We know that Horace's brother Levi Roberts came to Utah in 1874 and worked in the Pottery

The following account from Horace daughter Laura who was born in 1850 gives remarkable detail though there are several technical inaccuracies in this description. It come from – the Life story of Laura C. Bell. Laura describes the shop: . . . *Father's pottery shop was a large adobe building. The lower floor he used for crockery ware, and the upper floor for a dance hall – where the boys would pay for their tickets with home-made candles, squash, carrots, and such things. The clay for the pottery was hauled from up the country some place with wagons and ox teams, or sometimes horses.*

Father had what was called a 'potter's wheel,' which was run by pedals underneath it. The wheel was level, and he would put great balls of clay on it, and shape it in to crocks with his hands while turning the wheel with his feet. Then he had a big sponge which he wet and washed off the loose sand and dirt. He then put the crock on a shelf to dry. After it had dried he glazed it with a lead glazing. People in those days used tea, which they brought in caddies made of lead and paper. Father would melt these caddies in a big iron pot, and burn the paper out. Then he would make a paste of flour and water and mix with the lead and glaze the crockery in that. After the soldiers came, he bought lead bars from them. The bars were about eighteen inches long and about as large as my finger, and he made glazing out of them, instead of the tea caddies. After the glazing was finished, the crocks were put into a kiln and burned.

There were not only crocks, but plates, cups and saucers, bowls, pitchers, mugs, and almost everything that anyone used in the kitchen. If he wanted a different color, he would add lamp black to the glazing mixture. The dishes were made on molds of clay. After they had stood a few minutes on the mold, they would shrink away, and could be easily lifted off. They were then sponged and glazed just as the crocks were.

The Kiln was a big room made of adobe, with a door in one end. The crockery was piled in there in such a way as to let the heat go all through it. The fire was built in an arch underneath the kiln. The arch ran the full length of the kiln. The fire was started slow, and gradually increased, until the crockery was all red-hot. This took a week or ten days. Father would then close up the place where he fed the fire with sheet iron and dirt to shut out the air, and then leave it for several days to cool off gradually so that the crocks would not crack. People for miles around knew when he was burning crockery, because they could see the smoke coming from the top of the kiln. It was roofed over with adobe with here and there a four inch hole left for the smoke to escape"

Laura C. Roberts married James Watson Bell at age 15 ½ on the 1st of January 1866 and shortly afterwards moved to Mona with other extended

family members. She must have had quite a bit of hands on experience with her father to be able to record as much as she did. Her husband may have

had some connection to the pottery as he later was involved in the brick making business and built brick kilns in the Mormon settlements in Colorado.

*Jane Eliza Graves was born 21 September 1832 and died 1 May 1929. She left England, crossed the ocean, on 17 April 1855 at the age of 23 – moved into home with Harriet and taught school.

“Horace Roberts, who had come to Provo in 1851 to build a pottery, was listed as surety for Jane Eliza’s passage in keeping with the Perpetual Emigration Fund to help bring new members to Zion. Jane Eliza brought with her from England a set of Wedgewood China, Blue Willowware pattern. As they crossed the Plains in the wagon train, as it became necessary to lighten the load, she carried her china rather than leave it alongside the trail. This china was her dowry, all she had of her gentile past to offer a potential husband in this wild new country. Three dinner plates are all that remain of her set of Wedgewood.

Upon reaching Provo, Jane Eliza lived with Horace and Harriet Roberts at the family home. Her education became an asset for her rather than a hindrance, and she began teaching school.

On December 11, 1856, Jane Eliza became Horace Roberts’ third polygamous wife. They had two children, Emaline Elizabeth and possible a son.” (Pioneer Women of Faith and Fortitude, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, p. 2606.)

Child Six

MORRIS ROBERTS - ELIZABETH HARDWICK

MORRIS ROBERTS, son of Ephraim and Huldah (Gibbs) Roberts, Jr.

b. 10 Apr 1807, Vienna, Trumbull, Ohio

d. abt. 1880

m. Elizabeth Hardwick Vienna, Trumbull, Ohio

Children:

Sophronia Roberts – b. 1825 Illinois

m. Jessie Stringfellow

Lucy Roberts – b. 20 Feb 1831 Illinois

d. Mar 1898

m. Levi Coe

Child Seven

HULDAH LULA ROBERTS - THOMAS BURTON

HULDAH LULA ROBERTS, daughter of Ephraim and Huldah (Gibbs) Roberts, Jr.

b. 24 Jan 1809, Smithfield, Jefferson, Ohio

m. (Lic.) 9 May 1831 Thomas Burton

No further information could be found (1964)

Child Eight

JEREMIAH WILCOX ROBERTS - MINERVA WHITE

Jeremiah Wilcox Roberts, the eighth child of Ephraim and Huldah Gibbs Roberts, was born 24 November 1812 in Smithfield, Jefferson County, Ohio.

When he was two years old, his father moved with his family to New Portage, Ohio, where he grew to manhood. He met and married Minerva White 31 December 1834 and they began their movement westward.

After their first child, Amanda Melvina, was born 28 October 1835, they moved to Burlington, De Moines County, Iowa where two children, Charles Darwin and Corlilia F. were born. Then they moved to Pittsfield, Pike County, Illinois, then back to Burlington, Iowa where Mary was born 17 October 1849.

Jeremiah died in March 1895. His widow, Minerva, died in March 1905.

JEREMIAH WILCOX ROBERTS, son Ephraim and Huldah (Gibbs) Roberts, Jr.

b. 24 Nov 1812, Smithfield, Trumble, Ohio

d. March 1895

m. 31 Dec 1834, Minerva White

b. 17 Mar 1817, Geneseo, New York

d. Mar 1905

Children:

Amanda Melvina – b. 28 Oct 1835

Charles Darwin – b. 14 July 1837, Burlington, Des Moines, Iowa

d. 14 Oct 1858

Corlilia F. – b. 1 Aug 1839, Burlington, Des Moines, Iowa

Hulda C. – b. 14 Nov 1843, Pittsfield Pike, Iowa; D. child

Mary – b. 17 Oct 1849, Burlington, Des Moines, Iowa

Child Nine

LEVI ROBERTS -

1st Wife - MARY JANE BLAIR

2nd Wife - ELIZABETH LAMBERT

LEVI ROBERTS, son Ephraim and Huldah (Gibbs) Roberts, Jr.

b. 9 Sep 1815, New Portage, Porgate, Ohio

d. Mar 1906, Shelley, Bingham, Idaho

m. 1st wife – Mary Jane Blair — 4 Nov 1840

d. 25 Sep 1846, Ripley, Brown, Illinois

Children:

William Clark – b. 20 Aug 1841, Ripley, Brown, Illinois

George Westerly – b. 31 Oct 1842, Ripley Brown, Illinois

John Taylor – b. 1 Feb 1845, Ripley, Brown, Illinois

m. Elizabeth

m. 2nd wife – Elizabeth Lambert

Children:

Jullia Ann Roberts

David Jerome Roberts

Sarah Roberts

Charles A. Roberts

Emma Estella Roberts

Clark Alonzo Roberts

We do not have any history on Levi Roberts. However a great granddaughter wrote a short history of Levi's oldest child, William Clark Roberts which may give some insights about the descendants of this family.

LEVI'S SON, WILLIAM CLARK ROBERTS

By Margaret Viola Beswick Dunn,
Granddaughter

William Clark Roberts, oldest son of Levi Roberts, was born 20 August 1841, Ripley, Brown, Illinois. He was a Private under Captain Isaac McNeil's Company (H) 50th Regiment of Illinois Infantry, Veteran Volunteers, who was enrolled on the first day of January 1864 to serve three years or during the War. He was discharged from the service of the United States the 13 July 1865, at Louisville, Kentucky, by reason of expiration of term of service, said Roberts being five feet, three inches tall, dark complexion, blue eyes, dark hair, and occupation, farmer.

While he was in the Army, he became acquainted with some Mormon boys whose common conversation around the campfire at night was about Mormonism, so William Clark Roberts decided to go to Utah and investigate what it was all about. This he did, riding a horse most of the way.

He was baptized in October 1870; ordained a High Priest, October 1, 1905 by Joseph B. Keeler.

William Clark Roberts lived in Salt Lake City, Utah about the year 1870. My mother, Amanda Adelaide Roberts Beswick, a daughter of William Clark Roberts, was five years old when he moved to Provo, Utah.

Mother, Amanda Adelaide Roberts was born 9 September 1882. She and Martha Emily Roberts Nelson were the only two children of six that lived

to raise a family. Two died in infancy and the other two died in teens or twenties.

When Grandfather William Clark Roberts lived at Salt Lake City, Utah, I heard my mother say he performed many church duties and worked in the Temple and helped cut rock to build the Salt Lake Temple, and he also pumped the old pump organ at conferences in the Tabernacle.

He had many close calls while in service and at work, but he was protected by a warning.

After moving to Provo about 1885, he still was a faithful church worker and tithe payer. He was given the home at Provo, Utah, 414 South Eight West, for the good he had done. It was a white brick home on the corner surrounded by fruit trees and gardens. He had many friends.

His wife, Margaretha Anna Evert was also known for her kindness and generosity.

He often visited his daughter, Martha Emily Roberts, in Salt Lake City, Utah. She married Martin Nelson. She had two children Harry Clark and Kenneth.

My mother, the older one, married Ernest Beswick. She had four children, two daughters, Margaret Viola and Mildred Anna; and two sons, William Ottis and Ernest, Junior.

My mother, Amanda, helped care for her father in his remaining years. He had suffered a slight stroke in his shoulder. He died at Provo, Utah, 22 July 1926, and was buried there 25 July, 1926.

Part IV

Dr. Daniel Roberts and Eliza Aldula Clark Family

7th Generation

Laura Roberts

Lucy Roberts

Dr. Don Carlos Roberts

Daphne Roberts

Bolívar Roberts

Orville Clark Roberts

William DeWitt Roberts

Daniel Roberts

Orpha Roberts

Homer Roberts

Byron Roberts

Dr. Daniel Roberts and Eliza Aldula Clark Children and their Spouses

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Laura Roberts (died as a child)
1824 | 7. William DeWitt Roberts 1835
wife – Julia Marie Lusk |
| 2. Lucy Roberts (died as a child)
1825 | 8. Orpha Roberts (died as a child)
1838 |
| 3. Dr. Don Carlos Roberts 1826
wife – Flora Bassett | 9. Daniel Roberts (died as a child)
1840 |
| 4. Daphne Roberts 1829
husband – Seth Palmer | 10. Homer Roberts 1842 |
| 5. Bolivar Roberts 1831
wife – Emma Parmelia Benson | 11. Byron Roberts 1843
wife – Hattie Sharkey |
| 6. Orville Clark Roberts 1833
wife – Mary Knowlton Coray | |

Dr. Daniel Roberts and DeLucia Holcomb Children and their Spouses

1. Adelbert Roberts 1847
wife – Martha Eliza York
2. Roland Lusk Roberts (died as an infant)
1848
3. Rollin K. Roberts 1850
wife – Eunice Clark

Child Three - First Son

Dr. DON CARLOS ROBERTS - FLORA BASSET

Doctor in Lancaster, Missouri

Don Carlos, the eldest son of Dr. Daniel Roberts and Eliza Aldula Clark Roberts was born 29 September 1826 in Portage, Ohio. He was their third child but the first child to live past childhood. He became a doctor at the age of eighteen. We find in the History of Schuyler County, page 718 - "Among the early settlers and business and professional men of Lancaster, Don Carlos Roberts, one of the first physicians, settled in Lancaster in 1845. He was only eighteen years of age but had his diploma from the Missouri Medical College, and soon became famous as a physician and surgeon. He was also a brilliant orator. He represented the county twice in the Legislature.

On page 89, it is written . . . "Among the men who were noted in Schuyler County before the war, Dr. Don C. Roberts, one of the best physicians in the country and a man of fine ability. . ."

On page 721. . . "Among the first physicians of Lancaster was Dr. Daniel Roberts, the father of Dr. Don C. Roberts of whom mention has been made. Dr. Daniel Roberts was an able practitioner and continue to practice in Lancaster and vicinity until his death, which occurred in 1865."

Charter Member of Masonic Lodge

Page 723. . . "Among the charter members of the Masonic Lodge of Love was Dr. Daniel Roberts and his son, Dr. Don C. Roberts."

Dr. Don Carlos Roberts Joins the Southern Army during the Civil War

Don's brother, Clark, told of the circumstances that led to Don's joining the army. He said that the Northern officers came to the town where Don lived to gather men for the Northern army. They arrested five men, among them was Dr. Don C. Roberts. Don, with his genial way, asked the officers to stop

into the bar and have a drink. While they were enjoying their drink, he went to the bucket of water as if to get a drink. After tasting the water which had just been brought from the well, he winked at the bartender and said, "How long has this water been setting here? I will get you a fresh bucket." Then, taking the bucket, he went out the door closing it behind him. Setting the bucket down, he ran for a field of corn that grew near by and made his escape. Finding his way to the Southern headquarters, he joined Captain Pierce's [or Price] company and acted as a surgeon until the war ended. When relating this incident to his brother, Clark, he said that was the shortest corn he ever saw in Missouri at that time of year.

Goes West to California via the Horn

After the war, he joined a company of emigrants who were going to California. He made his way around the Horn to San Diego, California. His brother, Clark went to Missouri to bring him to Utah so, upon hearing that he had gone, took passage on a steamer that was going down the Mississippi and crossed the Isthmus and went by ship up the coast to San Diego where he found Don very much in need of help. They came with some travelers to Provo, Utah where Don remained the rest of his life practicing his profession and playing an active part in all the affairs of the community.

Marries Flora Basset

He married Flora Basset with whom he lived happily although they had no children. He had many friends.

Dr. Don Carlos Roberts Dies

"Dr. Don Roberts of Provo, who has been an invalid for more than a year died on the morning of 25 December [1878] and was brought to Salt Lake City last night for burial. He was stricken with

paralysis about fourteen months ago and since that time has been more or less in a semi-helpless condition until another stroke during the latter part of November prostrated and rendered him unconscious for three weeks, up to the time of his death.

The deceased was a graduate of the St. Louis (Missouri) Medical College and was looked upon as a physician of skill and efficiency. He was a brother of Mr. Bolivar Roberts of this city and a son-in-law to Mr. C. N. Basset at whose house the funeral took place this morning.” (Doc. Hist. Deseret News).

Child Four
(Only daughter that grew to adulthood)

**DAPHNE ROBERTS -
SETH PALMER**

Daphne was greatly beloved by her brothers and sisters who never were reconciled to her early death which occurred at the birth of her only child in 1844/5.

Seth was baptized for his brother, Joseph Palmer, and sisters, Phebe Palmer and Susan Palmer in 1841.

Seth Palmer was given a patriarchal blessing on 13 March 1845 in Morgan County, Illinois by Hyrum Smith. (Vol. 41, page 198.)

Daphne was also given a patriarchal blessing on 13 March 1845 in Nauvoo, Illinois by John Smith. (Vol. 9, page 26, No. 85.)

Seth Palmer received his Washing and Anointing and Endowment 30 January 1846 in the Nauvoo Temple. He was a member of the Nauvoo, Illinois 2nd Ward.

In 1837 Lettice Hawkins Palmer, widow of Ambrose Palmer, married Samuel Bent.

They both received their Washing, Anointing and Endowment 13 December 1845 in the Nauvoo Temple.

January 14, 1846 Lettice and Samuel Bent were sealed for time only in Nauvoo, Hancock, Illinois, USA.

DAPHNE ROBERTS (PALMER), daughter of Dr. Daniel Roberts and Eliza Aldula Clark.

Born: 16 March 1829 in Morgan County, Illinois.

Died: About 1844/5 in Ursa, Adams County, Illinois.

Married: Seth Palmer about 1843.

Seth Palmer

Born: 22 February 1824 in Medina County, Ohio

Parents: Ambrose Palmer

Born:

Died: 22 February 1824 in Medina County, Ohio

Married: Lettice Hawkins about 1810

Born: 27 June 1785 in Castleton, Rutland, Vermont

Children of Daphne Roberts and Seth Palmer

Daughter

Born: about 1844/5 in Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois

Died: in infancy.

Child Five

BOLIVAR ROBERTS - EMMA PARMELIA BENSON



BOLIVAR ROBERTS



EMMA PARMELIA BENSON

Bolivar Roberts, the second son of Dr. Daniel and Eliza Aldula Clark Roberts, was born on 4 July 1831 in Winchester, Scott County, Illinois. In 1838, he moved with his parents to Milton, Pike County, Illinois and from there to Galena, in Davises County. From Galena, the family moved to Ursa, Adams County, Illinois where the sister, Daphne, and little brother, Daniel, Jr., died. Early in the spring of 1846, the family left Illinois. They crossed

the Mississippi River on the ice and settled at Garden Grove, Decatur County, Iowa. Shortly after this, in 1849, they moved to Lancaster, Missouri.

In 1850, Bolivar went to Utah where the family joined him in 1851. In the spring of 1852, Bolivar and his father and brother, William, went to California. This will be described fully by William in his own words.

Experience in Utah Territory Militia

The following are transcripts of service as found on the original muster rolls of the Nauvoo Legion of the Utah Territory Militia:

Bolivar enlisted on 23 April 1853 and was discharged on 11 May 1853. This expedition was ordered by Governor Young to the southern settlements to quell some excitement that had been created among the Indians through the influence of New Mexican traders.*

Bolivar Roberts appears as First Sergeant of a company commanded by Colonel Peter W. Conover during the Walker War. He enlisted on 20 September 1853 and was discharged on 30 December 1853. This company was ordered in pursuit of a party of Ute Indians who had driven off cattle from Utah County. They succeeded in recovering a few head of cattle and driving the Indians into the mountains. This company consisted of 23 men. On the roll of Captain William Wall, Bolivar Roberts appears as First Sergeant.

*Between his two enlistments, he went back to California in time to assist William in harvesting his crop of grain and potatoes. The brothers took their crop to market at Trinidad. They expected to get at least \$5,000 for it but most of it spoiled and instead of the \$5,000, they were only able to clear \$360 with which they obtained a mule and a miner's outfit to try Placer-mining in Northern California. They arrived at Cox's Bar on the Trinity River in May. This failed and they joined a company of men and helped flume the Trinity River, sawing the lumber by hand.

Pony Express

In 1855, Bolivar found employment with the Overland Stage when he and William returned to Utah. In 1860, Bolivar was made Superintendent of the Western Division of the Pony Express and went to Carson City, Nevada to make his headquarters and prepare for the Pony Express which was established to cross the great plains by "Russell, Majors and Waddell." In a few days time, fifty or sixty men were engaged and the venture was begun. The men were hired for the Pony Express Riders at salaries varying from \$50 to \$150 per month and were the highest salaries paid any of the men below the executive rank.

J. G. Kelly, one of the riders, tells his own story of the eventful days when he rode the lonely trail carrying dispatches for Russell, Majors and Waddell. The following is found in "Riders of the Pony Express" by the D.U.P.:

Yes,; he said, "I was a pony express rider in 1860 and went out with Bolivar Roberts (one of the best men that ever lived) and I tell you it was no picnic. No amount of money could tempt me to repeat my experience of those days. To begin with, we had to build roads (corduroy fashion) across many places along the Carson River, carrying bundles of willows, two and three hundred yards, in our arms while the mosquitoes were so thick it was difficult to discern whether the man was white or black, so thickly they were piled on his neck and face. Arriving at the Sinks of the Carson River, we began the erection of a fort to protect us from the Indians. As there were no rocks or logs in that vicinity, the fort had to be built of adobe; these were made of mud from the shore of the lake. To mix this mud and get it to the proper consistency to mold into adobes (dried brick), we tramped around in it all day in our bare feet. This had to be done for a

week or more until the mud that was impregnated with alkali ate our feet until they were so swollen they resembled hams.

Before this time, I wore a size 6 boot, but ever since then, it has had to be a size 9.

We next built a fort of stone at Sand Springs, 25 miles from Carson Lake and another at Cold Springs, 37 miles from Sand Springs.

The stations under his direction are as follows and which are given in the Government's contract with Russell and Waddell. The total distance from Sacramento, California to Carson City was 114 miles, then on to Salt Lake City, as follows:

<u>Stop</u>	<u>Miles</u>				
Nevada	13	Dry Creek	21	Willow Springs	26
Clugage	13	Camp Station	15	Fish Springs	21
Ft. Churchill	11	Roberts's Creek	13	Dugway	11
Desert Station	10	Sulphur Springs	13	Simpson Springs	18
Carson Sink	10	Diamond Springs	12	Point Lookout	14
Sandy Hill	14	Jacob's Well	12	Brush Valley	10
Sand Springs	9	Ruby Valley	12	Camp Floyd	17
Middle Gate	21	Mountain Springs	9	Dugout	10
Edwards Creek	14	Bates	11	Rockwell	10
Dry Wells	14	Egan Canon	15	Traders Rest	10
Rese	14	Schell Creek	15	Salt Lake City	9
Simpson's Park	15	Antelope Springs	24		
		Deep Creek	25		

Quote from Arthur Chapman:

The big bosses would be checking up on this initial run, in particular; Finny, would be having his eye peeled for any lapse in time that could not be satisfactorily explained – Finny and his lieutenant, Bolivar Roberts! There was a man who could not be fooled when it came to horses and riders – Bolivar Roberts. He had picked the horses and riders for that far western end of the route. He knew every horse and knew just what it could do under quirt and spur. And he knew every foot of the trail from Sacramento to Salt Lake City. No use to tell him there was sand where there wasn't sand and where there wasn't mud where there was mud. If this first Overland Mail was behind schedule time in St. Joe and particularly if the "key men" at the end of the line hadn't given it a good start, Bolivar Roberts would be raging! There was a rumor

In the files of the Deseret News, dated 19 June 1860, we find:

Bolivar Roberts, with a party of thirteen men brought through the mail which left California May 25. This was done in good order, due to the fact that Mr. Roberts is well acquainted with the country. They camped at Robert's Creek.

around that Russell had posted a big bet that the first run of the Pony would be made on schedule time or better, but such things didn't mean as much as a word of approval for a man from Bolivar Roberts.

On 24 October 1861, the telegraph wires were connected in Salt Lake City, thus ending the need for the Pony Express. Viewed from the angle of efficiency, the Pony Express was all that its promoters promised and much more than most people expected of it. Aside from the short time of the Piute War, when it was temporarily halted, it ran on schedule and made deliveries with amazing regularity. Even during that period, the mail was only delayed for as already mentioned, Bolivar Roberts (Supt.) at Carson City and Howard Egan at Salt Lake City, enlisted volunteers and carried the express through.

Telegraph

There was not much sadness but much rejoicing when the Pony Express was discontinued, as the telegraph was a great step forward. Governor Young was given the honor of sending the first message, which he directed to President Abraham

Lincoln, "Utah has not seceded, but is firm for the constitution and laws of our once happy country, and is warmly interested in such useful enterprises as the one so far completed." This was taken from the story of Utah by Wane.

Bridge Building

After the Pony Express had filled its mission, we find Bolivar Roberts again in Nevada building a bridge as the Nevada Court records reveal.

Laws of the Territory of Nevada, passed at the Second Regular Session of the Legislative Assembly, begun the 11th day of November, and ended on the 20th day of December 1862, at Carson City.

Printed 1863 by J.T. Goodman & Co – Territorial Printers (at Virginia City) –
Page 2, Chapter II:

An act to authorize Bolivar Roberts, his heirs and assigns, to keep and maintain a Toll Bridge across the Carson River, at Dayton, in Lyon County, Nevada Territory.

(Approved 2 December 1862)

Be it enacted, by the Governor and Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Nevada, as follows:

FRANCHISE:

Section 1. That Bolivar Roberts, his heirs and assigns, be and they are hereby authorized and empowered to have, keep, and maintain, for the period of ten years from and after the passage of this Act, a toll bridge across the Carson River, at the foot of Main Street, in the Village of Dayton, in the County of Lyon, and Territory of Nevada, or at any other point or points within three quarters of a mile both above and below said point on said river.

UNLAWFUL FOR OTHER PARTIES TO CONSTRUCT BRIDGE

Section 2. That it shall be unlawful for any other person or persons, during the period aforesaid, to have or maintain within the limits aforesaid, any bridge, ferry or other public means for the conveyance or transporting of persons or property across said river. Any person or persons offending against the provisions of this section shall forfeit to the said Bolivar Roberts, his heirs and assigns, the sum of one hundred dollars for each offense, in addition to the actual damage sustained.

**BRIDGE TO BE
KEPT IN GOOD
REPAIR.**

Section 3. That it shall be the duty of said Bolivar Roberts, his heirs and assigns, to keep at all times during the period aforesaid, a suitable bridge across said river, at the point aforesaid for the safe and speedy transporting and crossing of persons and property.

**RATES OF
TOLL.**

Section 4. That said Bolivar Roberts, his heirs and assigns, shall be allowed to charge and receive from persons crossing over said bridge the following rates of toll:

One wagon drawn by two animals, .50
Each additional animal, .12 ½
Single horse and buggy, .37 ½
Man on horseback, .25
Loose stock, .12 ½
Pack animals, .25

Section 5. This Act to take effect and be in force from and after its passage.



**ROBERTS TOLL BRIDGE – 1862 AT DAYTON,
LYON COUNTY, NEVADA ON CARSON RIVER**

River Water Has Effect On Milk” Story

Bolivar’s brother, Orville Clark, assisted him in building this bridge, but it is not known how long they operated it. There is one story, however, that has come down to Clark’s family, that they observed a small herd of milk cows that were driven across the river below the bridge each day and the man that drove them in would drive his horses in to drink. While they were drinking, he would take a long handled dipper and dip up water to pour into each can of milk. Clark told the woman who owned the cows that she could have free passage over the bridge, as he was afraid the water was having its effect on the milk.

Marries – First child – Temple Sealing

We do not know when they sold their franchise, but we find Bolivar in Salt Lake City in 1863 married to Emma Parmelia Benson where their first son, Bolivar Roberts, Jr., was born on 26 February 1865. He and his wife, Emma, were endowed and sealed in the Endowment House on 23 March 1867.

Treasurer – Banker – Drug Store – Miner

In March 1866, Mr. [Bolivar] Roberts was appointed by Governor Murray, as treasurer of the Territory of Utah. Two years previous to this time, he had served as city councilor. His interests also included banking, being a director of the Deseret National Bank, Utah National Bank, and the Utah Commercial & Savings Bank. He was also president of a local building, loan and trust company.

We find that Bolivar was also owner and manager of a local drug store.

Bolivar Roberts was called by George Q. Cannon to go on an assignment to the Eastern States, 15 October 1868, where he met with several influential men to council the Cooperative Association so that steps might be taken to organize a mining company properly.

On 3 July 1883, Bolivar Roberts, Sr., was instrumental in getting the Sweet Water Mines into the hands of the Roberts Company.

21 January 1886, Bolivar Roberts was nominated to be the treasurer under Governor

Murray, in which position he acted for several years.

Devoted to Democratic Principles

22 August 1888, Bolivar Roberts brought in two chunks of gold worth \$19.00 an ounce. He put it in the bank.” From the History of Salt Lake City. It continues as follows:

Among those most thoroughly dissatisfied with conditions of Political affairs in this Territory and whose devotion to Democratic principles would permit them to join with neither Liberal or Peoples Party, were J. L. Rawlins, Alfalis Young, John Burton, Bolivar Roberts, L. C. Wills and C. R. Barret and many others. A meeting was held on 10 November 1884 to organize a Democratic Club of Utah. Platform was adopted by the National convention held 8 July 1885[?on date].

Loss of Wife and Son

After the loss of his wife and son, Bolivar, Jr., Mr. Roberts’ health began to fail and on 10 August 1893, he passed away at his home on East First South Street in Salt Lake City. Unlike his parents and other members of his family, Mr. Roberts was not connected with the Latter-day Saint church, [incorrect statement] but his interests were closely identified with its people, and many of his personal friends were members of that body. [Bolivar was a member of the L.D.S. Church.]

William [His Brother] Said of Him:

From the time he left the Missouri River, he was always where his duty called and never flinched on account of hardships or danger. He was generous to a fault, and would not only divide his last crust of bread with a friend, but would do the same for an enemy if he knew he was in need. During the Indian troubles between here and Carson Valley, he was always on the road, superintending the mail and sometimes carrying it himself when others were afraid to do so. He and I were together most of the time while he was in California. We worked and ‘kept batch’ together and I can say that a truer man to what he thought was right never lived. He had no enemies that I know of, but hosts of friends among whom his word was as good as his bond.

**LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT
OF
BOLIVAR ROBERTS**

No. 2118

I, Bolivar Roberts, of Salt Lake City, Utah, do hereby make and declare this, my last will and testament, hereby revoking all previous wills by me made.

I give, devise and bequeath all my property real, personal and mixed and wheresoever situated, of which I may die seized or entitled to the seizing, to my executors hereinafter named and the survivors and survivor of them and to his heirs, and to their successors or successor, in trust however, for the uses and purposes hereinafter named.

I direct my said executors that out of the proceeds of my estate my minor sons, namely, Don Carlos Roberts, Frank T. Roberts and Harry L. Roberts, shall be provided a comfortable maintenance and support and shall receive a good English education, and also that they or either or any of them who may desire it shall receive such further liberal education as shall enable them respectively to enter upon any profession or business that they may severally desire.

I direct my executors that as my said sons shall arrive at the age of twenty three years respectively, they shall at his request advance which shall be charged to him and deducted from his share at the final distribution of my estate. When my youngest son shall have arrived at the full age of twenty three years, I direct that all my property be divided equally between my sons then living, or their representatives.

I hereby appoint my friends, George A. Lowe and Melvin B. Sowles, and my eldest son Don Carlos Roberts, the executors of this my last will, and I direct that they shall not be required to give any bonds as such executors.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and seal at Salt Lake City in the Territory of Utah, this ____ day of February, A.D., One thousand eight hundred and ninety-three.

Signed Bolivar Roberts

Signed and sealed by the said Bolivar Roberts, who at the same time published and declared the foregoing to be his last will and testament, in the presence of us, who in his presence and in the presence of each other and at his request have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.

/s/ P. L. Williams

/s/ Charles D. Lowery

Filed in the Clerk's Office, Salt Lake County, Utah, August 17, 1893

H. V. Melvy, Clerk of the Probate Court - By Z. F. Jack, Deputy."

*Bolívar Roberts and
Emma Parmelia Benson
Children and their Spouses*

1. Bolivar Roberts, Jr. 1865 – 1890
2. Eliza Aldula Roberts (twin) – (died in infancy)
3. Unnamed (twin) – (died in infancy)
4. Don Carlos Roberts – (died in infancy)
5. Harry L. Roberts 1871 – 1915
6. Don Carlos Roberts 1876 – 1926
wife – Louise Hunt
7. Frank Taft Roberts 1878 –
wife – Catherine Chapin Clumer

Child Six

ORVILLE CLARK ROBERTS - MARY KNOWLTON CORAY



ORVILLE CLARK ROBERTS



MARY KNOWLTON CORAY

When asked by his children to write down his memories and the story of his life, Clark Roberts would say, "Why, I never did anything worth putting in a book; I just did what I had to do as it came to me. Anyone would have done the same." Consequently, he never recorded the many interesting things that happened to him, and this reconstruction of his life has been taken mainly from the memories of his children, fortified by the few bits of his life that have been preserved in history books, newspaper clippings and church records.

Birth of Orville Clark Roberts, Sr.

It was the first day of September in 1833 that Orville Clark Roberts came to gladden Dr. Daniel and Eliza Aldula Clark Roberts' home. They lived in Winchester, Scott county, Illinois, at the time and had a family of seven sons and four daughters. Later, Dr. Roberts married a second time and had two more sons.

Clark's Baptism

Clark was baptized in 1845 into the Latter-Day Saints Church. [Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints]

Physical Description of Clark by His Sister-in-law, Maria

As a young man, Clark was full of life and daring. He had light brown hair and blue eyes. His brother, William's wife, Maria, described him thus:

He was nice looking and some dancer. His hair was light brown and very curly, and when he danced all the ringlets of his head seemed to catch the spirit of the dance and all was dancing. It was an inspiration to look at him. Everyone in the house seemed to partake of his spirit.

Early Responsibilities for Clark

Before he was fifteen years of age in Missouri, Clark, with his older brother, Bolivar, took the responsibility of the farm while [their father] Dr. Daniel took care of his medical practice.

Crosses the Plains Numerous Times

Clark and Bolivar came to Utah in 1850 and his name is among those entering the valley with the Milo Andrus Company in 1850. He and his brother, William, helped their mother assemble a good, strong outfit of oxen and wagon and get everything packed and across the river ready to leave with the Garden Grove Company.

While they were crossing the plains, a herd of buffalo came through the company. The captain stopped the wagons and spaced them so that the buffalo could go between them. Several teams of oxen stampeded with the buffalo. The dust was so bad that the emigrants couldn't see the wagon ahead. To the frightened Saints, it looked as though the whole earth was covered with buffalo. The huge, shaggy animals migrating between grazing grounds trotted with their heads down and nothing could turn them. In the excitement, it was difficult to control the oxen, especially since the drivers had no reins, only a whip to direct the animals.

In the history of Laura Roberts Bell, cousin to Clark, she says: *"My cousin, Clark Roberts, was driving our team when the buffalo stampede came by. He was standing by the team with his gun. My father said, 'Take good aim, Clark, hit in a vital spot, as our ammunition is running low.' Just then, the animal fell, so I guess he hit a vital spot. To keep the team from following the buffalo and leaving us, Clark stood in front of them and kept whipping them in the face and talking to them."*

Clark Speaks at a Secessionist Meeting in Missouri

After the family had located in Provo, Clark returned to Missouri. This was about 1862 when war had broken out in Carolina. Clark's oldest brother, Don Carlos, and his father were in the old home in Lancaster at the time. Don had graduated from medical school and was taking part in politics. He had joined the Secessionists who were having a meeting and Dr. Don took Clark to the meeting, but he wouldn't let him talk. Finally, one of the members insisted that they hear what Clark had to say. The group was quite impressed with his speech because he included in his information a number of prophecies, though he didn't label them as Mormonism. (See page 39 in Dr. Don Carlos

Roberts' story where Clark tells how Don joined the Southern Army.)

Clark Crosses the Plains 13 Times

Soon after speaking to the Secessionists in Missouri, Clark returned to Utah with a load of provisions with a freight company. He made thirteen trips across the plains, scouting, hauling provisions and freight, helping other families, driving cattle, etc. On these trips, he had many experiences such as losing stock, the company losing its way, troubles with the Indians, etc. Once, nearly famishing for water while trailing stock which had wandered away, he drank some water which had seeped into a cow track. It was so strong with alkali that he heaved it all back up, but it quenched his thirst.

It was very difficult to get the cattle across the big rivers on the westward trek, especially the Missouri River, so they kept a bit bull tied at the crossing to lead the cattle across. The bull knew his job, so when they would turn him loose and start him across the river, he would plunge into the stream and swim straight across, the cattle following. After mounting the bank on the other side, he would stand and watch until the last one had come out of the water, then he would swim right back across to await the next herd. He thereby saved a great deal of trouble for the men and saved the lives of the stock, as they would otherwise have become confused and would have lost their way in mid-stream, letting the current carry them down, or would have drowned each other trying to climb out of the water by way of the backs of the other cattle.

Dealing with Indians

At one time, Clark and another young lad, got ahead of their company in some way, possibly scouting for water. They met a band of Pottowatamie Indians who were coming from Wyoming where they had been fighting the Sioux. They were still angry because they had gained nothing in the skirmish and looked as if they might annihilate the boys. Immediately, Clark began to plan a way out of the predicament. He was worried not only about losing his life, but also about the provisions (flour) that he had in his wagon.

He picked out the chief of the band easily enough and knowing some Pottowatamie language, began conversing with him. He also knew some

Indian superstitions from his contact with the Indians as a youngster in Missouri. The first part of his strategy consisted of picking out the chief's son by family resemblance. He pointed to the lad and told the chief that the boy would become a great chief like his father. He then offered to make the chief's son a great medicine man like himself, for Clark was a great medicine man among the white men. But first, they would eat; then he would make the chief's son a big medicine man. The chief was greatly impressed. All the Indians, except one, consented to eat a meal with the white boys.

They turned their horses out to graze and when ordered by the chief to comply and turn his horse out with the rest, the dissenting one insolently threw his saddle across the tongue of Clark's wagon to prevent his leaving. Clark coolly threw the saddle away off to one side so that he could go if he wished.

The boys then cooked the Indians a good meal and they visited for some time. Clark was noted for his ability to step-dance. He used his talent now as a means of entertaining the Indians. He talked and danced around the chief's son for five or ten minutes, making a big ceremony in mixed and often garbled Pottowatamie and English. When he noticed that the chief was looking very pleased with the performance, he stopped and asked the Indian if he should go now. The chief agreed, so the boys got into their wagon and drove on.

Armed only with his wits and not even a jack-knife, Clark had saved their lives and the provisions. After a time, they met a boy from their own company. The lad told of slipping up a draw when the company encountered the Indians and thus saving himself, although all the rest of the company was annihilated, in spite of the fact that they were carrying with them a whole wagon load of guns, which, of course, was taken as booty by the Indians.

Shortly afterward, however, they were happy to catch up with the company and find that things were not so dark as the boy had imagined.

Lesson Learned

"Stay Out of Others Marital Disputes"

On one trip when Clark was helping a family on their way across the plains, he said he had learned a

valuable lesson; never to mix in other people's family troubles. The woman of this family was being mistreated by her husband. Clark became aware of it and seeing her being beaten, he told the husband to leave her alone. The woman sided with her husband and told Clark he had no right to interfere.

Dr. Don Carlos Roberts, Clark's Brother Comes to Utah

After the war, Clark went to Missouri to get his brother, Dr. Don Carlos Roberts. Upon his arrival he learned that the Dr. had gone with a group of people down the Mississippi River to catch a ship that was going around the Horn to California. So he took passage on a boat going down the river and sailed to the Isthmus of Panama. He then walked across the Isthmus and then went by boat to California.

He found Don in San Diego, California very much in need of help and together they joined a company of immigrants and returned to Provo. Clark and his brothers outfitted Dr. Don with clothes and brought him to Provo, Utah where he practiced medicine for many years.

Mining and Horse Business

Clark and Bolivar had staked some mining claims at Tintic but had quite a time keeping up the assessments because in order to hold the claims, they had to do a certain amount of work on them each year. This work became tiresome and tedious to Clark and when the Pony Express ended, Clark sold part of his claim to Bolivar for his part of the horses. Clark then supplied Bolivar while he did the assessment work. Clark was to keep the supplies coming for his remaining share of the claim.

Clark took his horses to good pasture country near Mona, Juab County, Utah. He did very well in the horse business for a number of years. At this time, according to his own account and that of other old timers, who had pioneered the area, this was a wonderful range country. The grass grew belly high to a horse on the mountain slopes and in the broad valley. According to a Mr. Adams who worked for Clark in these days, the ranch was extremely prosperous. Adams told some of Clark's daughters, years later, that in the early days the slopes of Mt. Nebo were alive with horses bearing the quarter circle R brand. Later, however, the Indians copied

the brand and Roberts lost many fine animals to them.

The agreement between the brothers regarding the mining claim and the horses and grubstake arrangement was never written down. It was just a verbal agreement so that when Bolivar died and Clark, wracked with pain from rheumatism and in need of money, tried, through the efforts of his wife, Mary, to get some of the inheritance, nothing could be done. Lawyers and Bolivar's boys searched for weeks for some bit of writing that would legally establish the contract, but nothing was found, so Mary had to go back empty handed. Bolivar's sons gave her \$200 to help her get home but that was all Clark received from the mine.

Experiences with Indians

On account of his brave and daring spirit, he was used as a scout and an interpreter by Governor Brigham Young in carrying messages to the Indians and in assisting in establishing peace with them. He received two gun-shot wounds and had two horses shot from under him while carrying the mail or express for Colonel Peter Conover. But his brave deeds were never written down as he never told them and only a very few were coaxed out of him by his children. Among those few, however, are some exciting and fascinating stories which occurred mainly during the Walker War.

Messenger for Governor Young to the Indians

At one time, Clark Roberts was sent with John Berry to take a message from Governor Young to Chief Walker. At this time, the Indians were in very disgruntled mood for many Indian Children had taken measles from the white people and Walker and his brother, Arapine, had sworn to rid their land of the scourge-bearing white settlers. Walker and his people were encamped behind Mt. Nebo on what is now known as Walker's Flat.

Clark and John Berry dismounted from their horses when they came in sight of the encampment and went on in with their hands held high. The Indian braves grabbed them and threw ropes around them, tying their arms to their sides. The boys made no resistance. Then the Indians asked them what they wanted.

Clark told them that they had come with a

message for the Chief. The Indians said they had better tell them what the message was as they were going to kill them. Clark scoffed at them saying that they were as brave as women (the greatest of insults to an Indian), to tie a man's hands down so that he could do nothing and then kill him. He told them that if they killed him and his companion the Chief would never know what the Governor said as they were the only ones who knew. Finally, the braves told the Chief that the messengers were there. He said to let the boys sleep in a tent until morning when he would talk with them.

Needless to say, Clark and John did not sleep any that night as they could hear the Indians peeping in once in awhile to watch them, so Clark snored and acted as if he were sound asleep. He said there is no joke about a man's hair standing up with fear for he felt his hair raise many times when he heard Indian war whoops at night, especially when he was alone. The morning finally came and the Indians fed the young men what they thought was dog meat; but Clark told the squaws that they could cook meat almost as well as his mother, which made them giggle.

At last the Governors envoys were taken to the Chief's tent where they delivered their message which, according to an old Provo newspaper found in the archives of the *Provo Herald*, "stopped a war." This was the message:

Why be a fool and fight against your friends? You know we are your friends: the only friends you have. Everyone else wants to kill you. If you are hungry, send some friendly Indians in and we will give them meat and flour and cattle, but don't be a fool and fight against your best friends. I am sending you some tobacco; if you are afraid of it, you can let the boys who bring it smoke some of it first, then you will know that it is not poison. When you are better natured, I would like to see you and talk with you.

The Chief promised the boys safe return but when they got near the Spanish Fork River, they were ambushed and had to break through. Clark afraid of an ambush, didn't want to cross the bridge but to ford the stream above it. Barry, however, couldn't swim and was afraid of quicksand, so they made a run for it over the bridge. Both were

wounded, Berry in the wrist and Clark in the shoulder. History records indicate this as happening on July 24, 1853.

Due to loss of blood, Berry nearly fainted. Using his left hand and his teeth, Clark wrapped Berry's wrist. Then he tied their two saddle horns together and supporting his companion with an arm around his waist as the horses ran forward, finally succeeded in reaching the army post in Payson where there was a doctor. Berry remained at the post where he was treated for his wound. After receiving first aid, however, Clark went on to deliver Walker's message to Governor Young.

The injured messenger saw that he was being followed by an Indian, who later proved to be Arapine, Chief Walker's brother. Every time that Clark looked back, he saw the Indian pointing a gun at him. After Arapine had followed him for about twenty miles, Clark turned and started back to have it out with him face to face. When the Indian saw Clark do this, he let out a war-whoop and turned and ran.

After delivering his message, Clark had the bullet removed from his back.

Arapine Afraid to Face Clark Roberts

Two years later, after peace had been established, Arapine was in a store in Provo one day when someone said, "Clark Roberts is outside." The Indian wanted to get out the back way so he wouldn't have to face Clark. When asked why he was so afraid, he replied that if Clark saw him, he would kill him because he (Arapine) was the one who had shot him. They asked why Arapine had not killed Clark when he had the chance and the Indian replied, "No one can kill Clark Roberts because the Great Spirit was protecting him." He said that every time he got a bead on Clark his trigger finger wouldn't work.

Carrying Express for Colonel Peter Conover

Another time when Clark was carrying express for Colonel Peter Conover, the Indians attacked him and a number of them swooped down upon him from a canyon and rode in a circle around him yelling and shooting as their horses ran. Clark's horse was mortally wounded. Clark lay perfectly quiet beside the horse so that they would think him

dead also. He lay like that until it was dark. He never knew why they did not follow up the killing with looting, but they didn't. When he thought it was dark enough, he took the saddle and mail bags off the horse and carried them twenty-five miles to the nearest ranch.

Walker War Experience

During the Walker War, he and another boy were captured by the Indians. The verdict was death to the white boys the following day. They noticed the squaws cooking around the campfire and the braves with scalps hanging to their belts. They knew the Indians were in earnest and they would be killed the next day. Clark kept begging his companion to talk to show the Indians that they had no fear, but the boy was so frightened that he couldn't say a word. When the Indians began passing the meat and bread past the boys, Clark dived right in and started to talk to them. He talked the Ute language better than he ever had before or since. His tongue seemed to be loosened.

It seems that he made some headway for his plea was that they didn't want to die hungry. If the Indians were going to kill them, they should be fed first. Then, he told about what great warriors the white men were. He said their power was handed down from Washington. At last the Chief began to tell his story. Clark contradicted him and gave the white man's point of view. They talked until morning.

When daylight came, the Chief put one of his boys on a horse and the white prisoners on another and sent them over the mountain. He told the Indian boy to bring back both horses after he had taken Clark and his friend to a given point. From there, they had to make their own way back into the Utah Valley with no gun, knife, or horse.

Recovers Mare Stolen by Indians

On one occasion, the Indians had stolen a mare that Clark loved and which was very valuable. He followed the red men on a sway-backed animal, tracking them until he got so close that they ambushed him and tied up his horse. He managed, however, to get the animals and return home without being shot at once.

Tough Meat

During these Indian troubles, the Utah boys in the army were hard up for amusement. Colonel Conover once brought in some tough meat which the soldiers could not eat. That night Clark suggested that all of the men get in line on hands and knees belling like a bull. The next day Clark was called to the Colonel's headquarters with the others. When the colonel told him that he was discharged Clark replied, "Keep your discharge. I enlisted to fight the Indians. I'm not fighting for a discharge." Years later when the discharges were finally given out, Clark was away on an assignment and he didn't get his. It never was sent to him.

When Clark applied for a pension, he was unable to get it because of the neglect of the Governor in sending his discharge through.

Clark Chooses His Wife and Marries, Mary Coray

Clark was a frequent visitor to the home of Howard Coray. One day, Howard said to him, "Clark, why don't you get married, settle down and make a home for yourself?" Clark replied, "Brother Coray, I'm waiting for Mary." Mary was seven years old at the time. He had noticed her quiet but eager habit of waiting on people which was one of the things that attracted him to her, though she was fifteen years his junior. When Clark made the remark about waiting for Mary, everyone laughed.

Nevertheless, on 24 July 1868, just thirteen years from that time and Clark was thirty-five years of age and Mary twenty, the two were married at her father's home in Provo. President Brigham Young performed the ceremony. A few days later, after being sealed in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, they left for their home in Mona.

First Home in Mona, Utah

They lived here until 1880 farming, raising horses, and growing a lot of hay. Their first child, Orville Clark Roberts, Jr., was born in Provo but two other boys, Howard and Frank and three girls, Harriet Virginia (Hattie), Mary Eliza (May) and Martha Jane (Jennie) were born in the Mona home.

At first the family lived up near the town. Later they moved down by the stream [now a lake] near a grove of trees. While in Mona they often drove to Provo for recreation and to visit their family. Life here was good to them. The ranch was successful, the farm productive. The first years they lived there, many would have suffered without the aid given them by Clark and Mary Roberts. Many of the early families in Mona have praised them for the good they did and for the help they themselves had received.

In 1880 Clark answered the call from President Taylor to go and build up the southern part of Colorado and Utah.

OUR TRIP FROM MONA, UTAH TO COLORADO *By Harriet Roberts Steele*

Call to Settle a New Area

It was 1880 when President John Taylor called for volunteers to settle up the southwest corner of Colorado, southeast corner of Utah, and the northern part of New Mexico. It was called the San Juan mission. One colony under Platte Lyman, left early in the spring from the southern part of the state and had gone into Bluff City. They had traveled through the famous "Hole-in-the-Rock" country. They had a hard trip and were late in the winter getting into Bluff on San Juan river.

Lineup on This Trip

The company we were going with were headed for Conejos County, Colorado. Mother's brothers, Howard, Louis, and Frank Coray and some families from Nephi, Mona and other towns were all volunteers.

Father drove a big four-horse team. Their names were Pomp, Barney, Buck and Dave. They were outstanding teams and we were very proud of them. He had a three bed wagon and the four horse team proved to be the center of attraction on the road at hard pulls or climbing the long steep hills.

Mother followed with a buggy. The back had been extended out so that a bed could be made for the children to ride on and we three girls with Frankie and Etta Lewellen played and slept on the way never worrying where we were or how long we would be on the road. Loretta Lewellen would also ride with mother, who drove the team. Frankie was only five months old, but he would sit between them and continually played with the reins. I have heard mother tell how he would gather the lines into his lap so she couldn't even hold the end of them.

Orville and Howard drove our cows, about twenty head. Myron Mott and Neils Rassmusen drove a big band of horses that father had purchased from Uncle Bolivar while he was operating the Pony Express between California and Utah. They were fine stock and valuable. Father used to say they scattered them all the way from Mona to Mexico..

Father had brought a family by the name of Charlie Mott, who drove another four horse team and double bed wagon, with a light wagon trailer, in which his family rode. They consisted of Lizzie, his wife, three boys and a baby girl.

We had a tent which we spread in stormy weather.

Saying Goodby to Friends and Family

Frank Evans and Elias did not go with us. Frank brought we girls each a doll to play with on the road the night before we left. I well remember that forty-seventh birthday of my fathers – the 1st of September 1880, as we stood at the Rail road crossing where we had spent so many days playing together, waiting for the company to come who were picking up volunteers from the other settlements as they came through. How vividly impressed on my mind is the parting of those so dear to us, how little I realized we would never see them again.

Mothers parents and brothers had come to see us off. Mother handed Grandma Coray a sack of "Jerkie," (dried beef) which had been dried to use on the road; Grandmother had quite a sense of humor – with her black eyes twinkling she asked her why she hadn't saved her some of the fresh meat and given it to her before it was salted. There wasn't any tears, not much conversation, all seemed to be trying

to smile and be cheerful. I remember the atmosphere – Father was as usual – full of jokes.

The boys were hitching up the teams and we were waiting to get into the wagon when Mrs. James Burson, [Burraston] our neighbor, came over and took a bonnet shaped hat (which mother had admired) from her head, tied it on Mothers head, shook her hand and walked away. The Burraston boys with Orville and Howard were leaning on their horses as boys do, talking of the trip. I remember how anxious I was to get started. As the long train of covered wagons came in sight, Father said get your biggest and nicest dolls and climb in.

Hattie Leaves Her Doll Behind

A tragedy was in store for me. When Daddy said for us to bring our nice dolls and get into the wagon, I, thinking that I would return, left my little rag doll, Bessie, in her little blue dress and with her real human hair (which came from my own Mother's curls) lying in her little bed asleep. To this day, I miss her. I wish that I could have had her with me. She had been very dear to me as she was my first baby doll and I have loved her best of all.

Wagon Company – Heads for Colorado

I am sure that we started South for we went through Nephi. After we had picked up all of the volunteers on our way through the settlements, they stopped and organized a company with Brother John Allen, Jr. as our captain and Brother Rassmussen for the Chaplin. He was in charge of the prayer service that was held every morning before we broke camp and every evening before retiring for bed. Brother Rassmussen would stand in the center of the corral with his hat off and would call "All-a-yus, come to prayers." He would repeat it until every child was grouped in their own family and on their knees and then he would ask one of the Elders to lead in prayer. I remember how it would hurt my feelings when he called on Father for I always knelt by his knees. Mother always had Frank in her arms and the boys would kneel close to her. Then as soon as the Amen was said, they would jump on their ponies with the rest of the herd boys of the camp and start the cows on the road. The women would pack the cooking things and get things packed up while the men were harnessing and hitching up the teams. It caused a general stir and no little

excitement among the children. The wagon closest to the road led out in the caravan with Captain John Allen riding ahead on his horse. Many times he would go far ahead to find watering places and locate the best grass. So we traveled day after day, sometimes on some very rugged roads. There must have been somewhere near one hundred wagons. It would make a very large corral when we camped. Each wagon would be driven close to the one in front of it, thus making a large circle.

Cousin Edna Joins Them in Their Wagon

Our mother's brother, Uncle Howard Coray, only had one child, Edna, and she would often ride with us in our buggy where we had a regular playhouse. She liked to play at keeping house with her dolls and of course, would rather play with us than be alone with her parents in their wagon. One day, Uncle Howard decided that her mother should entertain her and he came down and got her. She felt very sad and so did we but he refused to let her come back for several days. He thought her mother was letting her have too much young company but as the trip was a long one and we were very persistent, he finally let her come back to us.

Etta and the Other Indians

At one place we camped on the reservation. The Indians recognized Etta as being an Indian. It seemed as if the whole tribe flocked up there to quack at her. The poor girl became so frightened, she thought they wanted to steal her and she hid in the buggy and tied the curtains tight. We were for one afternoon and part of the next day trying to console her. We insured her she was safe and in no danger, and that she would become sick sitting shut up in that tight buggy. She wanted Father to send them away, but he couldn't do it. They insisted upon getting a peek at her. When we started they followed the buggy to the end of the reservation. She was surely relieved when the end came.

Range Horses Bolt

At one time, the range horses bolted on the boys. They started to mix with the teams. Father pulled his four-horse team out of the train and loped out over the prairie to help herd them. Of course, the wagons closed up and when he got the horses rounded up he was at the end of the caravan. Mother pulled her buggy out and Charlie Mott had to drop

out so that we would all be with Father at camping time.

Father's Team Leads Out

Father drove Pomp, Barney, Buck and Dave. Buck was balky, Dave high strung. They were the leaders and everyone knew when Father's turn came to pull off the hills as his loud, keen voice rang, "Buck, Buck, Buck, Dave," all the way to the top. "Pomp, get out of that." He used his four-horse lash that I held strings for while he braided it in Mona. When he drew that long lash, we could hear the crack all along the train, The horses knew what it meant.

One morning we were camped in a cove where the bank of what had been in years past, a river bed and a deep gulch ran past the front of the coves. The road went along the bank of the gulch, the corral was formed in the cove. Father's wagon came up where it would lead the train on around the point which was part of the gulch bank. It was a cold morning and Buck balked. Father unchecked the tugs, put our brother, Howard, on the horses, and told him to run Buck around that point and warm him up; but Buck refused to move. Father caught the bridle reins in an attempt to lead the horse out, when the horse reared and started backing into that gulch. Mother gave a scream and Howard turned white. Father turned the horse and went to lash him with the line when the Captain rode up and said, "Clark, I wouldn't do that." Father, as quick as a flash, pulled Howard off and was astride of the horse himself. He was out of sight in no time. When he came back, it didn't take him long to square him into his place, hook the tugs and spring to his wagon seat. Then came the never forgotten sound, "Pomp, Barney, Dave, Buck, Buck, Buck, get out of that." Buck was dancing, but that three-bedded heavy-loaded wagon was soon rounding that point and going out into the prairie faster than the rest of the train cared to travel for a short time.

When I think back over so many incidents, I wonder if Father ever felt the first particle of fear. If he really knew what the word meant, he never showed it. He would take that four-horse team into a big, swift stream with the water hitting the second bed, just as freely as if it were only three feet deep.

Crossing the Green River Experience

I remember crossing Green River. It was near where Green River City is now located. I know it was about four o'clock for Captain Allen came back and asked Father's opinion about making an early camp that night, or should they pull over the river and camp on the other side? Father and Captain Allen stood on the bank of the river a few minutes watching the water, and finally decided to go over as the river was raising all of the time. Some had already unhitched. Our Chaplin was one of them. He threw his coat over some bushes and then went across the river leaving it. Of course he had to return for it. He started and his wife caught the reins and raised such a screaming noise he had the whole camp nearly coming to her assistance. She said that he got dizzy and would drown so the Captain sent a boy after the coat while he and his wife argued as to whether he or she should go. I was standing by the bank with May Bell watching Mother do a little washing. While standing there, I picked up a little green pebble which I thought a great deal of and which I kept until the San Juan River flood washed it away in 1910.

Watermelon and Light Rolls

The next thing I remember was at Dove Creek. From there, we crossed the Grand River and right after crossing the river, we passed through the largest watermelon patch I ever saw. It belonged to Mr. Pritchett. Living where he did no common melon patch would last long. I think that we stayed over there for two days. I know there was a little store there and Mother sent May and me to try to trade a small jar for some yeast. The man wouldn't take it but his wife gave us some home-made yeast cakes. Etta wanted to make some light bread and we certainly enjoyed the light rolls cooked in that big bake oven on the camp fire. Everyone feasted on watermelons and I don't know how many they hauled off.

Steep Mountain Side

We came over some very rough road. Some mountains which looked impossible. The men were compelled to double up their teams and ride the side of the wagon to prevent them from tipping over or sliding down the mountain side. They put barrels on the sides of the wagons to haul water on long stretches without water. I remember one very long

steep dugway. We were half a day getting up. They gave their horses all a drink with buckets from the barrels and filled what water receptacles they had, so as to empty the barrels that were on the lower side of the wagons. All the men that could get on, hung on so as to keep the wagons from slipping. The boys tied ropes to the wagon beds and to the horns of their saddles, where the horse could get good footing, this kept the wagons from sliding down the mountain. There was a large flat mesa at the top, covered with pines and cedar trees. It made a good camping ground for the night. We could go to the edge of the mountain and see the long train of wagons waiting their turn to make the ascent. Mother would leave her team and walk with the women and children. Etta helped carry Frankie.

Once we looked down and Mr. Hichel was making Mother's knitting really grow. She had left it in the buggy seat. Very few women could knit faster than Mr. Hichel.

Father Coming Up

We always knew when fathers turn came. His deep voice penetrated the air for a long distance. He always looked for Buck to balk. He seldom ever struck his team, but you could hear the crack of his four horse lash as he shouted Buck, Buck, Buck, and Dave get out of there, with the crack of his whip. This told us father was on the way. Pomp and Barney names were seldom heard, if so we knew it was an extra hard pull. Our captain rode ahead, he was always on horse back, and located our camping ground and saw that the wagons formed in a corral.

Mancos Hill

October 23, 1880, we came to the foot of Mancos Hill. A storm was starting and the hill was steep, the road rough and sliding. A drizzling rain had made it slick. The captain told them if they didn't make it up the hill that night they would remain there all winter. He was right. It was after dark when the last wagon reached the top. The camping was all done by campfire. The next morning the 24th, my brother Orville's birthday, the ground was covered with eighteen inches of snow.

Lost Oxen and Heifer – Change of Plans

Watson Bell's oxen strayed off also one of Uncle Howard's heifers. The herd boys went to find them, but the snow had covered their tracks. At

noon the captain gave orders to move on. They went to Conejos County Colorado. The Coray boys, my father and Frank Evans with the Motts remained with Watson Bell until his oxen were found. The heifer was lost. We were there four days. The snow hit the hubs of the wagon wheels, when we pulled camp.

Stop to Work on the Railroad – Clark Freights Supplies from Charma to Three Camps

I don't know how far we had gone when a man came in and told us about the railroad going through and what big wages were being paid; so the group drifted down to the San Juan. They thought it would help them through the winter and they would have something to start with in the Spring. The railroad camp was situated near the Colorado line, and we were in the northern part of New Mexico. I guess that it was about ten or fifteen miles from Charma, a supply station to the river. Our Uncles took the building contract to build that road. They had to blast the hill down, saw, and drag great blocks of ice out of the river. They couldn't build on the ice. There was a nice little flat each side of the rocky point, we were located on one side, the others camped on the other side Father built a large culvert which ran across a wash that came from the hills. He bought a small cabin filled with corn fodder to feed the cows, so we had butter and milk all winter.

The surveyors camped on a large flat, and there was another group that had a contract.

There was a surveyors camp across the track from us, and Etta got a job of cooking for the winter. She then went back to Utah, expecting to marry one of the Tellie Boys, but when he got home his mother objected, so he broke the engagement.

Watson Bells family consisted of girls and boys like ours. So we children had plenty of playmates. The boys made little dug outs in the hills for our play house. Of course mother kept us up with our lessons the first part of the day.

Clark Builds a Log House for His Family

Father gave Mr. Mott the tent, and he built a log house for us. It was covered partly with dirt roof and partly with our wagon covers so that we could have light; then he put bunks around one end under

the dirt roof for sleeping, and a huge fireplace in the end of the room. The other end was a cook stove and the table that father had built onto the back of our wagon while we were traveling. It was on hinges and would fasten up when not in use. As I remember, we were happy, and especially the children, who never realized what hardships were.

Father's Fireplaces – Games

I never think of evenings only in front of a glowing fire place. Father's fire places never smoked and they always brought a friendly feeling. We enjoyed many hours together playing games such as blind minds [mans] bluff, pussy wants a corner, and Ma chicken, ma chicken, ma cranie crow, went to the wall to wash my toe, when I got back my chicken was gone. What time was it old witch, then the witch would try to catch all of the chickens. Father often led in these games, while a big piece of beef hung in front of a big blaze with a pan to catch the drippings. Often we had corn pone on a board, baked in front of the blaze, and potatoes in the ashes were really relished after our games. Mother sat knitting and laughing at the fun.

Frightening Experiences While Living There

I remember that Cora Bell Zufelt was born there and that my mother helped take care of her mother and the family during her sickness.

We were camped near the Mott family; the rest were farther away. I remember that father put a big culvert in and that he freighted supplies from Charma to the three camps. Watson Bell and the Coray boys were camped around the rocky point on a flat. There was a hill back of our homes that was covered with cedars and about two miles away there was a Mexican village and a small Mexican store.

I shudder now to think of the wicked and murderous incidents that occurred while we were there. I am afraid that it has prejudiced me against Spaniards or Mexican. One Sunday morning, while the Coray boys were coming up from their camp to ours, they found a Mexican man. He had been tied up to a tree and cut almost to pieces with a knife. He was still alive, although nearly frozen. They took him down and carried him back to the Lopez store to see if they could care for him. He recovered.

Hattie Learns About Birthday Spankings

When spring came, the Coray boys went to Conajas County, Colorado. This was in 1881. Watson Bell settled on the Animas near Aztec, New Mexico. We started back to Bluff. I remember that it was soon after my eighth birthday on the 7th of April. I was sitting in the yard playing with my doll when Aunt Laura Bell came up. When I told her it was my birthday, she told me that she would have to give me a spanking to keep me good the rest of the year. I soon asked my mother if it was necessary for me to get spanked. She then told me that it was the custom of people on their birthday. I always remembered it, and told how I had been afraid of getting spankings on my birthday.

The only money that we saw that winter was taken out of a horse's shoulder. It had been put in when the horse had a sweny on its shoulder. My uncles had a lot of fun showing it around to prove they weren't broke.

Clark Roberts Moves His Family to Mancos

Our family went alone back toward Bluff City. When we reached Durango, father bought me a pair of shoes. Then we went over the Mancos Hill and came to Mancos. Father met Jim Dunton, Ad Robb, Joseph Smith from Parowan, and they urged us to stay in Mancos, saying that Platt Lyman had gone back with his family and that the rest should either go back or seek homes elsewhere, that they could never make a living there. Bishop Jens Nielson said they had been called by their leaders and refused to desert the mission. Some returned home, some went to Mancos, Colorado, the most remained with Bishop Nielson.

Mancos, Colorado When First Arrived

When we arrived at Mancos, father went to the store which consisted of a three room log house, owned by Mr. Bauer and Mr. Wells, who batched there. They were both Germans. In one room he had a few groceries, some pins, a little calico and thread, in another room was the post office and the other room was used for playing cards or a saloon. There was a few families living up and down the river and a stockade was around the school house. This was Mancos when we first came into it.

EVENTS IN MANCOS

When we moved into Mancos, Colorado, in the spring of 1881, there were only three Mormon families living there – Adam Robb, James Dunton Jr., and Joseph Smith. They had drifted in from Bluff after Platt Lyman had left the southern mission to Bluff.

Father rented a small log room of Bro. James Dunton Jr., where he left the family while he took a trip to look over Conejos settlements.

Place in Mancos

Father did not feel favorable toward Conejos, while he and mother were riding around looking over the country he ran into Jack Wade, who wanted to trade his relinquishment on a homestead for horses, which father accepted at once. A little stream of clear water ran through the place and on one side there was 80 acres of level farm land, but unmercifully rocky. A small hill covered with scrub pines or pinions and cedars, made up the other 80 acres, it was on the other side of the stream. A very large long leaf pine tree grew in the bottom land near the creek, wild roses were all around it. There is where we girls made our play houses and spent many happy hours.

Father filed on the homestead, then prepared for another long camping trip to Provo, Utah.

There was a one room log cabin with a dirt roof and floor on the place very near the creek, where Niels stayed and took care of the cows and horses, while father took us back to Provo,

Mancos Sunday School

While Father was out in Central Colorado to see if he would like to live in Manasa where Mother's brothers, the Coray boys, had settled, Mother became interested in a Sunday School. A bachelor cowboy with a Quaker lady started a Sunday School, in order to get the young boys and girls to respect the Sabbath. It had been started by Bob McGrew and Mrs. Weatherall to save the Mancos boys in their early teens, such as the Cavenishes and Carpenters and Exons, who lived in the lower district. Mother taught the boys and Mrs. Ratcliff taught the girls the New Testament. These were the first non-Mormons with which Mother had ever associated and it was here that she began to

study Mormonism and pray for light. She was highly respected among her non-Mormon friends.

The older men and women formed a Bible class, in which father took part. During a conversation he discovered that neither the bachelor cowboy or Mrs. Ratcliff believed in a Deity, but were law abiding people, and were thoroughly convinced that with out religion, the world would go to destruction and that humanity would kill each other off eventually.

Mrs. Weatherall was the only one in the Sunday School who believed in a deity. Dave Lemons had had considerable experience among the Mormons in Arizona and he knew many Mormon-raised boys.

When Father came back, Mother told him about the Sunday School and he was in favor of it. At that time, the only prayer they had was the Lord's Prayer. Mr. Lemons must have told them to read it, but the first time Father attended, they asked him to pray. Mr. McGrew and Mrs. Weatherall were really pleased to find someone who could pray without a prayer book. Well, we children at that time did not know that Mormons were a curiosity or that we were different from other people and we were really proud that our father was the only one who could pray.

Back to Provo – Mary's Mother Dying

Father bought the Wade Rock farm. Mother received word that her mother would not live through the winter.

As the place Father bought only had a small cabin on it with no windows and a dirt roof and floor, he bundled us all up and off we went to dear old Provo.

First Fruit Trees Brought to Locality

Father returned to Mancos with a load of alfalfa seed and fruit trees which were the first seed and trees brought into this locality.

While in Provo

Orville and Howard went to school there. I took care of the two little girls and Frankie. Mother spent her time with her sick mother who passed away in December 1881. After Christmas we moved in with Aunt Nellie Alexander, where Mother went

through a very severe spell of sickness.

Clark's Family Returns to Colorado

In March we returned to Colorado where Father, with two Mormon boys, who were living with him in the log cabin, were getting out logs for a real house. They also had to herd Father's horses of which he had many.

Three More Children are Born in Mancos

Clark took his family to Mancos, Montezuma County, Colorado. Here another girl, Daphne, and two more boys, Don and Lou, were added to the family.

Non-Mormon Friends

During the winter, several more Mormon families moved in from Bluff and homesteaded over among the cedars (as we termed it). We were among the non-Mormons in Mancos town, while the Mormon settlement was about two miles away, which they called Weber. Father made friends with everybody. He had established a lasting friendship with Mormon and Gentile, and had preached the gospel to everybody, Dave Lemons especially; David Lemons was always ready to banter him for an argument on any subject. It was all the excitement they ever had in Mancos then, so their debates generally took place at the store, which was a store, post office and saloon all under one roof.

People were coming in from the East, well-educated people, including a doctor and his family. Most of them were rich, young men hunting adventure. They would come as far as the railroad could bring them and then they would get some cattle and settle down to rear their families in the "University of Hard Knocks." There were among them, musicians, school teachers, and artists. All seemed to have a refining influence. There were some of a coarser class who settled in the lower end of the valley.

Clark and Mary Start a Weekly Literary Meeting – Debate on Whiskey

The little Sunday School had discontinued during the winter, but the people felt that there should be something to go to on Sunday. So, with Dr. Field's family, the Ratclifs, Viets, Samsons, Westons, Willis, and Mother and Father, they started a literary meeting. They had a program for the

young people, a recess and then a debate for the older part of the community. The Mormon people did not participate, but it was the most interesting part of Pa's life. Religion was not discussed in the debates. They were very careful that Father and Dave Lemons were on opposite sides. Once a couple of women were the Leaders and one chose Father, so the other one quickly chose Mr. Lemons. The question was about whiskey and war. Every mother came to Father and told him they were depending on him to beat the whiskey.

I can't tell it all, but I remember that I sat up most of the night with Frankie waiting for the folks to come home. (I forgot to say the meetings had been changed to Saturday.) Well, Father won the debate. He had scraps cut from the Reverend Talmage of Pennsylvania, and Henry Ward Beacher books. There had been no limit set on the time that each should occupy, and Father drew first speech. I guess he had taken up most of the night. When Mr. Lemons could not keep still any longer, he called Father down, and Father gave way for Mr. Lemons to talk. When Mr. Lemons got up, he could not talk. He knew he was defeated before he began. It caused quite an excitement in town. The next day Mr. Lemons was quiet for once.

Mormon Sunday School Organized

The ward was organized on July 5, 1885, Father was made Sunday School Superintendent. All the Saints were glad to have an organization at Mancos, and some of them always went to conference in Bluff. Ofttimes, we got some of the authorities to stop and talk at our meetings, which were always held at our house as that was the only place big enough. The Huntsville people never came until after the ward was organized. They were called when President Hammond was sent there to take Pratt Lyman's place. He was told to organize a branch at Mancos, and his families were sent with him.

Clark Vaccinates His Family for Smallpox

When smallpox broke out, Father went post-haste to Durango, and got some bovine virus, and vaccinated all of us and also Bell's family who lived near us. He encouraged the school board to see that all the school children were vaccinated. The disease broke out in the Weber, or the Mormon settlement,

so the authorities did what they had done in Fruitland. Instead of quarantining the families, who had the disease, they drew a line between the Mormon settlement and the non-Mormons. I believe the line ran just outside the gentile graveyard and our meeting house.

Bishop Halls took up the problem and stopped all communication between families and closed the church until it was over. There was not a death and few who were marked. Sister Hannah Halls contracted it as she had done some helping the sick. She shut herself into one of her rooms and appointed one girl to wait on her through the window. She would not let anyone come any nearer. Not one of her family took the disease. She kept herself oiled with olive oil. This is the method they use to prevent germs spreading now, but at that time, no one had heard of it. Father had me corresponded through the mail with Anna Halls so if they needed any help he could give, they would know about it. The doctor gave her a disinfectant to use on her letters.

Moved into Our New House – Railroad Came Through – Close to House

During the winter father and Neils had got out a set of house logs to build us a two roomed house nearer the road, which made it a quarter of a mile closer to walk to school.

We moved into our new house, where mother's last child, Louis, was born. Then the railroad came through Mancos and came so near our house Mother felt like our home was spoiled. Father had rheumatism so badly that he wanted to get out of the cold winters, so he sold the railroad his property and we went south to New Mexico.

Contract with Mail

The people of Bluff, Utah had petitioned the Government for a mail route for which a Mr. Nichols got the contract. For four years, he wanted a man to carry it for him. No one would dare to take a mail sack through the reservation of Indian country. My father wasn't afraid any more of an Indian than he was a white man. He took the sub-contract. Everyone remarked that in less than a year mother would be a widow. He carried it four years without a miss. There were three Indian outbreaks in which some men were killed and homes burned, but never once did they bother the mail or drivers.

Clark's Life Depended on Mary's Friendliness and Faith in the Indians

At one time, about 1883 or 1884, while Clark had the mail contract, the Ute Indians went on the war path. While riding his long route, Clark had to camp on the way which was dangerous when the Indians were unfriendly. However, he knew the Indians and their ways well and told his wife, Mary, that his life depended upon her being friendly to and having faith in the Indians. When trouble came, Mary was put to the test. Clark left as usual, saying: "The Indians know I make these regular trips, so if I don't go they will think I am afraid and then my life will be in danger."

There was a high fence around the Bauer store, a stockade built for protection against the Indians. The authorities sent out for all of the families who lived in lonely places to bring them into the stockade. The Roberts family lived a mile from anyone; so, as Clark was gone, men came to take the family into the stockade with the rest of the settlers. Mary refused to go, telling the men that her husband's life depended upon her staying where she was and trusting the Indians.

Since Clark had told her this, she would stay even if he found them all scalped on his return. These Eastern-reared men were afraid of the Indians and were greatly disgusted with her. They said things that made her angry and she retorted that her husband was the better judge of Indians than they and she intended to do as he said. They had to leave without her.

The Indians were holding their war dance so close they could be heard all through the night. Some of them came to Clark's home for food and rest, knowing they would be treated as friends.

When Clark came to the water hole, on his way home, intending to camp for the night, he saw the tracks of many horses quite fresh, but no one was in sight. He watered his horse and then went up the canyon over rocky bottom trails until he thought he was out of sight of anyone who might be watching for him. Then he rested through the night as usual, but he did not sleep. The next morning, he went back to the spring and found more horse tracks but still no one in sight.

He went on as though there were no worries on his mind and started on his way toward home, feeling as though eyes were watching him from behind every bush, but he never glanced to the right nor to the left and whistled as usual.

Finally, two Indians came out of the brush and rode along beside him, one on each side. They told him that he had a brave squaw, as she stayed home and fed the Indians while everyone else went behind the high fence. After a long way, they told Clark that he was safe now and left him. He knew that they had saved his life from the other Indians who were ambushed along the way waiting for him. He was sure that his wife's bravery had saved him and she was thankful that the Lord had heard her prayers and had given her strength to do her part.

The Indians were on the war path almost constantly while Clark was in Mancos and he tried unsuccessfully for years to get rid of the contract, but no other white man would sign for this work.

Clark Plays a Joke on the Indians

Clark was loved and respected by the Indians and the white men alike to such an extent that he was able to act as a peacemaker between them. He was a friend to all but he was not above a practical joke now and then, especially if it served a practical purpose. At one time, the Indians came to his home asking for whiskey. Now, it was unlawful to give or sell whiskey to the Indians because of its effect upon them. Clark, however, had several bottles of vinegar in the cellar in whiskey bottles so he took them solemnly to the cellar and gave them a whiskey bottle. The wives of the braves were alarmed and so frightened that, swearing them to secrecy, Clark told them the joke. The braves didn't find out the hoax until they got back to the reservation and took a drink of the "whiskey."

Clark's Kindness Shown As Unconditional

Everyone in trouble came to Clark for help and he would give comfort and assistance, never once asking pay for the food, hay and grain he gave them. Two boys once came to his house claiming to be very poor and having no place for a home. Clark took them in and gave them a home for the summer and paid them wages. They left in the fall but it wasn't long until the younger one came back broke again. Clark took him in again and kept him for a

number of years. This same boy was used as an instrument in Clark's losing a number of his finest horses and a large crop of grain, but in spite of this, years later, when Clark met him in Durango in need, he gave him \$5.00.

Roberts Children Remember a Good Teacher, Mr. Floyd

It was a rough frontier life. Even the teachers had a hard time as their charges would run them out. The Roberts children chiefly remember a Mr. Floyd who was not only a good teacher, but also was a match for the unruly of his school. He taught night school which Clark's wife and some of his children attended. He also taught a singing school, put on plays and programs, and was the means of lifting the town out of the spirit of contention. He left Mancos to become principal of the Colorado State College in Colorado Springs.

Clark Built Three Homes in Mancos

Clark built three different houses on the Mancos ranch. The first was a one-room log house with a dirt floor down by a little stream called

Chicken Creek. The second log house (on the main road) had four rooms, two downstairs and two upstairs, though the upstairs was never completed as Clark decided to build a larger house down in the field. This became the first frame house in Mancos. It had a large front room with a huge fireplace in one end. He bought the first organ that came to Mancos from the East from a man whose wife died.

Mrs. Floyd Teaches the Girls to Play Chords on Organ

The girls soon learned to play chords by taking lessons from Mrs. Floyd and they accompanied their father as he played the violin. The Roberts family was the only one owning an organ and the only one with a big front room, so young and old would gather at their home, by invitation or as a surprise, for parties and dances. The rag carpet on the floor would be rolled up and the dance would proceed. Charles and Will Wilden would come with their violin and Clark would play his (when his dancing didn't interfere with his playing) and there was plenty of good music and a good time for all.

One of Clark's daughters, Mary Roberts Noel wrote the following poem about her father and her happy memories of this glad time in the life of the family:

DADDY

by Mary Roberts Noel – 4 March 1932

Daddy, I'm glad I can remember,
When but a child on your knee,
When those funny, long whiskers
Were so dear to me.
Your curls, oh, how I loved them
As they clustered around your head,
And I used to stand and comb them
Until time to go to bed.

How I would run to the window
When I heard that merry laugh
So round, so full, so cheery,
I wish it could always last,
Last to cheer me on my journey,
As I pass from day to day
Now that my childhood has left me
And I in your footsteps must stay.

How glad I am, I can remember
Your cheery welcome to all –
All, yes, all who met you
Or by chance happened to call.
Yes, and the passing stranger
Whom you happened to meet.
Going or coming it mattered not
Or passing along the street.

How glad I am, I remember
Our games at evening tide
When you would join us so merry
As we would choose you on our side.
How good you were to mother.
I can see you as you would look
Into her eyes so charming,
That was like an open book.

A tale of love they would tell you
Of kindness well bestowed
Of love and truth and fondness,
That lasted till she was old.
It was this love that made our happy home,
This love between you and she,
And caused us all to love each other
And made us happy as could be.

In our home there were no quarrels
And troubles for you to mend.
There were no disputes for you to settle
Or each other's rights to defend.
But there was joy and sunshine
That crowded round our hearth.
There was peace, good will and laughter
And a continual string of mirth.

Old age brought its trials,
Its suffering, heartaches and pains
But daddy, I can't remember
Of ever hearing you complain.
You used to sit by the fire
When you could hardly make your joints go
For rheumatism and other troubles
Had crippled you all up so.

And even then you never scolded and grumbled,
But did what you could from day to day
I was so proud to be your boy,
As you called me, your little May.
You have now gone up yonder
Where there is no pain, they say,
But I thank God for these memories
That will in my heart forever stay.

* * * * *

Clark and Mary Riding Their Horses Together

At one time the stable burned down with some fine cows and horses lost in the fire. Clark was a lover of fine stock and brought some of the best blooded horses into Mancos that the country had ever seen. They were bred from the Pony Express horses he bought from his brother, Bolivar. The best riding horse was always given to Mary, his wife, and they would enjoy horseback riding together often, making a fine looking couple.

Clark always dressed well, never wearing overalls until his old age when he lost both his property and his spirit. He turned gray early in life due to exposure and close calls with the Indians. He wore his hair long or shoulder length and curled under. He had a long, curly beard. With his hat on the back of his head, he made a jaunty, friendly figure.

Clark as a Doctor, Dentist and Surgeon

Clark may not have been what some would call a religious man, but he never called a doctor into his house. Instead, he, with the help of his wife, would administer to the children in their illnesses and then, with the aid of Dr. Gun's medical book, they treated the difficulty as best they could. Clark was his family's and neighbors "dentist and surgeon," pulling teeth and setting broken bones. His favorite

medicines were Haarlem oil, acenite and turpentine.

Clark Learned Doctoring from His Own Father, Dr. Daniel Roberts

Howard, one of the Roberts boys, shot the end off of his little finger at one time. His father dressed it. Everyone told him he should remove the finger entirely but he refused, saying that he thought he could make the flesh grow and cover the bone, which he succeeded in doing so that the finger was saved all but the first joint.

Kindness was Clark's Nature

Not only did he doctor his family but also his animals. In fact, everyone came from far and near to get his help for their sick animals, too. His own animals were his beloved companions and were treated with the utmost of kindness.

In fact, nothing was known in the Roberts home but kindness. One of the boys, Frank, suffered from curvature of the spine. Clark would often walk the floor with him endeavoring to soothe and make him more comfortable. He was devoted to his wife. They enjoyed each other immensely and were seldom separated, attending meetings, parties, and social gatherings together. Never was an unkind or cross word spoken between them.

Clark Loved Playing with His Children

He enjoyed his children also, and they were devoted to him. He never punished a child and the happiest moment of the day was the hour that brought his return. He would take part in the children's games and would sit with them at their little dinners, asking the blessing on the food, and making them feel very proud indeed. At night, he would play "My Chicken, My Chicken, My Cranie Crow," "Blind Man's Bluff," and many other games with them before they went to bed.

Clark loved to sleigh ride and was full of spirit. When he hitched his fat horses to a sleigh, or pair of bobs, the children had the thrill of their lives, enjoying the rides, the bells and the social spirit along with the snow.

Clark Tries to Locate in a Warmer Climate

The winter of 1890 was hard on Clark in the rigorous mountain climate of Colorado. His many years of exposure had resulted in his suffering with rheumatism. He, therefore, determined to move to a warmer climate, perhaps, Mexico, as his son, Howard, had married Mary Young, whose parents were going to that country. Consequently, he went with them to locate a new home.

A Christmas to Remember

With Clark and Howard both gone, the family had quite a struggle. Orville had to do all the chores so May helped him all she could. Just before Christmas, the whole family came down with flu. Mary was lonely, tired, and worried, as she not only had to care for all of them, but also was concerned about Orville who had to do his work even though he was ill. However, she tried to plan a happy Christmas for everyone in spite of everything. She sent Orville to the post office, a mile away, hoping to get a letter from Clark on Christmas Eve. When he returned with the letter, he was so covered with snow that the children thought he was Santa Clause. They had their stockings already hung beside the fireplace.

The children all gathered around their mother to hear the letter. She was sitting on a low stool holding the baby, Lou, a cloth tied around her head as she suffered from headaches. Hardly had she finished reading the letter which said that Clark would be away from home for another month at

least, when he opened the door and walked in, crying, "Christmas gift!" He was perfectly white with snow, so that the children thought surely this time it was Santa Clause, but the ensuing excitement made them forget all about Santa. Mary, never able to stand surprises, fainted away. Orville caught her as she went down and Hattie took the baby. Clark began to berate himself for doing such a silly thing. Eventually, order was restored and everyone went to bed happy.

Clark had been near the border at the last railroad point when he wrote the letter; but, having posted it, he couldn't feel happy about going any farther south. He kept thinking that if it were as hot as he was experiencing it then at Christmas time, what would it be like farther south in the summer time? At last, he caught the same train that was carrying his letter and came home. As Orville had a horse and Clark was walking the mile between town and the home, and since the snow storm was blinding, neither had seen the other and Orville got home first.

Clark Sells His Place to the Railroad and Wins the Bet

The railroad, at that time, had only come as far as Durango, Colorado, about sixty miles from Mancos. The surveyors had finished their work and everything was ready to begin work on the road to bring it through Mancos. As the tracks would come close to the Roberts house, the home would be spoiled.

Clark was in Bauer's Store which was the only store in Mancos at that time and did the service of Post Office, Saloon, Hardware, Dry goods and groceries as well as being a convenient place for the men to gather and discuss politics and the weather, and the big event of the coming of the Railroad. One man asked the question "Where do you suppose they will build the depot?"

"Why," Mr. Bauer said, "the only logical place for a depot, is on my land - I will sell them the forty I have in Alfalfa." He said, "Mr Wigglesworth is coming from Denver to see about that next week."

Clark had an idea that this was his chance to sell his place and get away from the cold winters. So he spoke up and challenged Mr. Bauer for a bet. Mr.

Bauer was so sure that he could sell his place that he accepted and named the wages at \$25.00.

When Mr. Wigglesworth, the boss, came to see about such things, Clark was down sick in bed. He felt pretty blue lying there while Mr. Bauer had all the time to work on Mr. Wigglesworth to buy his place. Things took a fortunate turn for Mr. Roberts. It happened that Mr. Wigglesworth's prize horse got sick and when he asked for a veterinarian, they told him to go to Clark Roberts. He sent his hired man and Clark told him to bring the horse to his barn. It took him about all night to get the horse there, but finally it arrived. Clark told the boys what to do for it and they worked over the animal faithfully.

When the horse had recovered, the hired man came to get it and asked what the charges for Clark's services would be. Clark replied that if Mr. Wigglesworth would come after the animal himself, there would be no charge; otherwise, it would be \$100.00. This made Mr. Wigglesworth curious so he came to see what Clark wanted.

Being ill, Clark could not show the gentleman around his farm, but he asked him to go out and walk around and look at the set-up. He explained that there was a newly built barn that could easily be turned into a depot and that there was plenty of room for all the switch tracks and other buildings that might ever be needed (forty acres). Also, the house could be used for the agent's home and the tracks were coming so close to the barn that the addition of a platform would make it complete.

When Mr. Wigglesworth came in, he asked Clark to name his price, which he did. Mr. Wigglesworth asked for a 90-day option. Clark requested thirty days to allow him to make other arrangements for his family as soon as possible. Mr. Wigglesworth agreed and left for Denver. Within ten days, Clark received a cash payment for his entire property, having sold it without even leaving his bed. Mr. Bauer, though rather out of sorts about it, paid the \$25.00 bet they had previously made.

Clark Moves Family to Jackson

Having sold out in Mancos, Clark had to find a new home and decided on New Mexico. There was a Mormon settlement, Jackson, on the La Plata River five miles from Farmington, New Mexico,

which was on the San Juan River. The main Mormon settlement was fifteen miles below Farmington and was known as Fruitland. It was a farming area also on the San Juan River.

Fruitland was made up of Mormon families who had come to get away from persecution due to polygamy. A good many of these people had been on their way to Old Mexico, but had run out of means or had liked the location and had stayed there.

In the spring of 1891, when he was fifty-eight years old and crippled with rheumatism, Clark decided to start anew. Most of the children remember the move from Mancos to Jackson. Outstanding among the memories is one again involving Indians.

Indian Confrontation

When the family stopped at West Water to camp and water the stock, there was an old Indian living there who said the water belonged to him and refused to let them water the stock. He said his goats needed all the water. He pointed a gun at Clark's head and acted very angry, frightening the children. Clark, however, never batted an eye. He just pushed the gun to one side and told the Indian what had to be done, throwing him some money to pay for the water they would use.

First, Clark told the Indian to get his goats and let them get all the water they needed and then he would take the rest for his stock. Apparently, the goats had just been watered for they refused to drink and there was plenty of water for the Roberts stock. But, it was a tense few minutes for the anxious mother holding the baby in the wagon with her young children peeping out from under the wagon cover wondering what was going to happen.

Quick Move Saves Them from a Flash Flood

When the difficulty was settled and the watering accomplished, the Roberts family found a campsite; supper over – everyone settled down for the night. Clark awakened suddenly about 4:00 a.m. with a nameless fear tugging at him. He checked the camp and everything was in order, but a distant rumbling of thunder made him anxious about their position.

They were in a box canyon and frontiersman that he was, he knew this was no place for a camp if

a flash flood should occur. Roundly berating himself for a fool to camp in such a spot in the season of thunderstorms, he hastily routed everyone out, dispatched the boys to round up the animals from the natural corral which the canyon offered (which was the reason he had chosen this particular campsite), broke camp and moved toward the canyon's mouth, two or three miles away, as quickly as possible and thence to higher ground. None too soon! A flash flood was indeed on its way and soon covered the camp ground where they had been sleeping.

Drought, Money Panic, Poor Health – Worst Hardships While Living in Jackson

Arriving in Fruitland, the Roberts family refreshed themselves at the house of a friend before going on to Jackson. Once there, however, they set to work to build up a new home.

In the fall, the family would take a tent and camp in Mr. Coe's orchard in Farmington where they could all work in the fruit. Many other families did the same thing and they had merry times, even holding dances in the evening in the big fruit house. They would pick or pack fruit all day and then at night would sit around and peel and cut fruit for drying. When they went home, they always had a good supply of fruit to do them through the cold weather and enough to sell besides in order to get clothing for winter as well as buy groceries and other necessities.

Life at Jackson was rather difficult as the water dried up every year, sometimes before the crops were ripe. Clark tried to build a reservoir to store the precious water but most of the settlers in Jackson became discouraged and left. Clark and his family were the last to give up. Clark held onto his property and stayed until the younger boys were old enough to take over.

When the drought hit, the Roberts family would haul water in barrels from the creek to keep the fruit trees alive and would cling to the garden as long as there was the least bit of hope that it would mature and ripen. Then, the family would go where they could find schools and employment, leaving the father, Clark, to hold down the farm until they gathered back in the spring to try again. In this location, the family went through some of the worst

hardships any of them can remember because of the drought, the money panic, and the poor health of their father, who, though crippled with rheumatism, never complained.

Mary Shoulders Much of the Burden for Financial Needs

The older members of the family having married, the burden of the work and the financial worry fell upon Mary who, with the girls, May and Jennie, packed and dried fruit and did all she could to make ends meet and to give the children the advantage of the best school in New Mexico at the time (territorial schools were quite neglected then). There were no schools in Jackson because of the small population so Mary took the younger children to Farmington each winter for their education and the older girls, May and Jennie, could get work. The younger children even went to tuition schools during the summer at times and always studied at home with the help of their parents.

Clark is Amused with Daphne's Housekeeping

For a time, Mary and girls worked and left the younger children, Daphne, Frank, Don, and Lou with Clark on the farm. Daphne was twelve at the time and her housekeeping effort often amused her father but he always encouraged her. Mary and Jennie and May would come home for the weekend and try to get as much done as they could to help the crippled father and the younger children through the next week. However, this proved rather unsatisfactory and the youngsters needed to be in school so their mother subsequently took them with her. Clark remained on the farm in Jackson alone.

A Well and Testimony Refreshes Travelers

When they first came, he had a well in the back yard that furnished the culinary water for the house and the water for the stock. The water in this well was quite hard so Clark and his sons dug another well in the street in front of the house. This made it a little farther to carry the water but it was much more convenient for the travelers who always stopped to water their horses and refresh themselves as they passed. The Roberts home was beside the main road used by the freighting people between Durango, Colorado and Farmington, New Mexico, so there were many who passed this way. As this was the only water for many miles, they were

grateful for it. When all of the family was away, Clark was glad to have the freighters stop and talk awhile. It is a sad picture that comes to the mind of the children when they think of him there alone sitting on the front step watching the road for

anyone who might come his way. He had a message that he never failed to deliver to anyone who would listen and few went away from his well without hearing about the gospel and hearing him bear his testimony.

The following poem best expresses Clark's loneliness during this trying period of his life:

A DEED AND A WORD

A little stream had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in and hung with care
A ladle at the brink.
He thought not of the deed he did
But judged that all might drink.
He passed again and lo! The well,
By summer, never dried
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues
And saved a life besides.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love
Unstudied, from the heart.
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath –
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O gern! O fount! O word of love!
A thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

– Charles Mackay –

* * * * *

Lou's Stick Horses Carry Him Quickly to Papa

As long as their father stayed on the place, the younger children would come back home whenever they could, especially Lou, the youngest, who would run away from Farmington and go the five miles to his father whenever his mother was away or any trouble arose. The little boy had the finest string of stick race horses in the country, all named, any one of which would carry him the five miles to Papa, at a moment's notice, and would be so far on his way before brother Frank could even saddle a horse to catch him, then the two would finish together.

Last of Indian Troubles in New Mexico Concerning Plural Wives

The last of the Indian troubles in New Mexico occurred in 1912 when the Navajos again went on the warpath and the soldiers had to be recalled under General Scott, a wonderful man among the Indians. This time, the cause of the war was once again the violation of ancient Indian custom. The Navajo men were accustomed to marrying a younger women

when their first wives were about forty years old. Under the old tribal custom, the older wife raised the children and the younger one went with the husband. The government had forbidden this practice insisting that the Navajos have only one wife. General Scott settled the affair by allowing the older Indians who already had two wives to keep them, but agreeing with them that the younger Indians should adopt the white man's ways and get along with one wife. The tribe agreed and the trouble ended.

Jennie and Daphne Make Promise to Clark

When Clark's daughters, Jennie and Daphne, went to Denver to school in 1900, he made them promise not to go out with any boys until they returned home. They complied, Daphne graduated in 1903 and came back to Jackson, New Mexico, to teach school in Farmington. In that year, Clark turned the Jackson property over to his three youngest sons and retired. The boys raised a bumper crop that year and then sold the farm. They then went to Redmesa and took up land in 1901.

Clark's Obituary in Provo Newspaper

The following obituary notice appeared in the Provo newspaper, December 31, 1912.

"LAST OF SIX BROTHERS ENDS NOTABLE CAREER"

Provo, Dec. 31 – Orville Clark Roberts, a pioneer and Indian fighter of the early days of the west, died at his home in San Diego, California Dec. 12, [1912] in his eightieth year.

Mr. Roberts was born September 1, 1833 in Winchester, Morgan County, Illinois. He was one of the six Roberts brothers who played prominent parts in the pioneering and development of Utah, Colorado, and California. The other boys, Don, Homer, Bolivar, Byron and William D., all preceded him in death, William having recently died at Provo.

These six brothers crossed the plains with their father and mother in 1850. They settled in Utah and later moved to California. After a few years, they returned to Utah and were active in building up the state.

Clark Roberts belonged to the company of minute-men under the command of Col. Peter Conover. He was credited with several courageous acts while with this Company, the most daring of which was breaking through the ranks of an attacking party of Indians and carrying a message for

help when the redskins had his party entirely surrounded. He was wounded, but performed his errand. As a result of this wound and his life of constant exposure, he was an invalid during the last 20 years of his life.

Mr Roberts crossed the plains 13 times and made several trips to California. In 1868, he married Miss Mary Coray of Provo, daughter of Howard Coray and they raised a family of nine children, all but one of whom are living. In 1880, the family moved into Southern Colorado and remained there until March of 1912 when they went to San Diego, California.

Funeral services for Mr. Roberts were conducted by the [L.D.S.] Elders . . . in San Diego. Elder Smith . . . Branch President, preached the funeral sermon. The music was rendered by the folks in attendance.

Mr. Roberts is survived by eight children and 46 grandchildren."



**Hattie, Jennie, Orville, Howard, May
Don, Clark, Frank, Mary, Lou, Daphne**

Wife of Orville Clark Roberts

Mary Knowlton Coray Roberts

Mary Knowlton Coray, the fourth child and third daughter of Martha Jane and Howard Coray, was born at Atchison County, Missouri (Winter Quarters), April 22, 1848, and arrived in Utah with her family with the John Sharp Company in 1850. The previous winter, 1847, was one in which so many babies died in Winter Quarters. Mary, though born in the spring, was a frail child, but through the blessings of the Lord, she survived the hardships of the desert and the plains. The family moved from Salt Lake to Provo when she was nine years old. She grew up in Provo with its favorable advantages for growth and development.

Personality

A contemporary member of the Coray family noted . . . *from what little I knew of her, she seemed to be the only naturally optimistic cheerful member of the Coray family...this was a woman who in spite of the many vicissitudes of her life managed to remain hopeful and quite aware of the things one could enjoy... She had a swarthy complexion and black hair...unusual in the Coray family four or five of which were violently red haired¹.*

Childhood

She remembered hanging on the fence that was around their home, watching the children playing in the street and wishing she could go out and join them for her mother kept her children very much to themselves. The one time that Mary looked forward to was when her father finished making the molasses for himself and the neighbors. Then, he would let the children make candy of the last batch and a "candy pull."

The Girls Made Their Own Wool Dresses from Wool of a Pet Sheep

She and her sisters had a pet sheep. Once they sheared this sheep, washed and dyed the wool, spun

thread, wove it into cloth, and then made themselves dresses, each sewing her own dress by hand as they had no sewing machine. They were very proud of those dresses and got many compliments on them.

Pleasant Disposition – Known as "Somebody"

As a child, Mary loved to spend long hours with her mother hearing of her experiences and of her pioneer life. Mary was always the one to fetch and carry for the family. If anyone said, "Somebody get me a drink," or "Why doesn't somebody close the door," it was always Mary who ran to do it until among the family, she was known as 'Somebody'. If anyone said, "Where's my hat?" Mary was the one to jump up and find it.

It was this characteristic, along with her black eyes and dark hair and generally loveable disposition that made her husband-to-be, Clark Roberts, declare when she was only seven years old that he would wait for Mary until she was old enough to have him.

Mary used to help in the field, as well as at home; all of the pioneer girls did at that time, but she was of delicate constitution and this was a real hardship. At one time when food was scarce, her father saw that she was not well and sent her to the house, where she fainted just as she reached the door. Upon investigating, her mother learned that she had been giving part of her ration of food to her younger sister.

Teaches School

At seventeen, she began teaching school to assist in the family income. She taught in the building that still stands in the corner of the Provo Third Ward chapel lot [1964]. An old lady in Provo told her daughter, Daphne, that she could remember as a child waiting with the other children to see her turn the corner coming from her home on Second South and then running to meet her. She remembered that her teacher had black hair and always wore a red rose or a red ribbon in it.

She was an outstandingly pretty young woman, brilliant of mind like her parents. Her complexion

¹Knowlton, Ezra Clark; *The Utah Knowltons, History and Genealogy of Three Generations of Sidney Algernon Knowlton and His Descendants*; 1971; page 114.

was dark, her hair black, and her expressive eyes a deep brown. She never raised her voice, but her eyes showed her emotion.

Known As a Good Lawyer

Years after her death when her daughter, Daphne, with her younger two sons, Claude and Lawrence, was inquiring among the old timers of Provo about Howard and Martha Jane Knowlton Coray, many told also of going to school under their pretty daughter, Mary. One old lady told them that Mary was as good a lawyer as a teacher, and that many men went to get her to help them write legal papers. Daphne asked if she didn't mean Mary's mother, Martha; whereupon the old lady said, crossly, "I know who I mean; it was that pretty black-eyed girl, Mary."

Special Occasions

She and her sisters always looked forward to the three wonderful occasions of the year; the Fourth of July, the Twenty-fourth of July, and Christmas. Then, they could go to the "Ball."

While her associations were few and of the "select"; the poor and humble remembered her understanding smile and kind deeds and loved to tell about them.

She spent some time as a young woman with her Aunt Mary Hooper, the wife of Captain William H. Hooper, in Salt Lake City, and there met many prominent people with whom she learned to converse freely upon many subjects. Her uncle, Captain Hooper, was quite proud of her intelligence.

Since her mother was on the first Board of Directors of the B.Y.U. and since the family was only allowed to associate with children of the best families, it is not surprising that Mary's natural talents were encouraged and developed to a high degree.

Mary Marries Orville Clark Roberts

On July 24, 1868, she married Orville Clark Roberts, Clark, the son of Doctor Daniel and Eliza Aldula Clark Roberts, who was born in Winchester, Illinois, September 1, 1833. They were married in her father's home by Brigham Young and the next day traveled to Salt Lake City and were sealed in the Endowment House. Immediately thereafter, she went with her husband to make a home on his ranch

in Mona, Utah. She loved to ride with her husband, to debate with him, to dance with him and to socialize. Wherever one was seen, the other was sure to be there also.

They also bought an organ that had been brought from the East by one of the rich cowboys for his wife who died of tuberculosis.

Ever Increasing in Knowledge

Mary did not miss an opportunity to gain information and knowledge. Her husband was proud of her ability to grasp ideas and he often joined her in her search for knowledge. Their main source of information was a leather-bound set of Chambers' Encyclopedia which they owned. Later, in Mancos, Colorado, she attended night school under Mr. Floyd.

An example of the things that interested her is found in notes she took while attending night school:

Tyndal- January 30th 1882

The action of gravity upon matter originally cold may be, in fact, the origin of light and heat. We may err in thinking the imperishable with the transitory, and conformed the living plant with the decaying pole to which it clings. The law that molds a tear also rounds a planet. There is in the human intellect a power of expansion which is brought into play by the simple brooding upon facts. There is no discovery so limited as not to illuminate something beyond itself. A detent (catch or lock) must be removed to render you conscious of a light within yourself and conscious of light in others.

Tyndal- February 1st 1882

The circle of human nature is not complete without the arc of feeling and emotion. Round about the intellect sweeps the horizon of emotions from which all one's noblest impulses are derived. For development of life let us put the question reverence due to faith we were cradled in; a faith moreover, which are the undeniable historic antecedents of our present enlightenment, the philosophical. Never speak of the impossibilities in nature, never say what they are charged with, saying that it is impossible for the builder of the universe to alter His plan; He has little fellowship with the Atheist who says there is no God, as with the Atheist who professes to know the mind of God.

Move to Mancos, Colorado

In 1880, Mary moved with her husband to Mancos, Colorado. Clark had answered the call for volunteers to go into the southern part of the state to make settlements. It was a perilous journey upon which to embark with six small children, but without

a word she went where her husband led the way, leaving a sick mother behind. One year later she retraced that journey to stay with her mother until she passed away, then returned to her husband over the train tracks that her brothers and husband helped to lay.

JOURNAL ENTRIES- 1881

***Goodbye to the roaring San Juan.** Shall I ever see you again? My life on your bank has been full of events; some pleasant, some-yes, many-unpleasant. I caught my first fish in your muddy depths, which though small, gave me pleasure. I dreamed romantic dreams on your banks, and often lifted my heart and soul in prayer, with tears rolling down my cheeks in behalf of my afflicted and unfortunate brother, at other times rushed over your frozen surface to see, I feared, a brother almost killed, but with all their troubles, God had in His mercy spared us this. And I can say with all my heart, "Oh, Father, Thou has dealt mercifully by us. I thank Thee for all Thy blessings." A few of the incidents that occurred and the thoughts that I had on my trip from the San Juan to Mancos, and from Mancos to Utah are related here:*

***On Monday, May 26th, 1881,** crossed the San Juan about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. On Tuesday, May 27th, got to the Peadra early; found many hides and beef heads that filled the air with anything but a pleasant perfume. Clark and I fished in the rough river but caught nothing.*

***Wednesday, May 28th,** did not move; sent back for cows but did not get them. A camp of butchers came. I do not like them. They have the oldest boy for his age I ever saw, for a cook.*

***Thursday, May 29th,** did not move camp. Clark and I strolled around considerably — fished and watched the stock. I strolled off by myself to hide on the bank of the river to pray and listen to its varied sounds and try to fancy there was someone near that could realize the longings of my heart and further the realization of them. I guess I am too old to dream, but I like it and I can't help it. Got back to camp just in time to comfort the children who had run like frightened birds to the wagons on account*

of a severe clap of thunder and Oh, what a shower followed for about ten minutes. The boys came without the cows. We will start tomorrow. One of our heifers was stolen. Good night.

***On Friday, May 30th, 1881,** reached the Los Pinons in good season. A lovely spot of grass and trees. The sun rises in the East and shines warmly and brightly on many Indians who live here, a life of lazy happiness.*

***Saturday, May 31st,** crossed the Los Pinons, got to Howard's camp by noon; he and Will were gone for freight; we met them on the road. The other boys and Mary were glad to see us. They told us of a mule that had left us on the Peadra. Lost a fine colt here.*

***On Sunday, June 1st,** moved onto the Floreta and pitched our tent. This is a very beautiful stream, clear as crystal, and they say there are trout in it. We will see.*

***Monday, June 2nd,** we have seen Brother Allen who says his father has gone to see a place on the lower San Juan. So, we have decided to wait and hear his report.*

***Saturday, June 6th,** Brother Allen reports favorably, Howard and the boys will go. So, we changed our course to Lower San Juan in company with Brother Allen's family. The time here has been spent pleasantly, all are well, have had lots of Indian company. Will leave our horses for awhile as we can't get them together. We passed through Durango. Oh, what a change in so short a time. It has raised from nothing to quite a city in a few months. We are again on Lightning Creek. I have a sick headache.*

Mary Prefers Not to Cook

On Sunday, June 7th, walked with Clark all over the hills; saw and admired many things in this wild place. Camped early on the La Plata. Sister Allen cooked, but I don't do such things as long as I can get rid of it, and find so many things to look at. Lost Mack's calf.

Monday, June 8th, left the La Plata and returned eleven miles of our last fall's journey, what a change. What was then a vast sheet of snow is now beautiful and picturesque in every respect.

Tuesday, June 9th, laid over in wait for companions. Wrote a letter to my mother on the bank of the murmuring rill that is completely hidden by willows. This has been a pleasant day of remembering.

Wednesday, June 10th. The looked-for-company did not come so, we gathered up our effects and moved on to Mancos for dinner, then Clark went back for Daisy, as we concluded to stop here for awhile.

Thursday, June 11th, bid goodby to Brother Allen's pleasant family and moved back a few miles into a little cabin where I am quite comfortable.

June 15th, Clark has gone to San Juan with Willie.

June 17th, Great Indian excitement. I am not a bit frightened. I don't believe reports.

June 19th, met Mrs. Willis and Mrs. Vieta. My impressions are so favorable in regards to these people. I believe I shall do good here.

MANCOS JOURNAL

Tuesday, September 6th, 1881. After a very pleasant sojourn here of about three months, we are off again. I have spent many very pleasant hours here in various ways, which will long be remembered. I have formed some very pleasant acquaintances that have shown me that kindness and respect is so pleasant to most all of us weak humanity. Now, I undertake a long and tiresome journey again. This time, with a yearning and sick heart, to see a noble and worn out mother. May God grant that I shall find her better than I fear, that she may live many years yet to bless the lives of her children, for whom she has given hers; and may I prove worthy to be associated with her hereafter. Left Mancos at 12 o'clock and camped near the Deloros.

Wednesday, September 7th, moved to the other side of the river and camped to wait for White. This is beautiful country; the campground is shaded with large cottonwood trees and nicely carpeted with grass. Clark and I fished some, ate a lunch on the bank of the river and went to the wagon without any fish. The boys caught some.

Thursday, September 8th, was out early and got to cross canyon late in the evening. Met Robison and Mrs. Garner; the drivers went back.

Friday, September 9th, out at daylight and camped at a small spring a few miles north of Pinte. Have been most sick all day. The road was very rough.

Saturday, September 10th. Got to Lisbon early, ate supper and drove some distance by moonlight. Mrs. White got an Indian scare. She is very timid. This is the spring that the boys and Brother Peterson cleaned out last fall in the night.

Sunday, September 11th, 1881. Started early, climbed a fearful hill, then drove for some time in a forest of cedars and nooned at Hyota Creek, filled the water barrels and drove about eight miles, camped at the foot of a flint hill. There was the greatest variety of flint I ever saw. There was quite an excitement raised by Mrs. White by a dog barking.

Monday, September 12th. Reached Cain Springs early, most famished and worn out.

Tuesday, September 13th. Traveled over the worst roads I ever saw, on account of the wash leaving rocks high and bare. Then climbed a fearful hill, not so bad as in the fall. Mrs. Garner's horse broke his legs. We reached Grand Valley by dark.

Wednesday, September 14th. Laid over to see how many horses we had here. Ate watermelons.

Thursday, September 15th. Was quite sick with a cold. Brother Wilson called on us. He is so changed by the death of his boys. Clark saw Pritcher.

Friday, September 16th. I am much better today but have a dreadful cough and can scarcely speak loud. Crossed Grand River with the blessings of God in safety. Dragged slowly through the sand and over the hill to Court House Rock.

On Saturday, September 17th, reached the holes in the rocks by noon; this is a wonderful construction of nature. There are several large holes in the solid rock along up the ravine. They are like large wash bowls that hold several barrels each of rain water that flows into them from each side, which is a great blessing to the famished travelers. We ate a few bites and rode on into the night; the wind is blowing.

Sunday, September 18th. Started on without breakfast, no wood to cook with! Drove fifteen miles and crossed Green River. Cooked and ate our breakfast with a relish. Went to the store to mail some cards. Hitched up and drove on till very late looking for grass in vain. Bought some corn at a R.R. camp; drove to a high bank where the horses stopped and Clark concluded to tie up till morning. Oh! This fearful desert.

Monday, September 19th. Started again without breakfast; drove three miles and camped on Cottonwood, a small but pretty stream that trickles over large black sandstone rocks; ate breakfast then drove on to Big Hole in the Rock.

Tuesday, September 20th. Got quite a moderate start this morning which gave me time to look around some. These huge ridges of sand rock that are washed by every storm look quite grand and eminent. These cisterns that contain water clear and sweet are nice and convenient. We nooned

at what they call little holes in the rocks, but it is far from the fact. This is the most chasm of rocks I ever saw or dreamed of; it is miles in length and stores the water it gathers 30 to 50 feet below its banks. It took some time to water the stock so I walked all over the town hills but saw nothing that I recognize as rare or valuable. Camped at Buck Horn Flat.

Wednesday, September 21st. Reached Cottonwood Creek. I washed, the wind blew and prevented me from leaving camp. It put me out of humor.

Thursday, September 22nd. Climbed fearful canyon, camped near the head of it. Goodby Castle Valley; may Heaven pity you, I do.

Friday, September 23rd. Traveled in a new snow storm all day and camped in it at night. It is very cold.

Saturday, September 24th. We have traveled stormily today. Passed many familiar scenes that brought up pleasant memories of our last falls trip, one of which gave us all pleasure. Brother Frank killed his first deer in a beautiful grove of pines. Camped on Gooseberry. Very cold.

Sunday, September 25th. Went down the grade and camped at a place near North Bend. Met some old friends.

Monday, September 26th. Clark went to North Bend with Nielsen, met Bolivar. Hurried back to make a short drive; passed through an Indian village in Thistle Valley. Very cold.

Tuesday, September 27th, 1881. Reached home-Oh! How timidly I entered the house not knowing how I should find Ma, but she was so she could talk to me and so highly appreciative of my company that I feel paid already for my trip. Met Nellie and family whom I had not seen for three years which was no small pleasure. Oh! Merciful Father, help me to comfort and bless my mother.

MARY TALKS ABOUT HER MOTHER, MARTHA JANE KNOWLTON CORAY

February 28th, 1882. I took leave once more of the home of my childhood, with all its dear associations and loved graves of my mother and sister. When we moved to this place I was about nine years old. There were eight of us children, poor and destitute, yet tenderly attached to each other and shared our troubles cheerfully, always looking forward to a time when God in his mercy would lift the cloud of darkness that shadowed our financial pathway and to allow us to realize our dreams of ease and comfort and grant us the privilege of storing our minds with the rich treasures of knowledge. A thirst that our mother had in her untiring efforts inspired us with.

Eleven years passed on in this way. We grew to maturity. Four more bright intelligent boys were added to our number. They were welcomed as a heritage of the Lord—who clung fondly to their now nearly worn out mother—Yes worn, but still untiring in her efforts to benefit and brighten the lives of her children. Which she did in spite of the disadvantages she had to work against.

She strewed our pathway with flowers and taught us to love them. She lifted our young and trusting hearts to look at the bright and beautiful beyond. She sought to impress in us a trusting confidence that we would be rewarded, if not here, hereafter, for our industry and faithfulness and most assiduously tried to instill in our minds the fact that, though poor, we could by a proper course, become worthy members in the Kingdom of God and be eternally endowed with privileges beyond our comprehension; with their will, hope was cultivated and although deprived, we did not despond.

Lived in the Bright Future – Great Example of Hope

We lived not in the unpleasant present but in the bright future. This she did for us, but what was her life? While we were engaged in drawing with our charcoal on our rude stone hearth, castles that we were to inhabit, lawns and beautiful flowers on either side, we could imagine ourselves promenading with pleasant and intelligent

companions, while the moon stole calmly through the heavens and all earth was made brilliant with the glad glistening of the stars.

We could close our eyes and almost realize our dreams of ethereal bliss. She was tossing on her pillows and racking her weary brain in the effort to think of some plan that would, if but for the present, relieve the actual wants of her treasures. All she asked in return was the love and affection of her children. May God grant that I should never be wanting in this. With all this care and disappointment, she found time to store well her brilliant mind, and in information and majority of thought she soared high above her fellows, her weary and worn body is at rest and though her loss is deeply felt, I cannot but say, "Father, Thy will be done." She has faithfully discharged every earthly duty and has gone where poverty and pain will no longer check her aspirations, and her towering mind can soar in realms of eternal bliss. She was in my opinion an exception of a woman and in all sincerity, I can say that I know of no one who can compete with her. May God grant that I will be worthy to associate with her when my work is done.

The sad goodbye was spoken without a tear to all that are left at the dear home, Nellie and George, till the cars rolled away when, though in the presence of strangers, my bursting heart had to have vent. I looked out as the cars moved away and saw George standing, looking so sadly after us. It was too much; it brought like a flood over my mind all the terrors of the past winter. Oh, how kindly and tenderly they had clung to me in our mutual bereavement. Nellie's patient resigned, though disappointed, face will ever haunt me. May God's choicest blessings rest on them both.

We reached Salt Lake at 10. Don (Coray) met us at the depot and took me to my sisters where we indulged in unrestrained family talk for a few hours, when Brother Lewis came. The evening passed pleasantly. Some of the little folks are quite sick. God has answered my prayers; my little flock is whole and well.

TRIP HOME BY TRAIN - AFTER HER MOTHER'S FUNERAL

(Orville would have been 12; Howard, 10; Hattie, 9; May, 5; Jennie, 3; Frank, almost 2)

Sunday, March 5th, 1882

Bid farewell to three more of the loved circle and made another start. My time has not passed as I designed it should. Jennie and Frank have been ailing some, that has tied me pretty closely to the house. Aunt (Mary Hooper) and brother Don were here last evening and warned me of my trip. Aunt has many virtues.

We started at seven in company with cousin Wilson (Dusenberry) who did all he could for me. Left me at Ogden with a ton of tender sympathy on his face. Oh, how my heart sickened and turned faint at the gloomy, dreary prospects.

Presently we moved slowly off and a man at the farther end of the car began to play in a low and plaintive tone, "Home, Sweet Home." Oh, how the tears rolled down my cheeks, memories flowed on and took me back to the past with its joys and disappointments, then came a prospective view into the future, which, with the exception of seeing my husband, is not bright.

We have seen today Devil's Slide, Devil's Gate, 1,000 miles of trees and witches rocks, all the rest is country and not pleasant either. Stopped at Evanston for an hour, then rolled on in the darkness and gloom.

On Monday, *spent a miserable night. Flat car wheels that grated and jarred on my nerves till it almost drove me mad. We were up at three in time to see the Green River Bridge, then went to rest a little while. Passed several little forts, had some discussion over Mormonism, saw nothing but dreary plains all day. Night came on, cold and gloomy, no fires, no light. A brakeman came in and took pity on me and gave me all the light there was in the car - a candle. It grew tiresome to hold and I went to bed.*

On Tuesday, *passed a cold and uncomfortable night, rose at 2 o'clock and tucked in my little ones*

with prayers for their safety and left them to sleep quietly. Wrapped up and gazed long on the ghostly city of Laramie as it appeared in the cloudy moonlight. We were here two hours. Another brakeman offered to make me a fire which was quite acceptable. I was the only one awake, so had time to indulge my moody fancy as I watched the fire engine here and there and now and then a man moving noiselessly around in this silent city. Yank and jerk and on we go with the sleeping passengers that are thinking more of rest at present than trying to weave with the web of fancy out of this gloomy scene anything pleasant and romantic. Came to Colorado Junction. Spent four hours in a pleasant conversation with an intelligent young man. Took the cars again, and wheeled rapidly on till seven o'clock to the beautiful city of Denver, but could not see it.

We are treated with marked politeness. Saw gas lights for the first time in the waiting room where everything is elegant and convenient. At eight resumed our journey. The conductor kindly made beds for the children; all on the cars were from North Carolina. They were pleasant and obliging. The night is dark and stormy, nothing to be seen but the whirling snow till morning at break of day.

Wednesday, March 8th, 1882

The weather is more pleasant this morning. A gentleman has kindly taken enough interest in me to show me the sights which consists of Pike's Peak, the Garden of the Gods, and the beautiful city of Colorado Springs with its Towering Church Steeple, fine college and so forth. We got to Pueblo and bought lunch for the children. Then watched the continual arrival of trains, and strained my eyes to see farther up town than I could. Howard and I went to the drug store. In the evening all was quiet and civil. Started on at nine, found the conductor polite as usual. He made the children comfortable who were soon fast asleep and I was at liberty to see

what was to be seen, for the moon was full and bright, the sky clear and the ground sparkling with snow.

Notwithstanding, I had not slept for so long, the scenery was too gloriously beautiful to think of it now. I sat and watched the flying engine darting through the cedars, first to the right, then to the left over the snow-capped hills, or rather mountains. Now, we come to the Horse Shoe Bend. The engine turns and almost faces me with its blazing eye as if to say, "See where you are," then I look down, down, into the depths of a fearful gorge with only narrow tracks to stand on. Still on we speed, rocking and leaning to each side at each turn on the crookedest of all railroads.

Thursday, March 9th, 1882

Just before day, I waked the three older children. They watched the different changes of the scene with delight for some time and I enjoyed more than I can tell looking into their bright and intelligent eyes, and noticing the changes in their excited little faces. Oh, Father, in mercy, keep their innocent little hearts light and free from sin as they are now. Worn out and exhausted, I dropped my head into Hattie's lap and was soon dreaming of snow clad hills and fire engines, that was akin to humanity, when the conductor touched me on the

arm and said I had better fix the children to change cars. With an expression of, "Oh, dear!" And a sick and weary heart, I dragged myself up and looked out on the quiet little town of San Antonio. The conductor with a kind hand and a sympathetic look, helped us all to the car which was standing near.

Breakfast over, I tried to rest but could find none. The sky darkened and the snow stopped the engine and I was short of money and bread, too. Every time it would try to snow, I would lift my spirits with all the intensity of my soul. It was impossible to control my feelings. For about one hour we struggled on until another engine helped us through the snow, but my spirits did not rise till we came to Elmogra Canyon, when the familiar scenes raised a shout from the children that was impossible to control. We passed the Navajo, the old San Juan, the log cabin with all its associations, the point where my brothers toiled from daylight till dark for nothing but a good name. God bless them ever and always.

Durango reached by dark where my husband kindly welcomed me, took me to a cabin where we spread our beds on the floor and worn out and exhausted, I threw myself supperless upon them.

MANCOS

Clark had prepared a two-room log house for his family and was waiting for them at the end of the line in Durango, Colorado, as the train pulled in. Great was Mary's relief and joy when once again she felt herself under her husband's protective care.

They were among the first settlers of Mancos and did their part in establishing laws by which the town was to be governed. They joined their neighbors in establishing a night school, a debating club, and a Sunday School for all denominations to meet in to read and discuss the Bible. As Mancos was settled by rich, educated young men from the East who had come out west for adventure, this proved to be a very satisfying arrangement. Clark

and Mary were the leading lights among them. After more Mormons came and settled in what was called the Weber, Clark was chosen to be the first superintendent of the Latter-day Sunday School; and, as their non-denominational meeting had been held on Sunday, he and Mary had to give up attending it. The debating club and the night school soon came to an end also. The other participants said that it was not the same without Mr. and Mrs. Roberts.

In Mancos, Mary gave birth to three more children: Daphne and two sons, Don and Lou.

Mary wrote of the birth of Daphne in a letter written to her December 3, 1916 from Redmesa, Colorado:

My Dear Daphne,

I wish I could be near you today. We would have a big birthday dinner and rejoice that on this day 34 years ago a sweet baby girl came to our home to bring us more joy, more happiness and more memories, yes more sweet memories. I went away back last night and I could feel a dear little warm bundle nestled close to my heart. I put my hand on it, and touched a soft velvet cheek. It thrilled me through and through. I nestled it to me closer; and in that still room with a dim light burning, I felt that I was alone with God and this precious gift. I lifted my whole soul in a prayer of thankfulness for my darling.

For nine months I had looked forward to this and felt keenly the fact that there was no help that I could get back there that did not belong to the Church. I had always suffered long and intensely, but I had had my Father or brother and your pa with me who administered to me and held their hands over my head through those agonizing pains. But this now could not be. Of course your pa was there to do all that was possible. But you know and I did that he had not the faith that I had all my life loved and trusted. I could not help feeling badly. But as I thought it over a resolve came to me, and I made it sure and strong that no one without faith should come to my side in that dreadful hour. I went to the Lord in the same way that I would have gone to my own father and said, "I am alone as it were. No one that knows you as I do can be reached in the terrible ordeal I shall have to pass through. I will put my whole trust in thee." And I felt in offering up this prayer, and I never ceased to pray, an assurance that I was heard and would be blessed. Now I want to testify to you that I know that the Lord heard my prayers. And his spirit was there to assure me of his love. I was happy through it all.... Your pa as usual was sitting by my side and he asked me if he could not go and lie down. He said, "You will not be sick tonight." I said to wait a few moments. Then all was over in 5 minutes. Your pa said, "Why, this is wonderful!"

I had Sister Perkins answer instructions from and the doctor book so she would not make a mistake with you but told her not to put her hand on me as she had never even been present before. So through you I have one more testimony that God lives and is a rewarder of those that diligently seek him.

Today you are 34. Is it possible? And the mother of six beautiful children. What will the end be? Success and a triumph over all evil. I can say truly I am proud of you, of your life of truth and virtue and integrity and may God bless your efforts is my earnest prayer.

Your loving Mother

Mary had always before, at the birth of her children, had her father and mother near her. Since she always had a long, hard time in confinement, it had been a comfort to her to have her father join her husband in giving her a blessing. In 1882, when Daphne was born, however, she did not have this comfort. Her mother was dead and her father far

away. Neither was there a doctor in reach, nor a neighbor woman who had had any experience in midwifery. So, when her time came, she had Clark give her a blessing and sent for a friend who stood beside her and did as she directed. Before they could have hoped, the ordeal was over and Mary directed the dressing of a baby girl who had come a

month early and was too small to bother about weighing.

When the baby was only three days old, Mary learned that her little Frank, just three, had curvature of the spine. This drove everything else out of her mind and heart except doing for him and she in years to come was unable to recall anything at all of Daphne's babyhood.

Clark and Mary and their family were now living in a four-room log house which was quite comfortable, and the barn was full of good horses and cows with stacks of hay in the yard of which many travelers going to and coming from distant parts and cowboys coming in off the range were always welcome. And while the men were enjoying the comforts of warm food and rest in the home, their horses enjoyed rest and feed in the barn. At conference time, the house and corral were always full.

Grateful for Clark's Interest in the Provo Woolen Mills

Clark had an interest in the Provo woolen mills that he had purchased when he sold some sheep in Mona and every winter, bolts of flannel cloth and woolen yarn came from the mills. From the cloth, the girls would all get dresses and from the yarn everyone got warm stockings and mittens. Mary made the stockings in different patterns, and the children all felt that their friends were jealous of the fine clothes their parents provided. The family missed this help very much after the mill was sold.

Mancos to Bluff – Mail Contract and Indians

Clark took the mail contract between Mancos and Bluff, riding through dangerous country with the Indians often on the warpath. There was only one trading post between the two towns. Clark gave a mule to a man at this post for hay so that he could have a place to rest and to feed his animal.

One time, the two eldest boys [Orville and Howard] took the mail for their father. It was a big responsibility for boys in their teens, and Mary did not enjoy seeing them start out on the trip, but her husband said they would be safe so she did not say anything to make them think that it was dangerous. When they were returning home, they came to the

trading post only to find the trader lying dead across his doorstep. They hurried on to tell a neighbor about it. He knew that there had been trouble between the trader and the Indians but he did not know that they had killed him. He would not let the boys go on with the mail but told them to go to bed and he would keep them until their father could come after them. The boys were worried as they had been taught that the best way to get along with Indians was to trust them.

The Indians wanted them to go on because they said that if Uncle Sam's mail did not go through, he would blame them and they did not want trouble with Uncle Sam. In the night, a young man who was a friend of the family came and asked the eldest boy, Orville, if he were afraid to go on with the mail. Orville replied that he was not and wanted to go on.

The young man, accordingly, offered to accompany them. The boys, therefore, got up and left, arriving safely home about four o'clock in the morning.

Faith of Mary in Clark and the Indians

Not long after this, Mary's faith in her husband's knowledge of the Indians and good judgement were tested in a supreme fashion. Clark insisted that the mail must go through and that, warring Indians or not, he would be safer if he and his family trusted the Redmen and showed that they were not afraid. In spite of the fact, therefore, that the Eastern men were all gathering their families into a stockade, Clark asked Mary to stay at home on the farm, which she did, against all her neighbors' persuasion. [Complete story is told on page 59 under the title: Clark's life depended on Mary's Friendliness and Faith in the Indians.]

Indian and the Broom Story

After a sleepless night of hearing the Indians dance and whoop their war dances and chants, Mary was early next morning confronted with three Indian braves who asked for food. She told them to rest while she prepared their breakfast. They stretched out upon the floor by the fireplace and were sound asleep when she had their food ready for them. Not knowing how to awaken an Indian nor what to say, Mary took the broom handle and poked one of them

in the ribs. He jumped up as though he had been shot. Then, seeing the humor in the situation, he took the broom and awakened his friends, laughing at their fright. They ate ravenously and then departed after indicating that they recognized the man in the picture over the fireplace as Clark Roberts, who, they said, was "heap, brave man." Later, when Clark returned, Mary was grateful to her Heavenly Father for giving her the strength to meet this test, for she found that the braves she had fed had saved her husband from an ambush and death.

Leave Their New Home in Mancos, Colorado

Once again the Roberts built a new home. This time a frame home, the first in Montezuma County. They were happy in this new home where their last child, Lou, was born. However, here trouble came. Clark lost his health; his hard life and early exposures had left their marks. He was taken with rheumatism so badly he could not work. Then, the railroad made a survey through his place that came so near the house that it spoiled their home. He thought that a warmer climate might help him so he sold the place to the railroad company and went south.

DIARY EXCERPTS 1884 - 1887

Experiences that tell in her own words of trials and joys at this time in her life.

August 13th, 1884 [Mary's father, Howard Coray] Pa came to see us. I need not say that I was glad to see his kind and familiar face, although it brought up Ma so vividly to my mind that I could not restrain my feelings. I had so longed to see the day that they could both visit me, but alas! Pa is changed considerably; he is aging fast and growing grayer and more patient. I trust he will stay long; his company is a perfect treat to me. He sees so much as I do and enjoys everything that is agreeable to me. Yet he is sad and lonely.

March 1885 Pa has gone and although I miss him, I am satisfied he had better do his work for the dead.

(Don Carlos born 12 June, 1885)

July 3rd, 1885 I have dropped you for a long time because I was discouraged and could see nothing but gloomy prospects ahead; now I have reasons to believe that there will be a change for the better which may God grant. Brother Hammond came today and I believe from his looks and from what he said that he will get these people to thinking.

July 4th, 1885 The day has passed very pleasantly. Brother Hammond's whole soul seems intent on doing us good. He rode around with

Clark all forenoon. When they got home, they found Brother Farnsworth and Co. here. Farnsworth is a pleasant, talkative man; I should not wonder if he stays with us. He and Brother Hammond have been in earnest conversation most of the afternoon. In the evening we had quite a fire display for the children that amused us all till quite late.

Sunday, July 5th. We had a good meeting and had the privilege of partaking of the sacrament. The first time for a long time. Brother Farnsworth was put in president. I believe he is just the man.

July 6th. This has been an eventful day. We met by Brother Hammond's request to organize a Relief Society. Brother Hammond spoke at some length and I have never had the privilege of listening to more soul satisfying remarks than he made on the duty of parents. He touches one's heart to the quick. He organized the Relief Society. Set me apart for president and gave me one of the best blessings I ever listened to, every promise was made me that my heart could desire. May I have fortitude and the spirit of God sufficient to live for it.

Two teachers were chosen, and the building of a meeting house decided upon. In riding home with Brother Hammond, he gave me a great deal of

encouragement and made the future look much brighter than it has for years. He spoke kindly of Clark and also of the children, which, of course, I appreciated. They also bought the mill; a move that must prove a blessing.

July 7th. Brother Hammond left us with Clark who has gone with the mail.

July 11th, 1885 A number of our people were rebaptized, among them brothers Wilden and Guymon who show a very good spirit. I am proud to say that my boys, without any prompting, asked to renew their covenants with a determination to do better, and they are not bad by a considerable. May God grant them a testimony that will never be forgotten.

July 12th. We found the house full waiting for us, with a stand in the center of the room neatly spread with glass pitcher and tumblers and the sacrament bread and water, and the spirit of the Lord was there. This is life and the opposite is darkness and death. My appointment was given out for our first Relief Society. Howard is not well.

July 15th to July 19th

On **Wednesday, July 15th**, the brethren came from Bluff. Also, Brother Farnsworth's family came. On the **17th**, the brethren are here trying to complete the mill trade. The brethren are here from Durango with the money so I guess it is a trade. We held our first Relief Society meeting and made a very good start. Brother Adams and Johnson apologized for not meeting with us. I like these gentlemen. Howard is better. On **Saturday, July 18th**, there was more baptizing. Certainly the Lord has concluded to visit this place. On **July 19th**, the folks from Bluff were with us and we had a good time. Brother Hall preached to me some in the evening before starting home. I can't see it all.

Reminiscences on Wedding Anniversary

Friday, July 24th. This is the anniversary of my wedding day. I pause to reflect upon the last seventeen years. There stands before me a series of joys and disappointments. I can truthfully say that I have tried to do my duty by both husband and children. I have exerted myself to control my own temper and evil impulses that I might get master of

them and set a good example before those whose lives are so closely knit with mine. I have not always succeeded as well as I would wish, but I have done better than I should have done had I not tried.

I am now the mother of eight children and feel that I have good reasons to be proud of every one of them. I feel myself failing, but all I ask is to be spared long enough to see my youngest child old enough and firm enough to know what is right and do it, and what is wrong and resist it. They are the cherished darlings of my heart, with whom I wish to be associated as well as their father, in the eternities, and should this come to their eyes when mine are closed in death, may God grant that the vision of their understanding be opened that they may fully appreciate my affection and anxiety for them.

We had a little party in the new house at night. The boys came in late. Orville had been with the mail. I was proud to see them.

July 26th to August 16th. On **Sunday, July 26th**, we met in our new meeting house. It is much more pleasant and roomy. On **August 1st**, Relief Society met. Testimony meeting – subject: faith. I was highly gratified to see the spirit manifested, and to hear the testimonies that were borne. They all seem well and anxious to do their best. On **August 2nd, Sunday**, had a very good meeting; brought home Sister Guymon and husband, Emma Wilden and husband, also Sister Perkins for dinner. Found Brother Wheeler and wife at the house.

On **Sunday, August 9th**, I was called last night at 10 to Mrs. Barber, a very pleasant neighbor. Her boy was born at 10 minutes after twelve o'clock, but all was not right with her so I did not leave until 5 p.m. Found I had missed an excellent meeting but hope I did some good.

My poor little Frank is very miserable. Oh! How many anxious and weary hours I have seen with that child! The more feeble he is, the closer he is bound to my heart. I am sick with a cold.

On **Thursday, August 13th**, Clark is at home from Durango, brought a Sawyer with him. Relief Society met to work and did well for a start.

Frankie is much better, Thank Heaven. I have been sick at heart as well as bodily sick this week, but all are better now.

Sunday, August 16th. *Went to Sister Dunton's from Sunday School found her quite miserable, yet able to go to meeting in the afternoon. A number of young Elders were called on to speak.*

August 17th. *Brother Dunton and family were rebaptized. The children have been at Mr. Viets' most of the day. It is lonely without them. Noisy as they are, I always like them near me.*

Thursday, 20th August. *The Relief Society met to do some work and to make out reports.*

Sunday, August 23rd. *Went to Sunday School and meeting. Brother Farnsworth said that Clark should correct the children in Sunday School. It is queer. Orville made his maiden speech, said but few words but said it well. Oh! How proud I am of my boys; I can almost see them mighty men in Zion and my girls are jewels, more precious to me than diamonds.*

September 3rd to September 17th

On September 3rd, the Relief Society met today for a testimony meeting, but as there is so much sickness and so few attended, we turned it into a prayer meeting and we united in prayer for the sick. There was a very good spirit. I went to Sister Guymon's to see her sick baby. She is an exception of a woman. Her baby is better.

On September 4th, Clark and I went on horseback to visit the sick. May has been quite sick, is better now. Daphne is better. On September 10th, Brother Smith has lost his baby. I was there to help make clothes and dress it. It seems very hard to lay these precious little mortals away; but God knows best. Orville is quite sick, Clark has to carry the mail. Jennie is also quite ill with a cold. On September 13th, Sunday, had Sunday School as usual. The miller that Brother Hammond sent came today. The children are still miserable with colds. Orville is nearly sick.

On September 17th, work meeting; few met, but we finished our quilt, (i.e.) set it together. The

question was asked me, "Will the women be called as regular missionaries?" I said I believed they would inside of five years. Now, we will see if I am right. The children are much better.

September 20th to September 28th

On Sunday, September 20th, our Sunday School was almost dull. It is so cold and the house is so open. I met Brother Ballinger. I like his spirit; he spoke well.

On Monday, September 27th, went to Brother Wheeler's to hold Sunday School. Though crowded, it was quite lively. Went to Mrs. Barber's in the evening.

On Monday, September 28th, Mrs. Weston and husband came to see us and unburden her troubles to me for relief. She is a fine old lady and seems to appreciate every good thing I can say on religion.

October 1st to October 4th, 1885

On Thursday, October 1st, this is fast day and our society met also, but I can't go as the threshers will be here. I am very much disappointed. Clark saw Boures today who told him to get up a petition to fill the vacancy caused by a division of the district, which he did. Mrs. Barber and I being the chosen ones. It was liberally signed and mailed; we are waiting the decision.

On Sunday, October 4th, was not able to leave home this morning, but went to meeting in the afternoon.

Expresses Love for Her Aunt Mary Hooper

April 22, 1887. *I have dropped you for a long time; mostly for lack of ambition to write. I have so many cares and vexations that I have not patience to write, yet there has been many things happened that I wish was down. Brother Farnsworth has been dropped from his position and I am not sorry. George Halls put in his place, a fine man. Our number has increased from 20 to 75 in Sunday School and more in meetings and everything is working nicely. Clark has gone for Brother Watson Bell's family. Now I will record what I picked you up for.*

This is the 39th anniversary of my birth, and on this day I received word of the death of my dear,

kind and benevolent Aunt Mary A. Hooper. She was very dear to me on her own account. She loved me and I loved her and she proved to be a noble woman, but most of all, I loved her for her unabating love and kindness to my Sainted Mother. I trust they are together now.

Howard's Gun Accident

May 4th, 1887 Again I take you up to record what, without the providence of God, might have been another death. Howard, while reloading a cartridge, discharged it in his hand and blew off the end of his little finger on his left hand. Although it pained me to think of it, yet I feel to thank God that it was not his precious life. We were all at a May party, except him and his father, who stayed away from choice. When I came his pa was just doing it up, and I shall never forget the shock it gave me. May it prove a profitable lesson is my earnest prayer.

Expressions of Love for Children

October 1st, 1887. May has had a siege but is much better today; sweet little patient soul. She has been a little soldier. Clark is still quite sick. I see not change. My dear little Jennie has been very sick, and all she wanted was to be let alone. I shall never forget her sweet face with her eyes sparkling with fever. I can carry her like a doll.

My poor little Frank has had his turn too, but very light. I thought I loved my children, but this siege has shown how closely their lives are bound to mine. Volumes could not record the prayers I have said and the tears I have shed, and I want always to remember the nights I have spent sitting by their beds with their hands in mine and my face touching their fevered cheeks, with the pain I have suffered there has been a joy in the realization of my nearness to God and my children that tongue could not express.

Diary Entries Skip from 1887 to 1895 then to 1897

There is a large gap of time in Mary's Diaries at this time. Lou was born 17 Sept 1889. There is an entry of July 24th, 1895 Mary and Clark's wedding anniversary and again one of June 25th 1897.

Excellent Orator

In 1893 Mary was chosen to give the oration at the Fourth of July celebration that was held in an open "bowery" in Fruitland, New Mexico. A visiting business man from the East heard her, and asked: "Who is that woman?"

Brother John R. Young told him: "Mary Coray Roberts," and he said, "I have never heard a better discourse; she should be a traveling lecturer."

Brother Young told him that she was a sample of the self educated women in Utah. The man expressed amazement.

Mary's Reflections of 27 Years of Marriage

July 24th, 1895 After years of privation, disappointment and all manner of changes, the most important of which is the marriage of three of my oldest children, I am again on the banks of the muddy old San Juan River. I find myself again dreaming as I look into this muddy, turbid, restless waters. But oh! How changed are my dreams. I

dare not write or hardly reflect upon the chaos that rises in my brain as I sit on the bank and look into the rolling stream, to give vent to my pent up feelings. But I trust still that God will have mercy on me and help me bare the burden of life patiently and contentedly.

This is the anniversary of my wedding twenty-seven years ago today. I stood up to be married; President Young performing the ceremony. I can see his earnest piercing gaze and hear his words as well today as then. I listened as intently as if it had been my death sentence to see if I was pledging myself to do or feel what I could not. He was not severe, he only enjoined very forcibly on me to do my duty, and now as I look back I feel that I have done it as well as I could with my weaknesses to contend with.

Could I have seen farther, I might have done better, but I have never ceased to pray for help and wisdom from Him who knows all things, and I am

sure He has been with me and sustained me and blessed me in many a trying place, and I have faith to believe that He will be with me in the future to bless me, and it is the hope of my life that my children will make mighty men and women in His kingdom. They are moving slowly, but in that direction. So, struggle and hope on and accept, which I expect to do till my lips are cold and numb.

The greatest cross to me is having my children gone. I want to have children always near me but I guess I shall have to submit as other mothers do.

We will soon leave here for our desert home and try it again, then what? Oh! It is the only home I have and must stay with it. Yet, it means a separation from darling girls that have been my comfort and just how I can live without them is hard to tell and terrible to think of.

Mary's Son, Howard Drowns in the San Juan River

June 25th, 1897 *I find in this little book one page left. I shall record an event that a volume could not do justice to. On that 15th of June 1897, my beloved Howard sprang from a boat he feared would upset, into the surging water of the San Juan River, floated to a sand-bar near the house we lived in, called for help, but no one in the house heard him, and he sank to rise no more alive. Five days after, he was found seven miles below, was brought to a mill by the house where I watched with him all night and till the next day noon. How much of sorrow and pain these few words contain, you may judge."*

1897 – 1911 Years in which we do not have diary's from Mary

It is worthy to note that, not liking to record unpleasant things, Mary left out of her diaries the years of struggling for a living in Jackson and Farmington when she and the girls worked in the fruit and did whatever else they could to keep the family going during the years that Clark was

suffering with rheumatism but clung to the farm. They struggled through a few more summers before they decided they had had enough, then they went to Redmesa, Colorado. Daphne and Roy went to California, and Mary and Clark went to live near them in a big Orange Grove in Jamacha, California.

Lost Diary found and Published

Mary recorded two precious years of her life – from 14 October 1911 to 1 January 1914 in a RECORD book that was found and has been published into a book, *Mary's Diary*.

Mary's Diary published 2004 by Irene C. Wayland. Mary records their last five months in Kirtland, New Mexico and their move to California. Her tender feelings concerning her children are expressed so beautifully on their birthdays as she reminisces about the day they were born and their lives, the desires and dreams she had for each of them. Most importantly she records the final days with her beloved husband, Orville Clark Roberts, "Pa" as she called him. After "Pa's" death she moves to Salt Lake City, Utah and her entries become less frequent but she delicately expresses the feelings of her heart – particularly on the 45th anniversary of her wedding day.

In 1913, Mary left the little cottage in the Orange Grove that was only a few yards from Daphne's house, where she had lived so happily with her husband working with him among the white leghorn chickens they were raising and arranging the little home for Lou, when he would join them. But when Lou came, it was only for a short visit as he

was due to be in Salt Lake City to begin his mission to the Central States. However they had only a few happy days together, then her husband came down with the disease that took his life. It seemed like he had just been waiting for Lou to come to help lay him away. So after the funeral and with Lou gone, Mary could not feel happy so she came back to Utah

to renew her relationship with friends and relatives, then on to Colorado and New Mexico where she spent her time until War broke out.

Lou had built a little cabin on a dry farm upon which he was filing, and she wanted to go to it and help him as her brother, William Coray, was there also, she thought it was the place for her.

When the World War I broke out, Lou thought he would have to go, so he brought her to Vernal to her daughters, May and Daphne, and her son Frank as they had all moved to Vernal during this time.

**Mary in Colorado with Her Son,
Lou and Brother, Will Coray**

March 7, 1916. *The Redmesa Relief Society gave Sister Sarah Burnham, Sister Erma Wildon and myself, a very pleasant surprise, at the home of the president, Sister Sarah Davenport. The sisters were mostly all there, although it was snowing and blowing very hard. They presented each of us with a gift and throughout the fine appropriate exercises, they expressed the best of feelings and appreciation for us.*

We unloaded and Lou took me out to see the place. It is truly fine. It soon began to storm hard and kept it up all night and most of the next day, then the sun came out and the boys brought me in a large treasure box. I unpacked the things to find my dishes that had been packed away since I broke up housekeeping in Jamacha, California, after I lost Pa. I came across his picture and hung it up. I had not seen it since I packed it away in February 1913. With his picture to watch me about my work I do not feel so alone. Now I can straighten up a bit and make a home for Lou and my brother, Will. I like this place and am willing to be deprived to help them secure it.

April 5, 1916 *Lou went back to the ranch this afternoon; of course I shall miss him, but I have so much to do to get things straightened around that I won't have time to think. They put up most of the lining and banked up the house so that we are quite comfortable.*

April 8, 1916 *I took out all my old papers and letters and stacked them on the floor, preparatory to sorting and arranging them, so I will know what I*

have. I hung up Pa's picture with the baby, [his grandson, Arvene Cooper] also his cane that he made out of grease wood. It seems more like home. I walked over to Will's tent. It was cozy and clean. Then we walked around and looked over this beautiful place. Will is tender and kind as he has always been. I shall like it here, but it is trying to feel that south is north.

April 9, 1916 *I fixed up and read two fine sermons. Lou came at noon. I don't believe he will ever have a sweetheart that will be more pleased to see him and his smiling face than I am. He brought lumber for a coop and some provisions. Lou said that Frank and Eva left the 10th (Frank's birthday) for the LaPlata. May God control the results. His face has been before me all day. I am nearly sick about this move, but all I can do is to pray. No one knows the results of anything until it comes.*

April 11, 1916 *I have been fixing up my papers, so if I ever need them I can find them. I have scraps I have clipped of history and religion and most everything, that I have been saving for years. It is interesting to read them as I go through them. Will worked at the chicken coop.*

April 13, 1916 *Wrote to my sister, Martha, also to Edna Coray.*

April 15, 1916 *Will walked to Lou Burnham's for water, got his team, brought back a barrel. It is a treat to have a drink.*

April 16, 1916 *Don came and took us back. He needed Will. I was pleased to have a talk with him, Claire, and the children; they were pleased to see me and I was pleased to see them. The place looks beautiful. I do hope the boys do well.*

April 17, 1916 *on is working the big white horse, Damo. Louis rides him when his father plows. Lou is shearing sheep on the LaPlata.*

April 19, 1916 *Lou came back from the LaPlata. All are working on the new ground. It is nice to meet the boys at meal time even if that is all.*
Thursday, April 20 *- I went to see Orville. All are well. He said that Frank and Eva feel well and think they are going to do well.*

April 22nd, I went to Orville's for a birthday dinner. Claire and the children went with us. All the family did something for me to show their love and I appreciate it so much as if the presents were diamonds, love is worth a considerable these days. Lou called on his way from Greers where he had been shearing sheep. He had hurt his wrist and had to stop. I received a beautiful Ostrich egg from Daphne, and \$3.00 from May and the children. Bless them. May they never be forgotten. I also received a present from my darling Jennie. She never forgets her mother.

April 23, 1916 We all went to Sunday School and meeting. *Thursday 27th*. Harold is not well. Don and Orville went up the river to work on the ditch. Lou went up the river to shear, his wrist is still bad. Lorren Taylor, Eva's brother, was thrown from a horse and dragged to death. I went to see the folks and stayed until Frank and Eva came. It is a terrible affair. My heart aches for the family. Lou came home, his wrist is very bad, so he cannot shear.

April 28, 1916 We all went to the funeral. Lorren was a splendid boy and the idol of the family. Frank brought Eva to stay all night, she is so sad that I do not feel like I had a visit. The children were delighted to see her and Frank. The boys all go in their different directions to their work.

May 1916

Wednesday 3rd – Lou brought us back to the dry farm. We were glad to get back but I shall miss the folks I know. We brought seven chickens. They will make a cheerful noise.

Tuesday, 9th – Will finished his grubbing to plant potatoes; this is a pleasant place now. Lou came, it is a pleasant sight to see him drive up. He plowed on Will's place. I went out to watch him. I had a good dinner ready for them. We sat a long time afterward and talked and looked over the scrap book I am fixing for him and some other things I was hungry to show him.

Monday – Went with Claire to the store; saw the Wildon girls and explained why I was not to their mother's funeral. Had a pleasant visit with

Orville, following him around. After having a very pleasant visit with my children and grand children I am back home. The children are all very pleasant and kind. Lou brought me home and harrowed and planted potatoes, then he stayed over night so we had our evening alone to read and talk, which was a treat for me.

Friday, 26th – Don came to take me to Fruitland, but Brother Taylor was at Redmesa with his auto and took me the rest of the way. May's baby is very sick.

On [June] the 24th Frank Noel came with dear little Floyd. He is a perfect little gentleman. We went to Kirtland with Bishop B. F. Taylor. The children came out to meet us so happy. I love them so.

I could not stay long as I was going on with Brother Taylor. I kissed the children and their mama goodby, but when I came to Virginia she would not think of it, but held out her little arms to me and cried until I was out of sight. The picture will stay with me a long time. May and the children standing there and the baby Virginia in May's arms, with her hands reaching out to me.

June 27, 1916 – Frank brought me home. I found Clair doing her work; she has done well; her sweet little girl is only three weeks old. It is truly a fine child. The boys are well and hard at work haying. I don't know when I have seen Don so cheerful and full of hope.

June 28th – At dinner the boys decided that I was to come home to the Big Dry Farm. It was a little sudden as I had expected to do a little to help with the haying and I had only called on Orville's folks and just kissed and said hello to him, and had not seen Hattie nor any of her family. But I considered and came to the conclusion that it must be, as I had been gone so long that I had to have some clothes and if I did not come now I could not for a week or more. So, I gave up and Lou brought me and Orville's little Cora was to come with me, but she did not get here until Sunday. I had a pleasant ride with Lou and he stayed all night, but left early the next morning. I got in a few words. I would like to feel as if the boys were a little acquainted with their mother. I would like to know

them better, but I have to take what comes. Brother Will has kept everything in place, I know he has been lonely.

June 28th – On my way home I stopped on the LaPlata to spend a few days with Frank and Eva. The auto did not go very near so the Bishop took me to a gentleman by the name Brown to wait for a chance to ride the rest of the way. I was surprised and delighted to meet and enjoy the company of Professor Brown and his lovely wife, his brother-in-law, and little daughter. He was a professor of Harvard but the failing of his health drove him west and by some strange chance, he located on the LaPlata on one of the most forbidden looking points in the west.

He went to raising bees and his health has steadily improved so that with the help of a splendid and beautiful wife, he has built up a good business. His house is not large but good and furnished with everything necessary to make for refinement and culture; they seemed cheerful and contented and to draw from their surroundings and their own splendid opportunities their pleasure, rather than make it a source of regret and discouragement. They are a good example to those who repine with much less cause.

About 6:00 P.M. I went to Frank's and found him and Eva out repairing fences. They looked well and were pleased to see me as I was them. Frank is the same dear Frank full of schemes and ambition and Eva falls right in with him. Will his day ever come?

June 28^{th2} – Home again. I have had a long visit. May was at Fruitland. Bishop Taylor took me to her. Poor girl, she was having a time. The Bishop blessed the baby. He surely had the spirit of the Lord with him. I stayed all night and then went to children. My sweet little Virginia, she looked poor, she had been sick. Poor little girl, she surely came to me. I had a good time with the children. We had our ups and downs but on the whole, we got along fine without a mother or father much of the time. The children were respectful and did all they could

but when the baby was so bad that they had to go to Farmington, we all felt rather discouraged. In a week Frank Noel brought us word the baby was better and could maybe come home in another week. Frank Roberts came that night too and stayed over Sunday to preach to the people. We had a pleasant visit until I was taken with a pain in my arm and shoulder that gave me so much pain I decided to come home as I could not stand to ride in Frank's wagon. Frank Noel sent me on the stage to Farmington to visit with May a few days. I felt badly about leaving the children but there seemed to be no other way. I took the baby, Virginia, my little sweetheart, and bid goodby for, I hope, not long. I found May feeling well and baby Dorothy improving. We had a very enjoyable visit. Virginia was so sweet, and the baby did not make much trouble, so it is another enjoyable, sweet memory. We went to get my picture taken with the baby Virginia. She was so cute and sensible. I never will forget that day. I hope the picture is good.

Monday, July 3rd. Cora [Orville and Persis' daughter] left today for home. She could not stay away from the children.

Sunday, July 9th. I stayed all day with Persis. She has a nice little black-haired girl born Sunday the 2nd. Orville stayed at home to visit with me.

Monday, July 17th. Our beautiful little Harold³ was forgotten for a moment. He found his little bucket on the floor and ran out with it to the cistern and climbed up the top of the curb and fell in. He was drowned before he was found. I cannot go through that again in my memory for it is all too terrible. May God have mercy and comfort his parents.

Tuesday, July 25th. The hay is up in good shape. Yesterday, the 24th, the anniversary of my marriage, has passed with the usual routine of work, with some pleasant visits from children and grandchildren, but it is passed and I am back again to my little cottage. I brought Hattie's little Kate but she was homesick for the children so I let her go back with Lou. I shall miss the children, but such is life.

²Mary has three June 28th entries. It must have been a day with many happenings that she continued to add entries over a period of time.

³Harold is Don and Claire's two year old son.

Thus the time passed for Mary, with the daily routine of cooking and cleaning and doing what she could to make life pleasant for her son, Lou, what time he was there, and her brother, Will. Doing what she admired in Professor Brown's family, she drew from within her own wealth of knowledge and character for her contentment and happiness. She appreciated them very much. Again, she helped to organize a Sunday School that would take in all members of the community no matter what their creed and took comfort in their friendship.

It was a hard and lonely life if she had ever thought of it that way, but she afterward remembered it as a happy spot in her life. Sometimes she was alone and most of the time she was alone with her brother, Will, who loved her and did all he could for her comfort and happiness.

She noted in her diary every move they made and improvements on the place were also noted. In the fall, she enjoyed having the children join her in picking nuts, etc. After a winter and two summers on the dry farm, Lou had to sign up for the draft so expected to go to war. Therefore, he brought his mother to Vernal to be with her daughters, Daphne and May, and son, Frank who had all moved to Vernal the spring before [1917].

The rest of her life she spent in Vernal. Her daughter, May, fixed up a room for her where she could have her pictures and her books; they did all that they could to make her happy and contented. However, her heart was so full of sorrow and disappointment for her family, all of which she felt worse about than they, themselves did, but she wanted so much for her loved ones.

When she passed away, she had at her beside her youngest son, Louis, her daughters May and Daphne, and a large family who was scattered about.

Her last act was to bear her testimony to Clara Noel who was on a mission. As she signed her name, she fell from her chair, passing away three days later. She was conscious to the last. She had asked her doctor to do something for her so that she could live until Lou and Daphne got there. Daphne had gone to Diamond Mountain the day before and Lou was away shearing sheep in Jensen.

Mary Knowlton Coray Roberts died in 1923 after a long, useful life of teaching in all the church capacities where a woman can work in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She left a lasting impression for good upon all who knew her.

EARLY UTAH PIONEER PASSES OVER DIVIDE

Mary C. Roberts, Active to Last Dies After Short Illness at Home of Daughter. . .

On Monday afternoon, May 21, at the Vernal First Ward chapel was held the funeral of Mary C. Roberts, the mother of Mrs. F. L. Noel of Ashley Ward, and Mrs. Daphne R. Cooper, teacher in the Vernal Central School. Bishop Hyrum B. Calder presided. Many beautiful flowers told of the esteem in which the departed was held by her many friends.

The speakers were Patriarch Harmon Sowards, I. Sanders and John N. Davis. The opening prayer was offered by Patriarch Nelson Merkley and the closing prayer by Charles A. Hardy. Music was furnished by a special quartet consisting of Mima

and Gus Davis, A. B. and Ira Thomas. Miss Mima Davis sang a solo.

Interment was made in the Vernal Cemetery with Bishop Calder dedicating the grave.

Mrs. Mary C. Roberts was born April 22, 1848 at Atchison Co., Missouri. Her parents, Howard Coray and Martha Knowlton Coray, were en route to Salt Lake City with a company of pioneers and had stopped to raise a crop of grain for the oncoming company of pioneers. They moved on to Utah in 1850.

Mrs. Roberts married Clark Roberts in Provo, Utah in 1868. Nine children were born to them, eight of whom are still living.

They made their home in Mona, Utah until 1880 when they moved to Mancos, Colorado. From there they went into New Mexico in 1891, then back to Redmesa, Colorado in 1907. In 1912 they moved to San Diego, California where Mr. Roberts died. Mrs. Roberts then returned to Utah and has since made her home with her children.

She was always an active worker in every line of public service and her mind was filled with useful information. Up to the day of her death, she was awake to everything that was transpiring in the educational and political world. Even after she had been stricken with death, a few hours before she breathed her last, she struggled for strength to discuss a magazine article with her son. She was feeling in very good spirits and apparently in as good health as usual and had nearly finished a letter to her granddaughter, Clara Noel, when she fell from her chair. She was revived and her life lengthened until her son, Louis D. Roberts, who was at the Bonanza shearing corral, and her daughter, Mrs. Daphne Cooper, who had just moved into the mountains, had time to reach her bedside.

She was conscious nearly to the last and passed away Saturday, May 19, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. May Noel. She left to mourn her death eight children: four sons, Orville C., Frank H., Don C., and Louis D. Roberts, all of Redmesa, Colorado; and four daughters, Mrs. Hattie R. Steele, Cowley, Wyoming, Mrs. Jennie R. Nielson, Blanding, Utah, Mrs. Mary R. Noel and Mrs.

Daphne R. Cooper of Vernal. Her son, Frank, was once a resident of this place living in Davis Ward and being highly respected by residents of that place.

She also leaves 55 living grandchildren, 14 great-grandchildren, while those who have preceded her, besides her husband and son, Howard, number 16 grandchildren and five great-grandchildren,

making a total of 99 souls who owe their existence to her.

As Mary paid tribute to her own mother, Daphne, her daughter, also paid tribute to her in a paragraph from her own biography, thus:

“As to my mother there are no words that can begin to tell of her courage and ability. She was the pride and favorite of her own family of brothers and sisters, who were free to say, up to their last, that she was their most beloved sister and the finest woman they ever knew. She loved them dearly, yet without a word she followed her husband far away from them into the new and undeveloped lands. She received joy wherever she went in helping others who were not so well informed as she, and she never refused to do whatever the authorities asked of her, in building up the kingdom of God on the Earth. She always had a passage of scripture to answer any problem we took to her for her help in solving. She loved to bear her testimony to the truthfulness of the gospel, and the people loved to hear her testimony and hear her relate faith promoting stories of the early days in Utah.” (Vernal Express of May 25, 1923)

Child Seven

William DeWitt Roberts – Julia Maria Lusk



WILLIAM DEWITT ROBERTS



JULIA MARIA LUSK

William DeWitt Roberts, son of Daniel Roberts and Eliza Aldula Clark, was born in Winchester, Scott County, Illinois, on 4 September 1835. When he was three years old his father moved with his family to Milton, Pike County, Illinois, and from there to Galena, Jo Daviess County. From Galena the family moved to Ursa, Adams county, where the sister, Daphne, and a brother, Daniel, died. Early in the spring of 1846, the family left Illinois, crossing the Mississippi River on the ice. Locating at Garden Grove, Decatur County, Iowa, where they lived until 1849, when they moved to Lancaster, Missouri. In the spring of 1851, the family left for Utah in the Garden Grove Company.

The biography of William DeWitt Roberts, Sr. says: *The trip across the plains was fraught with all the trials and hardships incident to those days. The Company had some trouble with the Indians and a stampede of the cattle resulted in the death of one woman.*

William, Bolivar, and Their Father Go to California

Arriving in Utah the Roberts family went directly to Provo City where they located in September 1851. In the spring of 1852, William, together with his father and brother, Bolivar, went to California. They crossed the Sierra-Nevada Mountains and arrived at Placerville, better known at that time as "Hang Town," on July 9th where they remained during the balance of the summer. Bolivar and William engaged in mining and the Father, being a physician, practiced medicine. In the winter of 1852-1853 they went to San Jose, where they remained during the winter and from thence to San Bernardino where a colony of Latter-day Saints had located.

Dr. Daniel Roberts Returns to Missouri

At San Bernardino, William engaged in farming during that summer. Bolivar returned to Utah and their Father, Dr. Daniel Roberts, left in the fall with

the intention of returning East by water. From San Francisco, he went by boat to Panama crossing the Isthmus of Panama then to New York and thence to Lancaster, Missouri back to his home in Lancaster, Missouri.

Business – Crop Disappointment

Soon after being left by his father, William DeWitt went to Eel River where he again planted a crop. About harvest time he was surprised by the arrival of his brother, Bolivar, from whom he had not heard for several months, who assisted in harvesting the crop and taking it to market. The brothers had 115,000 pounds of grain and potatoes which they shipped to Trinidad, about 25 miles up the coast. There was no available storage for freight below deck on this steamer so they were forced to put their stuff on deck which exposed it to a heavy storm lasting all the way to Trinidad and even to the time they unloaded it. The damage was so extensive that after expenses, instead of receiving the value of four or five thousand dollars, they received \$360.00.

Gold Mining

They decided against returning to Utah as they had previously expected to do, and instead purchased a mule and a miner's outfit. They started for the northern part of California, arriving at Cox's bar on the Trinity River in May, 1854, where they engaged in placer-mining by the process known as sluicing, until the water failed.

They then joined a company and flumed the Trinity River, sawing the lumber by hand, the lumber being worth about \$150.00 per thousand feet. It was very expensive work.

Returns to Utah

While engaged in the lumber business, William DeWitt decided to return to Utah. He started on foot for Humbolt Bay, thence for San Francisco and San Pedro, and from there he went to San Bernardino where he fitted out with others to pack through to Utah. He arrived in Provo in December 1855 with a horse, saddle, bridle, leggings, spurs, six-shooter and two twenty dollar gold pieces – the savings from nearly four years of labor in California.

In those early days, California was inhabited by a rough class of people and William DeWitt nearly lost his life on three different occasions by the Spaniards who hated the Americans.

Enlists in Service — Indian Troubles

Soon after his return to Utah (Provo), William enlisted in the service of the U.S. Government under Marshal Thomas Johnson, who summoned a posse for the purpose of arresting the notorious Indian Chief, Tintic, and his band, who had been engaged in stealing and running off stock belonging to the settlers. At that time, Tintic was encamped near what is known as Camp Floyd. William DeWitt was one of the party which numbered 25 men. The first night, the men camped at Lehi; the next morning William was detailed with another man to go around the west side of the lake to notify the ranchers to go into the settlements. The command went on to Camp Floyd where he joined it after dark. Before he reached them, they had met and had a battle with Tintic and his band in which one of the Carson boys and an Indian squaw were killed and several Indians wounded.

The Indians made their escape into Rush Valley where Marshal Thomas Johnson, with his command followed them, overtaking them where they were entrenched behind the rocks and the cedars on the mountain. The posse drew up in line about two hundred yards from the Indians and Johnson, through his interpreter, tried to induce Tintic to surrender. This, he refused to do, saying he was hungry for a fight and then fired at the posse. One of the balls passed between William DeWitt and George Parrish who were side by side. Johnson, under pretext of it being too late in the day for a battle, ordered a retreat. The posse returned to the settlement and stayed the night. The next morning, they returned but the Indians had made their escape, taking with them a large number of cattle and horses belonging to the settlers. During this war, about twelve White men were killed by the Indians.

Assists with Handcart Rescue

In 1856, William DeWitt moved to Pleasant Grove, Utah where he remained through the summer but returned to Provo in the fall. Here, he engaged in farming and other work. That was the year of the Hand Cart emigration and William DeWitt was one of the party who brought away from Fort Bridger the last of the hand-cart emigrants.

The hardships and sufferings endured from the cold were indeed very great. The unfortunate hand-

cart expedition resulted in the death of over 150 persons, besides some who were crippled for life by the loss of limbs from being frozen.

Taken Prisoner by Crow Indians

In 1857 William DeWitt went out on the Sweetwater (now in Wyoming) trading with the emigrants together with Daniel W. Jones. While there, he was taken prisoner by the Crow Indians and held over night. The next morning, he was rescued by a company of emigrants who were on their way to California. William DeWitt returned to Utah that fall and made a trip soon after to Southern California with a company of men, bringing back some wild horses and sheep.

Goes East to Visit His Parents Via California

On April 18, 1859, he left Salt Lake City for the East by way of California as the Indians were hostile between Utah and the Missouri River which made that route too dangerous. William DeWitt took passage on the overland to San Francisco, the fare being \$125.00. They traveled in a coach to Camp Floyd and in a spring wagon (jerky) to Simpson Springs. From there to the point where the train intersected the emigrant road on the Humbolt River, there was nothing but a trail and, consequently, they were forced to proceed on horseback. They traveled day and night, making as many miles as possible until they reached the Sinks of Humbolt River. From there, they went by coach to the end of the road on the mountain above Genoa; thence, they went on foot through the snow for forty miles over the Sierra-Nevada Mountains. At San Francisco, William took a steamer for New York by way of the Isthmus of Panama and he was twenty days on water arriving in New York in May. From there, he went by way of Philadelphia to Lancaster, Missouri where he found his father and mother and brothers.

Again in Missouri During Civil War Returns to Utah with His Bride

William DeWitt remained in Missouri that summer and winter. The next spring he purchased a team of oxen and crossed the plains to Utah, arriving in the fall of 1860. During the winter of 1860, he made a trip to Los Angeles, bringing with him eighteen colonies of bees. As far as is known, he was

the first person to bring bees to Utah.

Again, he crossed the plains to Lancaster, Missouri, this time on the Overland Stage. When they got to Atchison, they found everything in an uproar as it was during the war. He had to cross through both lines and had to use his cunning to accomplish the fete. The other passengers walked up the Missouri River on the ice rather than risk it. When he arrived within 60 miles of Lancaster, there was no regular conveyance. He found a friend who got him a horse and helped him escape in the night. So, again, he found his father and mother and three brothers.

On February 6, 1862, William married Maria Lusk, and in the spring he returned to Utah bringing with him his mother and younger brothers.

First Postmaster

During his life in Utah, William assisted in many ways in building up the state, especially Provo where he made his home. He was the first postmaster after the territory had been accepted into the Union in 1896. He kept it in his home which was on the corner of 5th West and 4th North. The house is still standing. [1964]

William was baptized and confirmed a member of the Latter-day Saints Church in the winter of 1851. He was ordained a Teacher in the spring of 1857, and was a member of the 34th Quorum, and he filled a mission to Great Britain.

Honey Bees Brought to Utah

Quoting from the Deseret News, June 20, 1870: "Brother William DeWitt Roberts of Provo will start on 5 February from Salt Lake City to the States for the purpose of purchasing honey bees." William assisted in importing over 600 colonies of bees.

William DeWitt Roberts appears on the roll of Captain Alva A. Green as a private. He was mustered into service on 8 May 1866 for drill and inspection with his company at Camp Wells, Provo, Utah, Territory on 18 October 1866 and was released from service on 27 October 1866. While the roll does not specifically state, it seems that the company's purpose was for home guard and patrol duty in the surrounding mountains.

Hotel Roberts in Provo, Utah

William's name is mentioned in connection with many civic governments in the early history of Provo. He managed the Hotel which he later

purchased and named "Hotel Roberts." Later he sold it to his son, William DeWitt, Jr., who added rooms and improvements. After an active useful life, he passed away in March 1912 in Provo, Utah.

APPLICATION FOR INDIAN WAR VETERAN MEDAL

STATE OF UTAH)
County of Utah) ss.

To the Governor and Secretary of State of the State of Utah:

I hereby make application for one of the Indian War Veteran Medals provided for by an act of the legislature of the State of Utah, approved March 9, 1905, basing my application upon the following facts:

I am 70 years of age; was born at Winchester, in the county of Scott, and the State of Illinois, and am now a resident of Provo City, County of Utah.

I served during the Tintic Indian War, in the State of Utah, as follows:

I was enrolled on or about the 15th Day of February, 1856, as a Private. In a company commanded by U.S. Marshall Thomas Johnson and as such performed actual service in suppressing Indian hostilities in Utah, during the periods and in the localities named below:

Utah and Juab Counties in 1856

William D. Roberts /s/
Applicant.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of Dec. 1905.
S. F. Adams /s/
Notary Public

STATE OF UTAH)
County of Utah) ss.

It is hereby certified to the Governor and Secretary of State of the State of Utah that we, John Clark of Provo City, County of Utah, State of Utah, and W. B. Pace Of Provo City, County of Utah, State of Utah, have personal knowledge of the services of Wm. D. Roberts, as set forth in the above application and that the statements made therein are correct.

John Clark /s/
W. B. Pace /s/

The above named applicant is entitled to a medal for actual service in suppressing Indian hostilities in Utah during the years 1850 to 1872 as provided in Chapter 86, Laws of Utah, 1905.

Metal was received in 1909

J. M. Westwood /s/
Commander, Dept. of Utah

Wife of William DeWitt Roberts-

Julia Maria Lusk Roberts

(Written by her daughter, Orpha R. Walker)

My beloved and highly revered mother, Julia Maria Lusk Roberts, was born in a small town in Johnson County, Indiana, of goodly parentage. Her father, John Nickolson Lusk, came from a respectable family of Virginia of Scotch and Irish descent, and was possessed of too much pride for his own, or his wife's and children's comfort.

Her mother, Synthia Ann Beeler, came from Kentucky and on the paternal side, descended from a proud family of Hamburg, Germany, who settled in the South and afterward became wealthy, slave-owners, somewhat haughty and overbearing. On the maternal side, she was of English descent. Her Grandmother was a poetess, a beautiful singer, and loved to be independent; she earned her own living teaching school. Grandmother Lusk was industrious, fugal, self-reliant, and very brave; she gave birth to nine children, all of whom grew to maturity. The youngest was eighteen, a fine young man, when he was accidentally shot.

Early Pioneers of Missouri

Mother's parents helped to pioneer Missouri, "the land of milk and honey," and my mother says it was well named. I have always loved to hear my mother tell of her early childhood on a Missouri farm and I quote from her autobiography:

I was two years old when my parents moved from Indiana to Missouri, to pioneer this section, so I do not remember the journey which was made in a covered wagon, drawn by horse-teams. All kinds of streams had to be forded, often at great peril of drowning, and many other dangers common to pioneering, were encountered. I missed the thrill of these adventures, being too young to realize much, but I had quite a few thrills later on in life.

Father's Homestead Very Fruitful

My father homesteaded a large tract of land in a wild, but fruitful section, in the northern part of the state, abounding in red plums, small, but

delicately flavored strawberries, blackberries as large as the first joint of the thumb, and crab apples. My mouth waters now when I think of the delicious bottles of fresh fruit, and the tempting jams, jellies and marmalades my mother and older sisters made from these wild fruits sweetened with wild honey, all of which Nature provided so abundantly, and which we children gathered with such keen delight vying with each other, which could fill their bucket or basket first. Oh, No! we didn't gather the honey. That was entirely too hard a job for children, even if the bees were generous with the supply, it took a brave man to take the honey from the hallow trees, for the wild bees were much more fierce and combative than are the tame ones. There were also plenty of game, wild deer, turkeys, squirrels, etc., and oh! the fun of gathering the many varieties of nuts after the first frost of Autumn! The wind pelting the nuts like hail stones on the ground, while we children gathered them eagerly, trying, as we usually did, to outdo each other in the amount gathered. Why, the children don't know what real fun is, even with all the movies, autos, etc.

Cozy Log Home – Pleasant Evenings

I can see now our humble, but cozy log house on winter nights when the day's work was finished and the family gathered around the fireside, engaged in various occupations, according to ages, necessities, and inclinations. My mother and elder sisters sewing, knitting, spinning, weaving, and sometimes reading, when there was not too much work to be done, while we younger ones would often crack nuts and throw the shells onto the cheerfully blazing log fire, and watch the hungry flames lick up these small additions as if hungry for more. (Of course this fun could only be indulged in after school lessons were prepared.)

Safe from Wolves

Memory recalls another scene in which the fire-place plays a big part; I see myself, a young school girl, gathering earlier in the day large armfuls of hickory bark, with a definite purpose in view. Our family being large and the center table unequal to the number that surrounded it, I provided the hickory bark to add to the already blazing logs so as to get all the light possible by which to study my lessons. Often, while the fire burned so cheerfully inside, we would listen to the wind whistling and moaning around the house and down the chimney, while windows rattled and wolves driven by the cold and snow storms would come so near to the house that they could often be heard howling dismally. I always felt so thankful on such occasions to know that every member of the family was safe within.

While Missouri produced many good things, so abundantly yet, it had it's drawbacks. There were plenty of wolves and coyotes, but I don't remember any lions and bears, but snakes! Well, these reptiles were entirely too plentiful for comfort or safety. Lots of rattlers. I was so afraid of these. Whenever I heard the warning rattle, I didn't stop to argue the point with Mr. Snake, but took to my heels without further ado, but I had a sister who would never let one of these enemies of women get away from her if she could help it, but would pelt it on the head with whatever missiles were handiest, until the snake either gave up the ghost, or crawled away out of reach. I always admired, but never imitated her bravery. My motto, as far as Mr. Rattler was concerned was "live and let live."

Girlhood Days — Goose Eggs

My girlhood days were spent like those of most girls in a new country helping with the housework and whatever duty presented itself, attending church and Sabbath School, prayer meetings, riding horseback, gathering wild flowers and foliage with which to decorate our log homes, gathering fruit, nuts, and the goose eggs, which last I will tell about.

My father had large flocks of geese and these would love to hide their nests very cleverly in the woods and it was real thrilling when we discovered a nest filled with eggs. The danger from snakes made these egg hunts rather perilous but this rather

added to the thrill of the hunt. Mother had many nice soft beds, pillows and cushions made from the down of these large flocks of geese. Father had a herd of sheep and what fun it was to run and skip over the green meadows with my pet lambs. In the faces of some of the sheep I used to imagine resemblances to some of our neighbors of whom I was not very fond but I had special, poetic names for my beautiful lambs.

Unexpected Death of Father

I had my first experience with the death of anyone very near and dear to me when my father was thrown from a wagon while trying to control a team of maddened horses, that were running away, and received a blow on the head from the effects of which he dropped dead suddenly a few days later. It was a terrible shock to all of us, but my Mother's bravery in assuming all responsibility of the farm and her splendid management was really admirable. Many of the fine, sturdy traits, inherited, no doubt, from her thrifty German ancestors, helped her through this severe test. She had brought all of the children up to do their share of life's work and they did not fail her in her widowhood.

Schooling — Meets William DeWitt Roberts

I do not remember how old I was when I started to school, but I recall the one-roomed school house in the midst of a small woods on the hill. I attended this school several terms. My next place of learning was in Lancaster, Schuyler County, where a lady and her husband from the southern part of the state opened a Seminary where higher branches were taught, including music. I received some instruction on the guitar, which I enjoyed very much. William Roberts also attended one session of the school. He later said the reason he went was because I was there.

Three of my sisters and one brother had married and gone to live in homes of their own, so I would sometimes stay with my eldest sister in town while attending the Seminary but I often rode to and from the farm on horseback which I dearly loved. Our family was looked upon as one of the most respectable ones in that section of the country.

It was the winter of 1860 that I became acquainted with William D. Roberts who had come to Missouri from the west to buy cattle, and also to

visit some of his people. He often told me later that he was attracted to me because of my "quiet, refined ways." I was brought up that way, you see, and I couldn't help the attraction his daring and adventurous disposition had for me. He was so different from the young men around our part of the country. He was what might be called picturesque in his broad brimmed "sombbrero" and buckskin clothes, and he was always so jolly. Although I didn't want to admit even to myself that he had attracted me, yet fate seemed to take things in to her own hands and when he left in the Spring to return to Utah, he carried with him not only my heart but my promise that he might return in two years and claim me as his bride, providing we both felt the same after the lapse of that much time.

Civil War Raging – Glad to Leave Missouri

Little did I realize, when that promise was given, how glad I would be to leave my beloved Missouri to go out into the "wild and woolly West" (among the people of whom I had heard nothing creditable – all reports that reached me having come from ignorant and prejudiced sources) and endure the dangers and sacrifices incident to such a change. It was the terrible Civil War that made such a change a welcome one to me. Missouri, being a slave state, was in a condition of unrest. Slaves were getting the spirit of rebellion and many were induced to run away from their masters, often stealing everything they could before leaving.

During the latter part of the summer of 1861, there was a company of Union soldiers stationed at Lancaster, who took possession of the churches and school houses in which to lodge their horses. The Seminary was not so desecrated so they used it for a hospital where many soldiers lay sick with a very severe case of measles. There were many deaths among both the soldiers and the civilian population.

Conditions During Civil War

In the fall of 1861, many bands of "Bushwackers," or mobs, would attack the northern soldiers, whenever an opportunity presented itself. I was within hearing distance of such a skirmish one Sunday afternoon, the latter part of November. Hearing the firing of guns, the screams, groans, and curses of the wounded and dying, I was nearly crazy, and this experience will never be blotted from

my memory.

My brother, a young man less than twenty years old, upon hearing the evidence of mortal combat, with set teeth and face pale as death, started to snatch his gun from the wall. Mother, in her firm, but quiet way, said, "Son, what are you going to do with that gun?" My brother answered inaudibly. "Put that gun right back where you got it, son!" she commanded him in a tone which her children never thought of disobeying, and my brother did as he was bid but the Southerners had endured so much at the hands of these misguided Union soldiers that it was not unreasonable that the spirit of resentment was often aroused to the breaking point. They would enter the homes of those whose conscientious sympathies and interests were with the South and help themselves to anything they wanted and compel the women to cook food they had stolen from them, often when the women were in delicate health. My sister had been so ordered a short time before the birth of a child, but one member of this company, a little less inhuman than the others, said, "Just cook us something that will not give you too much trouble," and was laughed at by his companions for showing any sympathy for a "Seesesh" (secessionist,) as they called those on the Southern side.

Families Cattle Stolen

A band of Union marauders drove up to my mother's farm one day, stalked into the house without knocking and demanded of my mother to know where her cattle were. Mother began to plead with the leader to leave to her, a widow, the cattle that meant so much to her in her struggle to provide for her family, to all of which pleading the heartless men pointing at the window where the cattle could be seen in the pasture beyond, exclaimed, "There they are, come on." They stalked from the room and not even stopping to unfasten the gate, tore down the fence and drove away with the whole herd towards Lancaster.

They were riding up a wooded hill when shots were heard in rapid succession and horses feet running. The "Bushwackers" had engaged the plunderers in a skirmish and saved for mother her cattle. My brother put them back in the pasture, fixed up the fence, and we were never bothered this

way again but some of our neighbors suffered indignities at the hands of these supposed Christian soldiers of the U.S. Government.

Clearer Perspective

Although I am glad, now that I see things more fully, that the Union was preserved; yet, at that time my sympathies were so thoroughly with the South and my indignation so intense, because of the actions of these marauding bands of Northern soldiers, that I used to sit at the open window and sing Southern songs when I might have been shot at any minute if some over-zealous unionist had heard me. The spirit of defiance would be wrought to such a pitch that I didn't care what happened to me, just so I had the satisfaction of pouring out my indignation and resentment in song.

Fiancé Returns

Although Missouri was in a terrible condition, and there wasn't much safety anywhere, yet my fiancé managed to get there from Utah in safety by using the utmost caution. He was of such a daring and adventurous nature that he somewhat enjoyed meeting and overcoming this danger. It gave to our romance added color.

Married and Moves West

He spent the time from December 1st 1861 to February of 1862 with his parents and we were married the 6th of the same month. Then, in May, we started on the long trek across the plains in company with my husband's mother, three of his brothers, and two of my brothers. In Iowa we fell in with a large company of immigrants and we made the long journey, of three months' duration, across the plains in comparative safety. Although the Indians were not friendly and we were never free from the fear of possible attack, we reached Salt Lake City August 1, 1862. After having been ill [she is expecting a baby] during the entire journey, I was naturally overjoyed when we reached our destination.

Tribute to Mother-in-law Eliza Aldula Roberts

It was during our trip across the plains that I had plenty of opportunity to know the kind of a mother-in-law I had and right here I want to pay a special tribute to that frail little lady. Although delicate in health, yet – what a big soul she had. Of a refined, distinguished New England family, she

was the personification of gentleness, refinement, unselfishness, charitableness – almost to a fault, and religious devotion. I am glad my children have some of her blood in their veins (and I am not ashamed of the blood on our side either.)

Learns That Her Husband Is a Mormon – Converts

We expected to spend the winter in Provo, Utah and then go on to California in the Spring with my two brothers. At least, that was what I was lead to believe but I have since suspected my husband of using some subterfuge, thinking the end would justify the means. When I was married, I did not know my husband was a "Mormon." He feared to tell me knowing the strong prejudice against this people in Missouri and I guess it was wise that he didn't for I don't believe I would ever have trusted my future in his keeping, feeling as I did toward them, until I lived with them and learned how cruelly they had been misrepresented. "All's well that end well." and when Spring arrived, I had been converted to the gospel. The principles seemed so plain, even when they were first presented to me, I simply could not disbelieve them, but oh, what a struggle I had with my own stubborn pride.

Sister Accepts the Truth

The people were so nice and friendly and I heard so many testimonies, speaking in tongues, prophecies, etc., that how could I help believing? And yet, years later, when one sister accepted the truth, I believe one of my brothers saw the truth of the gospel, but was too proud to yield, for on his death bed, some years later, he said to my husband, "William, you have accepted the truth, live by it. I was too much of a coward to do so!"

First Child

My first child, a lovely little girl, was born in December 1862 and brightened our home with her presence until January 1863, then our home was bereft and our hearts were bleeding with our loss. My husband was away much of the time, freighting between Utah and California, so I was alone a good deal with my sorrow and only God knows the aching void, until another baby girl was sent us from Heaven to ease the hurt. So, we were partially comforted but we still missed our darling little Selma.

Many "Firsts" – William Brings Bees to Utah

My husband and I were always united in our desires for progression. He brought the first hive of bees (that lived) to Utah from Southern California, the first thrashing machine from the East. He also brought the first blooded chickens and quails, the first Mason and Hamlin Melodeon to Utah county (which I still have) and on which I love to play my old favorite hymns and sentimental songs in the twilight when I feel the spirit of reverie and reverence stealing over me. I often do, even though

I am eight-nine years "young." Both of us loved good music and things of the mind and were ambitious that our children should have every possible advantage to study, according to their talents. Three of the children could sing and two of them played the piano. My eldest daughter was the first one from Provo to go East to study music and she graduated from the Cincinnati College of Music in vocal instrumental music. We regretted not being able to give all of the children the same advantages but gave them all we could afford."

* * * * *

In order that this sketch of my mother's life be not too lengthy I will not quote further from her autobiography but will try to condense the remaining items that may be of interest. There will be many things left out for if it were all told, this sketch would be too long.

My mother was always a devoted mother and helpmate to her husband, and no sacrifice was too great to make for her loved ones.

"Thy Will Not Mine Be Done"

Although Mother laid away six out of a family of eleven, six being under eight years of age and although she had many trials through sickness of herself and family, financial losses and worries, yet she has had the courage to live through it all and still hold onto the faith which teaches us to say, "Thy will, not mine be done," and her indomitable will and sense of humor will be an inspiration to all who come under her influence. To demonstrate this, I would like to include here a letter which she wrote to Mary Roberts Noel on July 12 – at the age of 91:

Letter to Niece – May Roberts Noel

My Dear Niece May:

Your letter of the 28th of June came and I was glad to get it. As I am entirely alone (not even the cat) I will begin my answer.

I was pleased to receive your letter as soon as I did for sometimes they are not answered so quickly, but I excuse all seeming neglect for I know what a busy woman you are and always have been.

New Bathing Suits

My folks went to the beach this afternoon. Sytha and Gene with Walter, Billy, Jimmy and the two little girls, Dicky and Bobby (Alias Gertrude and Sytha Gene). They all put on their bathing suits under their clothes. You should see the new bathing suits. Perhaps you have them in your country about one foot long from where they fasten to where they end.

I am trying to get used to such sights. I feel ashamed to look at them! But, everybody is doing it. We old fashioned prudes can't help ourselves.

Thoughts on Marriage

I note what you say about marriage. Your sister is surely having some experience. Once Pres. Snow said in a sermon that some marry and get experience while others marry and get happiness and he wondered

which was best. I sometimes think that it is best for young folks to marry the one they love even if their lives are not as happy as they expected. The experience is worth more to them than to live a life of single blessedness and grow sour, and disagreeable, and have no aim in life. I think it a sacrilege for one to marry someone they do not love and have children to be reared in an unhappy home.

July 14 . . I will try to write a few more items before it gets dark; the sun is in the west and as soon as it sets, it is only about one-half hour before darkness comes to cover this land of sunshine and flowers as it is called. We have no twilight to speak of in California. I often long for the beautiful twilights and the colorful sunsets of our Utah. But, Los Angeles has the beaches where thousands of people go daily to swim half naked, then roll in the dirty sand where hundred of thousands have lain before; and they call this pleasure. Well, everybody to their notion, but I would rather sit in the sunset than wallow in the sand of the Pacific and watch the maneuvers of the bathers.

Health – Aging – Slowing Down

My health is a trifle better but I am very weak and nervous and so dizzy I have to hold onto things when I walk. I have to be careful of my eyes. Yesterday I sat too long at my mending and have felt the effects of over doing. This is my trouble, it is so hard for me to let go. I am trying to learn obedience by the things I suffer.

I cannot walk any distance for I am so lame in my knees and my shoulders, also my arms and feet seem to have no circulation in them, and cramp so after I get into bed. So, you see I am getting there all right, yet I love life and want to stay as long as I can. My blessing says that I shall live as long as life is sweet to me, even to a good old age and that no wicked men or devils will have power to destroy my tabernacle, until my work is done that I have been sent here to do, and in all the trying circumstances I am called upon to pass through, the Angel of health will administer to me . . . a lot of wonderful things were in this blessing.

Interesting and Perilous Times – Wonderful Age

These are interesting times we are living in, as well as perilous, and I think it will grow more perilous and it will be hard to know where we stand, yet I want to live a little longer and see what new discoveries will be made through electricity with the modern science. I think we are living in a most wonderful age and I want to stay as long as I am of any use to anyone.

July 22 . . . Well, I have rested a few days and will write a few more lines this evening before retiring to my single bed. After all these years I have learned to sleep alone, but not without someone else in the room. I haven't reached this point yet, but I could do that if I had to, only I do not think my sleep would refresh me very much.

Sytha, Gene and Ruth have gone to a party, the rest are here with me at home. I want to say a few words before I get tired.

Celebrating Utah Days

Last Saturday was Utah Day in this city. We all made up our minds to go provided I was well enough. Orpha and Walker thought I should go early to his son's place in Venice, as that was where the celebration was to be held. The program was to begin at 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon so I would have a long time to rest, so I fixed myself up in my best dress and a little powder on my wrinkled face, but no red paint on lips or cheeks – I struck out to Emmett's house and he and his sweet little wife, Birdie, welcome me.

I lay down as soon as I arrived there and rested while Birdie did up her morning work and Orpha and Walker went on some business down town. Then, after two hours' rest and a delicious lunch, we all went to the auditorium where we listened to some fine band music and good speeches. I strained my eyes to see if I could recognize anyone from Utah; I only knew four. Then, back to eat a splendid dinner prepared by Birdie and then home with Sytha and Gene. I was so exhausted I thought I was going to faint.

Sense of Humor

It is nothing serious for me to be completely exhausted for an hour or two then get up and darn some sox or iron some clothes. Yes, I am a puzzle to myself, I have been trying to get acquainted with myself for a long time, but have failed.

Say, I am all of a flutter and my heart is jumping with excitement; I have just kissed a man, and he is not a relation either, what do you think of that? I guess I am catching the spirit of the young folks. Well, as I was writing, Brother Boyle from Provo came and I was so glad to see him, I just had to welcome him with a kiss. He said he was honored.

91 Years Old

91 years old today, that sounds old, doesn't it? Last night, I was very much surprised when Sytha came to my door and asked me to come down as there was someone who wanted to see me. The room was full of people and they kept coming until there were 30 of us. All my posterity. I forgot I was tired and had a wonderful time. The party was a success and we were all reluctant to have it end.

Now, I must rest until tomorrow. Typing is harder than writing but maybe easier to read.

Your Aunt Maria Roberts

* * * * *

In March, 1912, the companion of her joys, sorrows and struggles left her widowed, but not alone. She has had some of her children with her, or been with some of them ever since, but not as a dependent, I am thankful (for her sake) to say, as she has more than enough to provide for all her wants.

Very Accomplished Woman – Ever Learning

As evidence of her undying spirit and indomitable perseverance, she commenced studying piano by note, (she had played both the guitar and piano by ear, also her little Melodeon, for years) after she was seventy-five years old, and succeeded in obtaining very creditable results. Schumanns Joyous Peasant, with variations, is one of the musical selections upon which she practiced perseveringly until she played it very well, in spite of aged fingers stiffened with rheumatism.

Desiring to read some of the German legends in the original, Mother, with the help of my brother, Gene and his wife, who spent thirty months in the Swiss-German Mission, mastered this language sufficient to read three books of fairy tales.

Her next notable achievement was to learn to crochet, a feat which she had never attempted during her busy family life. She had always doubted her

ability to master this art, but was determined to try it anyway, her motto being: "They fail, they alone, who have not striven." She was delighted when she succeeded in making several yards of very pretty lace. As further fulfillment of this ambition, she made doilies for many of her grandchildren. What most people would seem to be of no great importance, to her it was a real achievement for it was a difficulty to overcome.

There is an outstanding incident in my beloved Mother's life with which I desire to bring to a conclusion (although "the half hath not been told".) The biographical sketch of my mother's life, and my reason is I consider it gives a wonderful evidence of a fulfillment of prophesy pertaining to the subject of the sketch.

Fulfillment of Prophecy

In the year 1864 my mother received a Patriarchal Blessing by Patriarch John Smith, in which she was promised she would live as long as life was sweet to her. Although mother was never blessed with robust health, had eleven children, six of whom died in childhood, she was one of the Utah pioneers to whom life was not a bed of roses! she was at death's door many times, and when she reached the age of 91 years, broke the femur bone of

her right leg. The two doctors attending her didn't even put the broken bone into a cast. She had pneumonia that usually brings fatal results following accidents to elderly people and the attending physicians told me the family should be told that our mother couldn't possibly live more than a week.

After being told his warning news, I entered her room wondering what would be my next experience. She looked up at me pathetically and in a firm voice whispered, "Well, Orpha, I guess my time has come." In a firm voice that surprised me, I said, "Mother, is life no longer sweet to you? do you no longer care to live?" Her voice became stronger and she answered, "Life is still sweet to me and I want to live." "Well, Mother dear, remember your blessing. You are not going to die until you want to."

I had the Elders come and administer to her and the next day the doctors both admitted a miracle had been performed, "but she will never be able to

bear the weight of her body on her feet," they said. However, she was able to push her wheelchair and walk on her feet after she regained the strength in her feet which she had lost.

Mother lived to be 96 ½ years old when she had a very serious automobile accident which was of such a nature that she was going to be blind. Although a physical checkup from a reliable physician showed no injury to her body except to her eyes that could cause death. When she discovered this, she said, "Life is no longer sweet to me; I am ready, and I think I will go tonight." It was at 6:00 P.M. the following evening that she went to sleep in death and yielded the soul without a sigh, back to the Giver's breast.

While we miss her, we rejoice in her gain and will always profit by her example.



Julia Maria Lusk Roberts will always be remembered for her Musical Talent

Child Ten

HOMER ROBERTS

HOMER ROBERTS, son of Daniel and Eliza Aldula (Clark) Roberts.

b. 24 July 1842, Marceline, Adams, Illinois

d. 16/17 Jan 1873, unmarried

Homer Roberts' name is found among those called to go South with their families to build up the southern part of the state.

Saved Thistle Fort

Homer Roberts with John Hamilton made a perilous ride through the enemy country to get help from Col. Kimball, when Black Hawk was about to take Thistle Fort. They saved the fort.

Child Eleven

BYRON ROBERTS - HATTIE STARKEY

BYRON ROBERTS, son of Daniel and Eliza Aldula (Clark) Roberts.

b. 25 Nov 1843, Lancaster, Schuyler, Missouri.

m. Hattie Starkey

Children:

Walter, b. Provo, Utah, Utah

Edith

May (?)

Byron was born 25 November 1848 at Lancaster, Missouri. He came to Utah with his Father and family in 1851, then back across the plains in 1857 with his mother and brothers Clark and Homer. The census of 1860 lists: Dr. Daniel Roberts with his family consisting of his wife Aldula and sons Homer 14; Byron 10; to be in their home in Lancaster, Missouri. Then he returned to Utah with his mother and brother William and wife, and brother Homer in the spring of 1862.

*Children of
Dr. Daniel Roberts and DeLucia Holcomb*

Child One

***ADELBERT ROBERTS -
MARTHA ELIZA YORK***



ADELBERT ROBERTS – son of Daniel and DeLucia (Holcomb) Roberts

b. 27 Jun 1847 Garden Grove, Decatur,
Iowa

d. 7 Mar 1919 Provo, Utah, Utah

m. Martha Eliza York

b. 30 Sep 1849 Mount Pisgah, Iowa

d. 31 Dec 1931 Provo, Utah, Utah

Adelbert Roberts, was born in Garden Grove, Iowa the 27th of June 1847. He was the son of Dr. Daniel Roberts who was the son of Ephraim Roberts and Huldah Gibbs. His mother was DeLucia Holcomb, daughter of Davis Holcomb and Daphne Clark. He was the first child of this marriage. The second son, Roland, died as an infant. On the 6th of May, another son Rollin K. was born and shortly after the mother Lucy died of complications. The two little boys went to live with the first wife of their father, who was also their Mother's Aunt, Eliza Aldula Clark. They then moved to Lancaster, Missouri for a short time before they decided to

make the westward trek to Utah, and after many days and many hardships they arrived in Provo in the spring of 1851.

Pottery and Mining Business

Adelbert, along with some of his half brothers were engaged in the pottery business for many years. When he was a young man he became interested in mining, and he worked for many years in the mines. It was at this time he met and fell in love with Martha Eliza York, who was the daughter of Aaron Mereon and Hannah (Carter) York.

Kind, Generous Man

Adelbert's children tell of what a kind, generous, even tempered man he was and all who knew him, loved him. His daughter, Daphne tells how he used to love fishing and hunting and took her on many a fishing trip. He would carry her on his back and set her on the bank on the other side and tell her not to talk because the fish had ears and could hear her.

**Beautiful Home –
Family of Twelve Children**

He continued his work in the mines and did prospecting on the side. He made quite a fortune and built a big beautiful home located on Second North and Fifth West in Provo, which he furnished lavishly. A short time later he bought a large farm out in Lakeview, but he was too old to take on this

responsibility so he turned it over to his sons, Adelbert, Jr. and Murray. He later fell down a shaft in one of the mines, which resulted in poor health and then death on the 7 March 1919. He was the father of twelve children. Several died in infancy, but seven of them were raised to maturity and had families resulting in quite a large posterity.

*Adelbert Roberts and Martha Eliza York
Children and their Spouses*

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Lucia Aldula Roberts
husband – John William Jackman | 7. Lydia Roberts
husband – Edwin Kane Fernandez |
| 2. Adelbert Carlos Roberts
1 st wife – Marion Coats
2 nd wife – Agnes Shea | 8. Bolivar Roberts
(died 13 months old) |
| 3. Flora May Roberts
(died 26 months old) | 9. Ethel Una Roberts
husband – Michael Strebel |
| 4. Lillian Maud Roberts
(died 8 months old) | 10. Donna Juanita Roberts
(died 3 years old) |
| 5. Clarence Roberts (died at birth) | 11. Murray Kaseth Roberts
wife – |
| 6. Ruby Roberts
husband – Robert Lewis | 12. Daphne Roberts
husband – George Washington
Loveless |

Child Three

**ROLLIN K. ROBERTS –
EUNICE CLARK**

ROLLIN K. ROBERTS, son of Daniel and DeLucia (Holcomb) Roberts.
 b. May 1850, Garden Grove, Decatur, Iowa
 d. 1910

m. Eunice Clark, whom he met on one of his trips east to New York.
Children: No issue
Rollin was an actor, also an inventor.

Part V

Orville Clark Roberts and Mary Knowlton Coray Family

8th Generation

Orville Clark Roberts Jr.

Howard Daniel Roberts

Harriet Virginia Roberts

Mary Eliza Roberts

Martha Jane Roberts

Frank Homer Roberts

Daphne Helena Roberts

Don Carlos Roberts

Louis Dermont Roberts

*Orville Clark Roberts and Mary Knowlton
Coray
Children and their Spouses*

- 1. Orville Clark Roberts Jr. 1869**
wife – Persis Amy Young
- 2. Howard Daniel Roberts 1871**
wife – Mary Whipple Young
- 3. Harriet Virginia Roberts (Hattie) 1873**
husband – Charles Milton Steele
- 4. Mary Eliza Roberts (May) 1876**
husband – Frank Leland Noel
- 5. Martha Jane Roberts (Jennie) 1878**
husband – Jens Peter Nielson
- 6. Frank Homer Roberts 1880**
wife – Evelyn Taylor
- 7. Daphne Helena Roberts 1882**
1st husband – Robert Pomeroy Cooper
2nd husband – Frank Hartle
- 8. Don Carlos Roberts 1885**
wife – Claire Poyer
- 9. Louis Dermont Roberts 1889**
wife – Winifred Louise Dean

Child One

ORVILLE CLARK ROBERTS, Jr.- PERSIS AMY YOUNG



ORVILLE CLARK ROBERTS, JR.



PERSIS AMY YOUNG

By Harriet Roberts Steele (Sister)

Birth

Orville Clark Roberts, Jr. was born 24 October 1869 in Provo, Utah at the home of his grandparents, Howard Coray and Martha Jane Knowlton Coray. At the tender age of about two weeks, he was taken on a flying buggy ride to Mona, Utah where his parents lived. He must have enjoyed that ride for he ever after loved horses.

Loved Horses from Young Childhood

As soon as his legs were long enough to bend over a horse's back, his father brought him a pair of boots and a saddle and put him on the pony which had been especially broken for him. He started then to ride the range with father, who gathered and branded as many horses and colts then as most men gather cows and calves today.

Brotherly Bond – Always Together

When Orville was past three, the family moved out of town to a large hay ranch where his brother, Howard, grew large enough to be a companion. This became evident as they developed into manhood for no two brothers were ever fonder of each other than were Orville and Howard Roberts. They played together, swam together, herded cows together and rode the range together. They always sat together in school and used the same books. They would milk the cows together, and they had two axes and ran races chopping wood. They ran foot races, wrestled, jumped and boxed hats off each other's heads. They learned to handle tools and to do carpentry work together while playing with father's tools.

Orville Cuts Knee with Drawing Knife

On one occasion, after father had moved and

when Orville was about seven, we were living on the spring close to the stream named Willow Creek, located about five miles South of the little town, Mona and twelve miles North of Nephi. The boys were making a little wagon tongue and Orville cut his knee with a drawing knife. He was laid up for several days and Howard stayed close by his bed. They looked at pictures and played marbles on the bed, but they were a happy pair when they could ride out after the cows again. Father finished the wagon tongue but took the drawing knife with the rest of his tools to a new house which he was building a half mile away.

In the spring of 1879, we moved into a larger frame house. Father moved one of the log rooms and joined it to the frame house; we used it for a kitchen. Orville and Howard spent most of their time herding cows.

No Fences – Herd Laws

Our two neighbors, Greens on the North and Pitchforth on the South, each had a small herd of milch cows and boys about the same age as Orville and Howard. These boys were very anxious to catch our cows on their side of the line, as Utah had no fences but a herd law. Legally, they could rush the cows to the stray pen and collect damages. The result was that Orville would scrap the bigger boys while Howard would run the cows back to our own pasture.

Coldest Winter – Calves Froze

The winter of 1879 and 1880 was the coldest one I ever witnessed. Every calf born that winter froze to death, even though feed and shelter were plentiful. I remember the boys crying as each calf died. They did all of the milking and father fed the stock.

Hired Help – Orville's Accident

Mother always taught us our lesson at home because we lived so far from schools and in order to do this, she had to have help. We never spoke of the girls as servants but as our help. That winter, we had an Indian girl by the name of Loretta Lewellen who came from Sanpete, I believe. One Saturday, she went home for a visit over Sunday; father was getting breakfast, as mother could not get around until after she had eaten. That morning she called the boys and was sitting in front of the fire when Orville,

partly dressed came in front of the fire and fell sprawling across the hearth. His head struck and broke a jar of cream near the fireplace. Mother tried to lift him to the bed when she turned faint and told me to call Pa quick. I rushed to the kitchen and told him both Orville and Ma had fallen over.

Soap and Rhubarb Pills

When mother was able to sit up again, she had me bring her Doctor Gunn's book from which she got a recipe for soap and rhubarb pills. Orville had to take one of those large pills every morning for quite some time. All of us older children would remind him if he forgot, for we long remembered the scare he and mother gave us that Saturday morning. The pills must have been good medicine for I do not remember him having any trouble with his head or stomach after that.

Swedish Boarders

There was a large immigration from Sweden to the L.D.S. Church that winter. As they needed help, many were sent out to various wards where people could keep them. Father took a lady with a little daughter of about ten or twelve years of age. Mrs. Peterson, the mother, could not speak a word of English, but the daughter, Augusta, picked it right up. Because Mrs. Peterson was slow and depended upon signs, Orville and our Uncle, Don, who was near Orville's age, loved to tease her. This was not nice of them, but they were nearest their own Heaven when they could tease someone.

Boys Learn to Knit

When mother was in bed after the birth of our baby brother, Frank, and when Loretta went home for a visit, things were merry around our kitchen. Otherwise, we all got along very well. Mrs. Peterson taught us all to knit. Orville and Howard knitted brother Frank's first pair of stockings and a pair of wristlets, each one doing one item.

Call to Move South – Utah or Colorado

President Taylor of the L.D.S. Church had called for volunteer Saints to move south with their families to build up Southern Utah and Colorado. One colony had already gone to San Juan, Utah and this cold winter crystallized father's decision to go with the next colony to leave in the fall. The boys spent the summer months helping to gather the horses and keeping the cows in their own pasture

while we all looked forward to the great move. Mrs. Peterson's husband and son had come from Sweden and settled them in a home in Mona.

Boys Play and Watch Building of Railroad

Loretta Lewellen, the Indian girl, was going with us; the boys would drive the cows and Marion Mott and Niels Rasmussen would drive the horses. Outside of our own family, our only companions as playmates were children of our ages of an English family by the name of Burston who lived just across the road from us. That was the summer the railroad came through central Utah to Cedar City. As the boys played Indian and war, jumping from piles of ties placed along the track, they watched the grading and the laying of the ties and iron rails, then last of all the big engine with the string of cars thundering by. Little did they realize that in one month they

would be parted and their lives would lead to different paths; only fond memories would remain of that rich friendship through all of which there had never been a single unpleasantness.

Childhood Friends Part from One Another

Each Sunday father gathered the two families together for our own Sunday School lessons. How well I remember the day we left! The Burston family all came over to our side of the railroad track; the boys huddled together and talked of the trip. Orville and Howard led their horses over the track with the boys close behind them. Mounting their ponies, Orville and Howard rode one way as Jimmie, Warren, and Johnnie walked the other way and each turned to look at the other for the last time – a childhood companionship severed.

Life of ORVILLE CLARK ROBERTS, JR.

By Mary Amelila Roberts (Daughter)

Happy and Interesting Life

I was asked to give some of my memories of my father and mother. That will be a difficult thing for me to do as so many things come crowding to my mind. As far back as I can remember, they lived a happy and interesting life and were always ready and willing to help those in need.

Valentine's Day Wedding

Father and mother were married on Valentine's Day and he never forgot to present her with the most beautiful valentine he could find on every anniversary. She was always happy and pleased with the gift.

Church Entertainment Nights

One of my first recollections is when they would go to visit some of their folks or go to a church entertainment at night. Father would put hay or straw in the wagon box to make us children a bed. When the weather was cold, mother would put rocks or bricks in the oven to get them hot and would place them at our feet to keep us warm. Of course, when we arrived home late at night, we children would be asleep, especially the younger ones, and father would help mother carry us all in the house. I would often pretend to be asleep so he

would carry me in also. Mother would scold and try to get father to make me walk but he would feel sorry for me and carry me into the house, undress me and put me to bed.

Mother Resourceful – Always Busy Hands

My parents always lived on a farm and mother would sell butter and eggs to help out with the expenses. She made all of our clothes including father's shirts and underclothes. She knitted our stockings and we felt well dressed. We all spent hours in the evenings picking wool so she could cord it to make quilts. She never sat down to rest without something in her hands to work with, either knitting, sewing quilt blocks, patching, braiding rugs, or crocheting.

Play with Children – Faithful Church Workers

They were never too tired to play with children. The neighbor children spent a good deal of their time at our house; father would play blindman's bluff while mother made taffy. She would take special pains braiding it so it would give us more pleasure. They were both faithful workers in the Church and we were taught to pray and pay our tithing and we thought it a special occasion when the ward teachers came.

Walk to Primary – Father Helps Others

Mother would walk two and one-half miles to Primary gathering the children along the way. The larger children would help her carry her babies that were too small to walk that far. She always worked in Primary until her health and eyes prevented it. Father always had plenty of good horses so the farmers always depended upon him to help them with their threshing. I can still well remember how he kept the horses going around in a circle all day long.

Compassion Towards Others

It makes my heart ache when I think of the hardships my father and mother went through to supply the needs for their family; yet, they were the first to help those in need. One winter, there was a poor family that had no place to go and my parents let them live in part of our house. We all had scarlet fever that winter and father could not come home. That was the coldest winter I can remember.

Orville's Eye Problems

My father had bad eyes with granulated lids and wild hairs growing on the lids. Mother would

pull out the wild hair and put milk Blue vitriol in to burn out the granulation. It made him suffer greatly but all he ever said was, "My gracious, how that hurts!" At one time, his eye sight completely failed so with the aid of a faithful team and one of us children, he would freight coal from Evan's coal mine in Fruitland to Farmington, fourteen miles away. He would get \$10.00 for the two tons of coal.

San Juan River Floods

In the fall of 1910, there was a big flood which came down the San Juan River. Our pasture was on the low lands and the water covered it. However, our house was on higher ground so we got everything in the wagon ready to leave if it was necessary. We sat on the porch and watched that terrible stream carry hay stacks, chicken coops, horses and cows and even big trees past us. The water came within ten feet of the house when it began to drop, just an inch at a time, but enough so we did not have to leave. We were greatly relieved. I don't believe father lost any animals as he had driven them to higher ground, but it ruined our field.

Life of ORVILLE CLARK ROBERTS, JR.

By Glen Roberts (Son)

Orville Goes to California

In 1912 father moved to San Diego, California with his brother-in-law, Roy Cooper. He stayed there about two years working on a fruit farm. In 1914 he sent his family to Huntington, Utah where Grandmother Young lived (Sarah Young.) The next spring, 1915 he went from California to Redmesa, Colorado where he farmed with his brother Frank. That fall he was reunited with his family in Huntington, at which time the family was moved to Redmesa, Colorado.

Active in Church

The thing I remember most is always having the neighbor children playing around our house and the enjoyable times we had together. We all went to elementary school in Redmesa. Father was always active in the church. He was a very consistent and conscientious ward teacher and was an assistant to

Charles E. Dean in the Sunday School Superintendency for years. After Charles Dean was made Bishop, father served in the Sunday School with Leo Taylor.

Cares for Daughter, Amy and New Baby

In 1923 Amy and her husband, Ammon Stevens, were living in Cortez, Colorado where he was farming, and I went over there and brought Amy to Redmesa just before the birth of their first daughter, Elizabeth Amy (Beth) on the 24th of July 1923, and mother and father took care of her.

"The Old Goat Ranch" – Mother Seriously Ill

In 1924 father bought a farm in Kline, Colorado which we always called "The Old Goat Ranch." Farming was the main source of income while living here. About 1935 they moved back to Redmesa. At this time they lived in the old Vosco

Burnham place. While living there mother became very ill and had to have surgery. After she returned from the hospital and all seemed to be going well she took a turn for the worse and we were told she could not live, so all the children were notified and all came home. She was taken back to the hospital and through a miracle she recovered from this illness and lived until November 11, 1952. She died in a hospital in American Falls, Idaho, after a lingering illness. She is buried in Shelley, Idaho.

Father died in the hospital in Durango, Colorado, March 19, 1942, after a brief illness. He is buried in Redmesa, Colorado.

Honest to a Fault

Father was honest to a fault. He never took advantage of his fellowmen. He had a great sense of humor. He was so conscientious about his church duties that he would stop anything he might be doing

to fulfill his assignments even if it meant traveling fifty miles to do it. It made no difference what the authorities asked him to do, he would donate his time and talents to building up the Lord's vineyard.

"MY GRACIOUS" – Eat Anything

Everyone who ever knew him will remember his individualistic expression, "MY GRACIOUS". I remember how he would come in and if there was anything left on the table he would eat it, so we children, having a little devilment in us, would fix up the "darndest" things and leave them on the table knowing that he would soon be coming in looking for something to eat, and sure enough here he would come, and sure enough, there was his "dose of medicine" waiting on the table. He would take a bite and let out with "MY GRACIOUS, you kids are going to poison me sometime.

Life of ORVILLE CLARK ROBERTS, Jr.

By Virga Stevens (Daughter)

Lived by the Golden Rule

There is little I can add to what has been said. I remember while we were living in California father worked for a citrus farmer. I remember him taking us, one fourth of July night, several miles to see the city fire works. We went by team and wagon. I had my eighth birthday in California, and father, mother

and the missionaries took me to the San Diego Bay to baptize me. Father worked very hard to provide for his family. In terms of money, father was a poor man, but I think I can truly say that he loved his fellow men, and was one of the very few people who lived by the golden rule.

EXCERPTS FROM ORVILLE'S DIARY

Goes to California

Christmas morning, 1911, I left my family in Kirtland, New Mexico and joined my sister, Daphne, and Robert P. Cooper, her husband, who were bound for San Diego, California. Things had not been turning out as well as I thought they should so I took the chance to see what California had to offer. After a very hard trip across the Indian country to Gallup, New Mexico, we boarded a train that took us whirling towards the coast. After arriving at the home of Mr. Cooper, (my brother-in-law's father) in San Diego, he took me to a neighbor and introduced me to Mr. Wellman who gave me work on a big farm and a place to sleep. The farm was owned by

Scripps, who seemed to be connected with everything in the country. Although the pay was not very good, at least it was a start.

They gave me four good horses and started me on the harrow. I must have harrowed too fast as I worked myself out of a job. Well I started out with my green team and a boss just as green. I got things to going alright by the middle of the forenoon. They gave me some green colts to brake on a big disk plow. I was tired when night came. I caught the train to LaJolla to see my sister Daphne (tots.) We talked until 11 o'clock at night, when Roy came.

The next day I fasted until noon; after a good

dinner I went back to my job. That next morning I started out with my five horses and a two mule team. That was just what I needed to make my outfit complete.

Over slept this morning. When I said my secret prayers. I remembered I had not fasted. It made me feel guilty. I do not often forget. So went the year of 1911.

Journal Entries 1912

Mother's Prayers

22 January 1912 - I received a letter from my mother. I had to read it thru twice. I could feel the weight of her prayers for me. It sent such a thrill through me I will never forget.

First Long Auto Ride

28 January 1912 - I wrote to mother, and Persis. Went to LaJolla to see Daphne and Roy - had a little visit with them. Then they brought me back in an auto. It was my first long auto ride. We went about 50 miles in two hours.

Visits to "Tots"

3 February 1912 - I felt dreadfully depressed. I went to LaJolla to see Daphne. Next day I fasted until 3 o'clock. Afterwards Daphne and I had quite a discussion about this country and things in general. "Tots" [Daphne's nickname] sent me to a clean little white room by myself to think and pray. I do believe that she must have dictated to the Lord for that prayer, for I humbly prayed in earnest for guidance in my affairs - and received it.

Arranges for Family to Come to California

11 February 1912 -- I got a move on me this morning, cleaned up, went to Sunday School with a song in my heart. Met Daphne and went home with her to LaJolla. Learned that Roy had gone back to Redmesa on business. Wrote to Persis to come if she wanted to. Wrote to Don to take charge of my affairs. After eating supper with Daphne, I took a car for City Heights.

Anniversary Memories

14 February 1912 - This is the 17th year of my married life and I am happy to say that I think more of my wife than I did the day I married her. We are many miles apart today, but my heart and thoughts are with my dear wife and children. I wrote a long

letter to Persis and mother.

28 February 1912 - Received a letter from Persis with a note to sign. I hate to sign notes, but I want my family with me. I wrote to Don and sent the signed note and a power of attorney.

3 March 1912 - I fasted today and went to meeting. I do believe I bore my testimony today with more power than I ever did before.

Persis and Children Arrive

6 March 1912 - Persis came with my parents but I did not know where they were. After I did the chores, Mr. Wellman let me off so I could find them. I found them all right at LaJolla with Daphne.

9 March 1912 - I worked overtime enough so I could get off. Persis and I agreed to meet on Tuesday which we did and did some shopping then back to LaJolla to spend Sunday with the folks. Then back to work.

Pleasant Sunday with Persis

17 March 1912 - I heard that Bro. Robinson was going to speak so I took a car to LaJolla to get Persis. The meeting was wonderful. After which we got a room in town. The next morning Persis and I got up early and strolled through the city [San Diego] and got some breakfast. Then went to see Mrs. Lyke, rented the place, bought some furniture, went to the chicken Ranch, ordered chicks. Then Persis took the car from LaJolla and I [went] to work. - Mother and Daphne came to Mr. Coopers in the evening so I went over to see them.

Family Together Again

20 March 1912 - I moved my family into the place we had rented. Then went to make arrangements for boarding at home. Mr. and Mrs. Wellman agreed on fifty dollars. - I have a terrible cold.

21 March 1912 - A few lines added by Persis. - "We were so tired of Orville being away from us. We followed him to San Diego, where he is now laboring hard to support us, but we'll try to find work to help out a little. . . " - Persis -

Daily, Weekly Activities

15 April 1912 - I tried plowing, but it was too wet. Our black hen hatched us 12 chickens. Persis and Amy have made a little picking lemons.

19 May 1912 - Sunday; I finished cleaning around Wellman's - got some wheat for our chickens. We all went to Sunday School and meeting. Pres. Robinson down from Los Angeles, he explained Nebuchadnezzar's dream better than I ever heard. In the evening Persis and the girls (Amy and Mary) went to San Diego [back to sacrament meeting]. I stayed at home to care for the children and wrote to Don.

20 May 1912 - Roy and Daphne came and ate supper with us [then] went to Mr. Cooper's to spend the night.

Girls Enrolled in School

1 June 1912 - I went to see about entering Amy and Mary in high school.

Virga Baptized

2 June 1912 - Went to meeting, were a little late. Persis, Mary, Virga and I ate dinner with the Elders. Bro. Mendenhall taking charge we baptized Virga. Bro. Mendenhall confirmed her. - Persis had one of her sick headaches.

9 June 1912 - I watched them budding trees today the first budding I ever saw.

11 Jun 1912 - I was busy with the lemon grove. Virga looked after the water and did a fine job. In evening I helped Persis fix her coops. Our chickens are doing fine.

13 June 1912 - Got up at 4 o'clock took a little hunt for coyotes - found one - took a pot shot at him, but missed. Harrowed the Apricot orchard.

15 June 1912 - Harrowed as usual in the lemons - got my 25 dollar check.

16 June 1912 - Went to Sunday School, had a good time. I am glad I get to go once in a while - it builds me up. We brought Elders Manning and Christian home with us for dinner. We all went to the evening meeting.

17 June 1912 - I kept Grant home to help me.

22 June 1912 - Harvested Olives today.

24 June 1912 - Began harrowing the orchard all over again. That is one way they conserve the moisture in the soil.

28 June 1912 - I harrowed a while then put the water on the fig trees.

30 June 1912 - Roy Cooper phoned that they have a baby girl. [Helena].

Fireworks - Visit Family in Jamacha

4 July 1912 - I got Mr. Wellman's team and wagon and took all the family to see the fire works, but they were a fizzle. Mr. Wellman gave me the day off.

6 July 1912 - We got up early, caught the chickens to take for our dinner and started for Jamacha while it was cool. Found Daphne feeling fine and the blue eyed baby girl was a joy to us all. Roy took his buggy and took me around to see the country. I enjoyed it very much but do not believe I want to live there. In the evening we had [our own] fireworks. Mother went to her little home in Roy's Orange grove, to get a little rest.

7 July 1912 - This is the first fast day, that I have not kept since New Years, but as I was not going to meeting and all were eating - I ate also. Amy and Mary got to Daphne's all right.

Speaks in Church - Short and to the Point

21 July 1912 - We went to Sunday School and stayed for meeting. They called on me to talk. My sermon was as usual - short and to the point. Amy and Mary went to Mrs. Lyke to settle for the rent. The little girls and I came home. Persis had dinner ready for us.

22 July 1912 - We [Mr. Wellman] shipped a load of lemons. Persis and the girls finished the picking for this time. It will begin again in a few weeks.

Visit to Purifying Plant

28 July 1912 - The girls (Amy and Mary) and I went over to see the water purifying plant. They surely run a lot of water through in a short while. Quite a sight!

Picnic and Sights at Coronado

4 August 1912 - After meeting, Roy, Daphne and Mother and all the rest of us went to Coronado with our picnic and to see the sights. Lamont was interested in watching the monkeys. It was a good day all round.

8 August 1912 - The peaches are beginning to ripen.

10 August 1912 - Herman Coray [cousin] spent the evening with us.

12 August 1912 - Lemon picking begins again for Persis, Mary and Amy.

Father's 79th Birthday

1 September 1912 - This was father's 79th birthday. He is enjoying pretty good health for a man of his age. We all got together [at Daphne's]; everything went off nicely. Father has had a very eventful life.

3 September 1912 - I had my visit day with Mother for my Labor Day, so now I am back at the same old grind; watering, harrowing, over and over.

Letter from Son, Howard Glen – Stayed Behind in New Mexico

7 September 1912 - Received a letter from Howard Glen [their son] who is still in New Mexico. We were glad to learn that all is well with him.

8 September 1912 - Mr. Wellman let us gather some peaches, figs, and grapes for the children.

16 September 1912 - I took Grant and Virga to school. Met all their teachers. I liked them all.

Go to See the Circus

19 September 1912 - The girls came in to go to a circus. They waited until evening so I could go with them. It was good.

22 September 1912 - Persis and I went to the Jap garden to get some tomatoes. I went to town and took Eppie with me.

25 September 1912 - Had a nice chat with Mrs. Burney (a white widow of a Negro Doctor.). She seems to be a very intelligent woman and is still proud of what her Doctor husband stood for. Their only child (Elizabeth) had a very unhappy life, but became a highly respected nurse in Los Angeles.

Amy Enrolled in Normal School

29 September 1912 - Amy and I went to get her enrolled in the San Diego Normal.

Sister, Jennie Comes to California

20 October 1912 - Received a letter from Roy, telling me to get Jennie's baggage at the depot and

bring it out to Jamacha to her. I went and brought Mother and Jennie back with me.

* * * * *

Orville's diary from here on to 1914 is missing. During which time his father died, and his mother had gone back to Salt Lake City, Utah. Daphne and Roy had sold their Jamacha home and moved back to LaJolla. Orville had sent his family back to New Mexico or Utah.

Journal Entries 1914

12 January 1914 - I received a letter from Persis, stating she had at last got the trunk. It made me homesick. I had changed jobs but was still harrowing and plowing and watering. The boys I was working with this time played cards every evening. Once in a while I would join them in a game of pedro. It was during the rainy season and many times I worked all day wet to the skin. I contented myself by reading the scriptures, writing to my loved ones and going out to see Daphne (Tots.)

I have been reading "One Hundred Years of Mormonism." I have [had] several opportunities to explain the Gospel to people, or answer their questions.

I have done the worst job of setting posts I ever did in my life but I was not boss so all I could do was to go ahead.

17 March 1914 - Wrote a letter to Tots, also Frank Roberts; shipped a box of oranges to Persis and a small box to Mother.

21 March 1914 - After my work was done, I went to LaJolla to spend Sunday with Tots. Found that Roy had returned from his trip so she was happy. I took them some oranges.

Prepares to Return to Colorado

11 April 1914 - They have a man to take my place as I am going home. They asked me to stay and take over another job, but it is too late now for I am going home.

12 April 1914 (Sunday) - I went to Sunday School and meeting. Bore my testimony for the last time to the people of San Diego. I rather hate to say goodby to my friends. I have learned to love them.

13 April 1914 - Bro and Sister Ounby took me to a show and then to the train. Got to Daphne's in LaJolla at 12 o'clock at night [talked until morning].

15 April 1914 - I went down and paid my last visit to the ocean. Tots and the children went with me. I stayed with Daphne all day. I hate to leave her. Went to San Diego on the 6:10 train.

Spiritual Day

16 April 1914 - I called on Bro. Richards. We chatted while his daughter sang a few songs, then he and I walked up to the Fair Grounds where we met Roy. After having another look around the Fair grounds I went back to La Jolla and chatted with Tots while I packed. Then said goodbye to my dear sister. Roy took me to San Diego to the Santa Fee Depot where I boarded the train and feasted my eyes on beautiful scenery all the way to Los Angeles. The first thing I did in Los Angeles was to find the Elders [and] with Elder Cummings help I got a nice room. - This day has been a feast for me hearing the Elders give in their reports and to have the chance to shake Pres. Smith's hand again.

19 April 1914 - This has been another grand day. I was honored with the privilege of setting on the stand with Apostle George A. Smith and one of the Presidents of Seventies, J. G. Kimball. We have had a spiritual feast.

Long Last Leg of Journey

20 April 1914 - Took the train to Gallup, New Mexico at 9 A.M. - my next 12 hours were spent pleasantly with congenial company, but was disappointed that the teams did not meet me in Gallup. I met John Arington who gave me his job so I labored for six hours and still the team did not come, so I worked some more until the 23, when Mr. Cotton told me there was an Indian with a wagon leaving for my direction, so I joined the Indian, but I walked most of the day to Manning's store where I learned it was only 16 miles to Bro.

Nelsons. So after dinner I pulled out and left the Indian behind. I arrived at the store about 7 P.M. I certainly enjoyed the evening with Bro and Sister Nelson.

With Family in New Mexico

26 April 1914 - I reached Frank Noel's Trading Post about 9 A.M. and enjoyed spending the day with them and meeting in their little Sunday School. My eyes are so bad. May looked into them for wild hairs but failed to find any. I enjoyed visiting with May. I love my sisters.

Home Again

3 May 1914 - Well here I am home again. I went to meeting and did my share of the preaching. I am glad to be among old friends again, but now I had to make plans for the future of my family. The most promising thing I can see is to join my brothers in Redmesa, Colorado where a new tract of land is being brought under cultivation.

* * * * *

There is a long break in Orville's diary during the time he was establishing a home at Redmesa, getting ready for his family which were spending the summer with Persis' folks in Huntington, Utah. They did establish a home in Redmesa and lived there until his death.

Treated Grandchildren as Equals

The children began getting married, so his family was never the same again, but he loved his grand children. One grand daughter told why she loved her grand father. She said it was the way he treated her - like a grown up. She said he always spoke to the children as an equal and always shook hands with them. It made them feel like living up to his expectations.

They had beautiful flowers growing around their home and tried to make it a little heaven.

*Orville Clark Roberts Jr. and
Persis Amy Young
Children and their Spouses*

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Amy Jane Roberts 1894
husband – Ammon Cannon Stevens | 8. Eppie Roberts 1906 |
| 2. Lorenza Sabriskas Roberts 1895
(died as an infant) | 9. Cora Roberts 1908 |
| 3. Mary Amelia Roberts 1896
husband – William Edward Cloward | 10. Lamont Young Roberts 1910
(died 12 years old) |
| 4. Orville Clark Roberts III 1898
(died as an infant) | 11. Frankie Roberts 1913
husband – William John Burgess |
| 5. Howard Glen Roberts 1899
wife – Clara Maurine Young | 12. Willma Roberts 1916
husband – Parley Haskett |
| 6. Chester Grant Roberts 1902
1 st wife – Waneta Fairchild
2 nd wife – Grace Dorothy Miller | 13. Lymon Dow Roberts 1918
wife – Rosella May Williamson |
| 7. Virga Roberts 1904
husband – Daniel Edward Stevens | 14. Claude Knowlton Roberts 1920
wife – Doris Slade |
| | 15. Homer Gerald Roberts 1923
wife – Mary Katherine Withsom |

Child Two

HOWARD DANIEL ROBERTS – MARY WIPPLE YOUNG



HOWARD DANIEL ROBERTS



MARY WIPPLE YOUNG

Howard Daniel Roberts, second son of Orville Clark and Mary Knowlton Coray Roberts, was born 10 July 1871 in Mona, Juab County, Utah. His older brother gave him full brotherly welcome and they became inseparable companions, from that day until they were grown with families of their own. Of the two, Orville was the more cautious and thoughtful one, while Howard was the daring venturesome one, who had to be held back by Orville's persuasive counsel. Early in life, they learned to ride a horse and accompany their father on his many trips taking care of his cattle and horses.

When he was nine years old, he, with Orville, helped to drive the stock on that long trip to Southern Colorado. If the men favored them any in the work by taking the hardest part, they had to do so without the boys knowing it. They (in their own minds) were equal to any in the group.

Life of the Party

Howard was the life of the party wherever he went. He loved a joke, but was never known to laugh at another's discomfort. It was not a joke to him if anyone was hurt in the telling. This disposition made him many friends who loved him very much. He was adored by his brothers and sisters.

While he was yet in his early teens, he began working as a helper in the flour mill which his father had purchased. Very soon, he began to accept responsibilities until he could do all that had to be done about the mill. When he was 19, he was doing the job by himself. He afterwards found that his knowledge in milling was to be useful in earning a livelihood for his family.

Fell in Love – Big Wedding

The summer he turned 19, he fell in love with a beautiful girl of sixteen who was the daughter of John R. Young and his wife, Tamar Black Young, who were on their way to Mexico and had stopped in Mancos for a few weeks before resuming their journey. When it came time for the company to go on their way, the young folks could not be separated without a heartbreak so the parents gave their consent and a marriage was solemnized. A big wedding was celebrated and the whole ward was invited. A banquet was served.

They joined the company and went as far as St. Johns, Arizona with them, but there, Howard obtained employment in a flour mill and then came back to make their home, first at Jackson and then at Fruitland, New Mexico.

Tragic Accidental Shooting

Misfortune began to befall them. Their first baby, a precious little daughter of six months was shot while in her mother's arms. The following is in the mother's own words:

Howard and I moved to Jackson where his folks had taken up a ranch; it was there our first baby was born and we named her Mamie. That fall, Howard went to Farmington to run a grist mill and I went to Mexico to stay with my mother who was not well. On March 25, 1892 my father was taking me to the train for my return trip home when we had a tragic accident. We were within a day's travel of Deming and we started early that morning so as to reach the town by night time. My Grandpa Black was with us and they were in a wagon just ahead of ours. My brother, William, was driving our team and my father was reading a book to us. My baby was playing peek-a-boo with my little brother, Ray, peeking at him then hiding her face on my chest. We were sitting on a roll of bedding in the back of the wagon. Ray was standing in front of us. Father was sitting in the seat with William.

Suddenly, I fell back on the bed. I thought someone had struck me with a rock. Then, I noticed that my father and Ray were both hurt. A gun in the front wagon had gone off; the bullet passed through father's left shoulder and through Ray's leg. It grazed my baby's head and lodged in my breast. My mother held my baby until she died about an hour

later. They tore up a sheet and bound father's arm tightly enough to stop the flow of blood and saved his life, although he lost his arm. We had to travel on to Deming, reaching there at 9:00 at night. After three days, I took the train to Gallup, New Mexico where Howard was waiting for me to take me to our home in Jackson.

This Was the Answer of How It Happened:

May's grandfather, in preparing to travel, had unloaded his gun and set it down by the wagon wheel while he gathered some things to put into the wagon. His sons saw a coyote and loaded the gun to shoot it, but by the time they got the gun loaded, the coyote was gone so they put the gun down where it had been previously and went on with their work of harnessing the team for the start of the day's journey. The grandfather came back, finding the gun right where he had left it, finished fixing it for the trip by tying it to the top of the wagon bows with the muzzle pointing back. As he was the one to lead out, his wagon was in front of the one in which May was riding with her parents and brothers. When the road became rough, it caused the gun to discharge and May has described what happened, bringing a loss and sorrow into the lives of this happy young couple.

Indian Trouble

May's parents later came back and bought a home in Fruitland, New Mexico. In order for May to be near her mother, Howard also bought a home there. Howard's parents then came to Fruitland to get the children in school. They rented a place that stood near the San Juan River. One day, Howard came down to spend a few minutes with his parents and he found them out in the garden. He went out to talk a while and tease the girls. When they heard a call for "help," which they thought to be from the next farm down the river, they listened to see if they were mistaken. It came again and then no more.

Howard ran down the Indian trail to where he could see for some distance and discovered Mr. McCarthy to be in trouble. Howard met a group of Indian women and children running along the trail towards town and the Indian men were holding Mr. McCarthy with a gun pointing at his heart. Howard called to them and they stopped until Howard got to them. They had taken the gun from Mr. McCarthy

and were going to kill him and throw him in the river, the Indians said, and Howard was to forget he had seen them.

The Indians said McCarthy was angry because they traveled on the trail which was their only access into town when the river was high. They had used that trail for many, many years and they would not hurt McCarthy's grain because they always walked single-file and never made a wide trail. Mr. McCarthy said he had told them many times not to go through his field but the Indians denied this. Howard finally talked them into going into town and letting the Indian Agent settle the matter. However, the only way the Indians would have it was for Howard to hold the gun at Mr. McCarthy's back. The Indian Agent treated the situation lightly; he told Mr. McCarthy to let the Indians go through his property, and then let them go. Mr. McCarthy knew the Indians were out to kill him so he left the country and had his wife sell the property. He never came back.

Howard's Death

Howard was the Superintendent of the Sunday School in Fruitland and helped organize many July

Fourth celebrations. On one occasion, he became very ill and the whole ward fasted and prayed for him. He recovered, but not completely, when he was called upon to help some government men ferry their buggy across the San Juan River; they were going to Gallup, New Mexico to promote a road across the Indian Reservation and build a bridge across the San Juan River.

While crossing the stream, the buggy was securely launched on the boat which made it top heavy. The winds took them past the landing place and they were headed for the rapids. They were forced to jump off the boat and swim to safety. All but Howard reached the bank safely. Howard was an excellent swimmer, but his strength had not been fully recovered and he could not swim to safety. His body was recovered five days later seven miles below.

Howard had always been active in civic and church affairs and was highly respected by all who knew him. He left a widow with three small children and the youngest (Howard) was born four months after his [father's] death.

LIFE OF HOWARD DANIEL ROBERTS

by Mary E. Roberts Noel (Sister)

Howard and Hattie, you had one of the grandest father's that was ever given to a boy and girl and in my weak way, I am going to tell you a few of the happenings of his life.

Howard Daniel Roberts was born 10 July 1871; his father was Orville Clark Roberts and his mother was Mary Knowlton Coray. He was the second son and one of nine children, five boys and four girls. He was born at Mona, Juab County, Utah.

Howard's Baptism

The first I can remember is the day that he was baptized. Father took him down to a small creek near our house and when father went to baptize him, he objected and climbed upon father's back. We all went to the house. However, Hattie, my older sister, says that later in the day father took him down to a place which Howard claimed as his swimming place and baptized him.

I remember very little at Mona for I was quite young when father left there and went to Mancos, Colorado so I will have to begin from there with my story.

Life on Chicken Creek

We first lived in a one room house constructed of logs and dirt floor. It seems now that through the day, mother would pile all of the beds together on her bed in the corner. There was a small stream that ran behind the house which we called Chicken Creek. It was quite shallow in the summer and Howard would make Jennie and me little boats and help us sail them down the creek. There were lots of little groves of small cottonwood trees along the creek in which we would play house. There were no near neighbors so the older children, Orville, Howard, and Hattie seemed content to play with Jennie and me when they were not too busy at other things. This was always a joy to me.

The hill which was on the other side of the creek, was a never-ending source of amusement to us. We nearly lived on that hill. In the spring, it was covered with Lilies, Indian flowers, Larkspur, Bluebells, and Sweet Williams. I can never forget that beautiful sight. We gathered flowers by the baskets full and kept mother's poor little room filled. Howard accompanied us in gathering nuts in the fall, also hunting for shark teeth and arrowheads. We would take our picnic, sometimes only boiled eggs, bread and butter, and molasses, but it was grand fun for us. We would sometimes gather buffalo berries and wild currants along the creek. This was all the fruit we had but to this day, there is nothing tastes better to me than buffalo berry jelly or jam.

Howard always took a main part in all of these trips. He and Orville carried the buckets and picked the high berries. He looked after the smaller children and amused them with his pranks for he was always mischievous and kept us all laughing. Sometimes he would try to get out of his work and get Orville to do it. I can remember father often called him lazy.

In the winter, Howard and Orville would pull our sleds up the hill for us and would pull our sleds (and us) over the snow.

Stoves in Their Playhouse

Father built a new four-room house with two bedrooms upstairs and two rooms down stairs. The boys had one room and Hattie and I had the other. This house, too, was made of logs. I often think of some stoves which Howard and Orville made for us for our playhouse. We marked off our houses in the front yard, Jennie and I were on one side and Hattie and Howard were on the other. Howard took a couple of coal-oil cans and fixed a pipe on them so we could make a real fire. Orville played with us for mother wouldn't let us make a fire unless he was there.

Howard Shoots His Finger Off

Howard was always experimenting and inventing things; we all thought him to be quite a wonder. On one occasion, father sent him to milk the cows and all at once he heard a shot. It worried father and so he decided he better look around. Going to the door, he saw Howard returning home with his finger shot off. Howard had been trying to

reload a cartridge shell; it went off and took his finger with it, or most of it.

There was no doctor available at that time so father dressed it and attended it. Everyone told father to cut it off, but he said he would not, that he would make the flesh climb the bone and he did. All he lost was the first joint of his finger.

Howard and Orville Seldom Separated

Howard and Orville were seldom separated. Howard always walked with Orville's arm on his shoulder so that Orville could hear what he said to him. Orville was hard of hearing.

Experience with Horses "There Goes the Fruitcake"

Father always had many fat, beautiful horses which was the pride and joy of the boys. They loved to ride and drive them. He also had some mules which he used for carrying the mail to Bluff City, Utah. We called one of the mules Molly and she seemed to know when it was time to take the mail and would come up missing.

Howard and Everett Willis took a trip one time and father let them take Old Molly. She was a gentle old mule. Mother fixed them a dandy chuck box with a big fruit cake which Mrs. Barber, Everett's mother, had sent over. Howard often relates the incidence when one night they came into camp and found that Old Molly was just finishing up the cake. Howard drew a picture of the mule with her nose in the chuck box and wrote under it, "There goes the fruit cake." This picture created a good deal of fun with the boys in school. Howard was generally causing a laugh wherever he was, in school or anywhere else.

Mountain Fever and Bedsores

The mountain fever spread through the country and Howard caught this disease. He became very ill and everyone thought he was going to die but mother never lost faith. He was about the first person to come down with the disease and the last one to get up. Mother's faith, prayers and constant nursing brought him through. He got very thin and had bed sores, but it was all a joke with him; we would laugh and laugh at the things that he would say about his sores.

Breaking a Cow for Milking

I remember the time when Howard was trying to break a cow for milking. She got angry and started for him. Howard ran for the fence but she caught him just between her horns as he started over the fence. He escaped with only a hole through his clothes. He then got a club and drove her into the corner and made her stand while Orville milked her.

Meets His Wife and Marries

It was about this time that he met his wife, May Young. She was a pretty girl and had a beautiful voice. Her father moved there from Huntington, Utah. Howard fell completely in love with May and soon she was his whole thought. We tried to tease him about her, but it never worked. Their friendship grew and on 24 October 1890, they were married. [24 October] was Orville's birthday as well, and we had a real celebration. Everyone was invited as we cooked for most of a week. May had a lovely dress and looked lovely that day. Howard was so proud of her, but then we all were. Howard looked very handsome, too. The next day, a friend came in to see us and Howard introduced May as his wife. I remember it sounded so odd to us and he looked as strange as May felt.

May's father had decided to go to Old Mexico and Howard and May decided to go along. Father was in very poor health so he decided to go also. Howard and May stopped in St. John, Arizona for a while. Father soon returned and moved us to Jackson, New Mexico and Howard and May came to us there.

Light of Sunshine to His Siblings

It was then that his real life's struggle began – to get a home and take care of his family. They lived near us but in moving, we lost about all that we had and father being crippled with rheumatism couldn't help him very much. But, with all of this, I never heard him complain and when he dropped in to see us even for just a few minutes, he would banter me for a romp and believe me, I was always ready. He was a little rough but I would take it all just to get in one good lick. I loved him dearly and his coming in for even a minute left sunshine for the rest of the day. He and Hattie had been true pals and when he left the home, it nearly broke her heart.

He brought with him from St. John a stallion;

he was very proud of it. Father also had one and they often had great times bragging on their own horse. Those were really wonderful days. No one had any money and there was no money to get; still, we were all happy. Father wasn't able to work so we girls went in to the field and Orville went to work for wages. Hattie got a job and Jennie and I milked the cows, cut the wood, hauled water to our trees, after the dam went out, and laughed all the time. **We were happy on the dream that mother had about what we were going to do, the new house with water which we were going to build, the reservoir which we were going to have, the orchard, trees, flowers, etc. How I thank the Lord for mother's dream.**

Taking Care of His Own Family

Howard got him a place about a mile from us and put on it a little house, then he got a job in the Farmington mill about seven miles away. He went back and forth to work and about this time their first baby was born, little Mamie. She was the sweetest little girl that ever lived – how we all loved her. May got homesick to see her mother, so Howard sent her to Old Mexico for a visit. Howard stayed in Farmington and on weekends, he would come home. It was always a happy day for us.

It wasn't long until Brother John R. Young, May's father, decided to come to Fruitland to live and it was then that they had the tragedy of their young lives. Howard went to meet his wife and baby at Gallup when he got word of the baby's death and what had happened. He never saw his baby again. He waited in Gallup until May could come to him. **How May ever stood what she went through, only God who gives us strength, can tell.**

John R. Young bought a place in Fruitland. Howard got him a little place near them and we saw little of them for distances were great when traveling by wagon. We girls would go down to dances and stop [stay] with them. They would come up to Jackson once in a while. These were always happy visits. Their little family came along about every two years, and if you ever saw a proud father, it was Howard. He often tried to get mother to say his children were the finest she had, but he never succeeded. I was always in my glory when I could waltz with him.

Memorable Trip – May and Howard

I must tell you about a trip we took together. We both had a load of apples which we were taking to Durango. We got to Dales, the halfway place and it was terribly cold as it was late in the fall. Howard made me a bed in the wagon; his was under the wagon for there were about 50 teams camped there that night – all men. We made a campfire, cooked our supper and went to bed. He had me loaded down with big heavy quilts. It was then that I learned to hate big heavy quilts. I was slowly freezing to death. I finally called to him and told him so; he thought for a while what to do and then jumped up and got in the wagon and took me in his arms. I was soon fast asleep. I have to pause to shed a few tears in memory.

The next morning, we got up early before the others began to stir and had our breakfast. We were on our way over roads which soon divided. He went to Fruitland and I to Jackson but that trip I shall never forget; as cold as it was, it was one of the happiest memories of my life because I was with Howard.

Dried Peach Pie for Howard

One winter, Jennie and I batched at Fruitland and went to school. We were not far from his place and I used to make dried peach pies for him. He said they were good so I kept one on hand just to tempt him to come. It always made us happy for him to call. As I look back, I think he was watching to see that we didn't have too many boys around or staying up too late.

Celebrating the 4th of July

I often remember one Fourth of July celebration which he was in charge of in Fruitland. We built a big platform to dance on under the trees; we had picnics and a program. It was about the best celebration we ever had. He was always full of life and others partook of his spirit.

Brother's Advice and Support

One winter, mother took us to Mancos and when we came back, we got a place at Fruitland near Howard. I can remember when we first got there, he came down to see us and the first thing he said was, "Now, girls, don't go out of your heads over the boys that have come into town." The boys were the Curry and Noel boys. Well, I surely lost my

heart, if not my head, to one of the Noel boys but bless Howard's heart, he always stood by me and was good to my 'Noel boy'.

Howard and Frank's Relationship and Love

Our brother, Frank, used to drive an extra large team. He was crippled and very small and it was a real big job to put the harness on the horses. Many times I have heard him tell of how Howard would throw the harness on those big horses and then leave them for Frank and Don to finish. Frank loved him dearer than his own life and when Howard died, Frank felt as if the world was at an end, but he turned to Howard's little boys and tried to be a real father to them.

Memorable Trip to Idaho

Howard and Orville decided they wanted to go to Idaho. Jennie and I wanted to go to Provo to school so we all started out with team and wagons, Howard, Orville, Jennie and I. This made three teams and I shall never forget that trip.

The first night out, Frank Noel and Sadie Burnham went with us. I rode the horse with Frank and then Sadie rode it back. Camping was always a joy to me; as the boys both had small children, they thought it best for all of us to run our own outfits. Jennie and I made our own campfire, tended our own team, etc., but the jokes were heard all around after the beds were made and babies put to bed. We had a merry time around the fire. There is one instance which I remember. May [Howard's wife] had a can of honey and Howard told her that before they got rid of it, that it would end up in his bed. Sure enough, it wasn't long until Howard looked around and one of the little boys had carried the can of honey over and had given it to Hattie, their little girl who was sitting on the bed. We all had a good laugh but May had a real job cleaning it up.

We had a wonderful trip. We would lay over and wash and clean up whenever the girls felt they needed to. Everything went fine until we reached the Green River, then we didn't know what to do. Orville and Howard went down in the evening and rode across on horseback and picked out their best crossing. But, during the night, the river rose and the next morning when the boys drove into it, they were in trouble. Howard was driving but when the horses on the lead began to swim, he handed the lines to

Orville. I dropped on my knees and began to pray. Orville turned them in the water almost straight around. He saved the wagons and all got out alive.

After this, the boys gave our wagon to a man to ferry the rest of the way across. At Huntington, May, (Howard's wife) and Persis (Orville's wife) decided to stay and visit relatives. Orville, Howard, Jennie and I went on. It seemed lonesome without the girls and babies, but we had a merry time. Howard was full of his fun and I always tried to see that he never got the best of me.

Fun at Uncle Sid's

We reached Mona and went to Uncle Sid's (Sidney Algernon Coray). They lived on a big ranch with cows, horses, etc. By the ranch was a large lake. We stayed for a few days and the boys helped in the field. We all had a wonderful visit. They had young folks about my age and we went boat riding. I can remember the races which Howard and Lizzie had rowing. It russeled him to keep up with her.

May and Jennie Start School

We went on to Provo and started to school and it seems now, that they went on to Idaho. This was the last real visit I had with one of the dearest brothers a girl ever had. The last time I danced with him was a waltz. How I loved to waltz with him. He was a kind husband and father. He loved his family. As we rode into Provo, he was picking out the house which he was going to build for them. His dream was always for his family.

I loved him dearly, as did everyone, and one of my dreams of going to Heaven is in meeting Howard again.

Howard, Orville and Hattie Make Christmas

Christmas was Howard's big day. He would be Santa Clause and one year when father was very ill and it seemed evident that we were going to lose everything that we had and mother was very blue and down-hearted, Howard, Orville and Hattie decided to make it a Christmas. They prepared for the children – never thinking of themselves. Hattie, of course, saw to it that the boys were remembered but they were not so thoughtful, for when Christmas morning came, Hattie had been forgotten. How badly everyone felt, mother especially, and before night came, everyone had a present for Hattie. However, it wasn't the same and we never forgot it.

Howard would dream and plan for Christmas for weeks before. He was interested in every child's toy and helped to make that day the happiest day of the year. He would be our Santa and try to say such funny things that we all loved to have him come to us.

Last Time May Sees Howard

Later – I found this morning a letter which he [Howard] wrote to me while at school. It is as dear to me now as then. As he went home from Idaho, he went through Provo. It seems that he put his family on the train to go to Huntington. He crossed the mountain with his team and nearly lost his life.

Receive Word of Howard's Death

When I got word of his death, Jennie and I were both ill with the measles and were young so it was hard for us. We soon prepared to give up kindergarten and go home to our dear heart-broken people.

A Publication from the Deseret Evening News
22 June 1897 -
Fruitland, New Mexico, 17 June 1897

To The Editor:

A sad misfortune befell us on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 14th. Recently, the A.P.R.R. donated an iron bridge to span the San Juan River with the understanding that it should be erected on the most direct feasible route leading from Farmington to Gallup, New Mexico.

Messrs. Coe, King, and Phelps had been appointed a committee to investigate the report. They reached here (Fruitland) Tuesday noon and requested to be put across the river. The boat is a small one and had to be rowed. The carriage was taken apart and placed on the boat and H. D. Roberts, Cyril Collyer, Henry R. Noel, and Mr. King started over with the first load.

A light wind was blowing down the river; the wind and the strong current swept the boat downstream under the high perpendicular wall on the west side of the river. The men, fearing the boat would go under, leaped out and swam for the eastern shore.

Messrs. Collyer and Noel made the shore without much difficulty. Mr. King was carried down a half mile, reached shore, and ran and caught the boat which had carried its load safely past the rapids – but Mr. Roberts was drowned.

Mr. Roberts was the son of O. C. and Mary Coray Roberts, an L.D.S., had passed through the [Salt Lake] Temple and was imbued with the spirit of the gospel.

He leaves a wife in delicate condition and three small children. His parents who are breaking with age and hard work and a large circle of relatives who deeply mourn his loss.

Wife of Howard Daniel Roberts

Mary Whipple Young

(Taken from Howard DeLavan Roberts' book about his family)

"It Must Be Done, and I'll Do It."

It should not be a surprise to anyone that Mother was in frail health after the heartaches and trials she had endured at her young age. The responsibility she was faced with of supporting four children and rearing them to the age of responsibility alone, was enough to scare a healthy woman into submission, but May Young Roberts, even in her frail health, said, "It must be done, and I'll do it."

Frail Health

At the time that Mother's children were young she was very frail in health. Sick headaches and fainting spells were very common occurrences and it was a common thing for her to have a cloth tied tightly around her head to ease the pain during these spells.

Hattie, my beloved sister, stayed close to Mama and acted as her body guard. When Mama would have her sick headache spells, Hattie was right there to bring hot cloths to put on her head, or render any service that she could. It was a common occurrence when one of us boys would come to the house, or any one else for that matter, for Hattie to meet us at the door and whisper to us that Mama was asleep and for us to be careful not to wake her. Mama was her first consideration, and it was very seldom that they were separated. I am sure that no mother was ever blessed with a more devoted daughter.

These physical ailments in addition to the fact that she had gone through the mental anguish of losing her husband and baby girl, as well as witnessing the suffering of her father because of an amputated arm, magnifies the question as to how could she support her family of four young children. It certainly wasn't easy, and to my thinking, if there is to be any crowning glory in Heaven, my Mother will be among those of the most highly honored.

Clark Endeavors to Help Pay for Mama's Operation

Mama had to undergo a major operation, and to accomplish this, her father, John R. Young, took her in a covered wagon to Durango, Colorado a distance of about sixty-five miles, where a Dr. Oshner performed the operation.

I have heard my mother tell with pride how Clark, at an early age of seven or eight, insisted that he could help pay the expenses of Mama's operation and on his own initiative secured the agency for taking orders for kitchen ware. Mama thought that Clark was terribly young for such an undertaking, but she was happy to see him desiring to help with the family responsibilities and she didn't want to discourage him in his worthy desires. She therefore, let him hitch our little grey mare, Peggy, which had been given us by Grandpa Young, to the little one-seated buggy and harness. He canvassed not only Fruitland and Kirtland, but also the farm houses along the LaPlata River and Farmington, which were a distance of fifteen to twenty-five miles and took orders. I don't know how much money Clark made by this adventure, but I am sure that he helped some in meeting the financial expenses and that the experience he gained from the adventure was a big step forward in helping him to gain confidence in himself, and the ability to assume greater responsibilities in helping to meet the necessities of the family.

From the time Clark was old enough to help with the farm work he stayed with his Father's family at Jackson, New Mexico, and later at Redmesa, Colorado. I have heard his uncles tell about how Clark would be driving a team and slip scraper working on the ditch while other boys his age were the water carriers.

How Mary Provided for Her Young Family

My niece, Luana P. Bunnell, asked me the question, "How did Grandma provide for her young family of four children?" I had not thought of our family's survival as being anything unusual but since Luana asked the question I have given it considerable thought and deem it an important question. I answered her question as best I could in a letter to her but I fear that I have given the impression that it was easier for Mother to provide her family than it really was. The question is made more complex when it is known that Grandma had very poor health and when I think of some of the difficulties with which she was confronted I am forced to ask the same question that Luana asked and my answer would have to be: "It wasn't easy."

Mama's Dedication

I feel sure that those who are not familiar with the facts pertaining to our family would assume that we children would be denied many necessities of life which would be necessary for our normal development, but I don't believe that this was the case. It is my belief that because of Mama's dedication to the task which had fallen her lot coupled with her ambition and determination to give her children the same advantages other children had resulted in our not being deprived of the necessities of life and other advantages which would compare with the average family. I am going to list the reasons for Mama's measure of success in providing for her family as follows:

Prayer

She was from a religious family and was brought up to believe in prayer. We had family prayer regularly and we children were taught to have our secret prayers. It was not an uncommon thing to see Mama praying in secret. I feel sure that through prayer we not only received blessings from our Heavenly Father, but it strengthened our family ties. It also increased the desire to each of us to help in any way we could toward the family welfare.

Ambitious

Mama was by nature ambitious. She took advantage of every opportunity to make a little money. I will list a few of the things she did to make a little money in the order of their importance as I remember them:

Ice Cream

She sold ice cream during and after the dances at Fruitland, as well as at celebrations. I well remember this as I turned the ice cream freezer as soon as I was big enough, and I looked forward toward enjoying the dish of ice cream she would take out for me because of the freezer becoming too full from the expansion of the cream due to its freezing. She would take out a dish of ice cream and then have me turn the freezer a little longer to make sure that the ice cream was hard enough.

Uncle Frank Noel was captain of the Fruitland and Kirtland baseball team, and the team was in need of money enough to buy the necessary baseball equipment. Uncle Frank thought that the best way to raise the needed money was to sell ice cream at the upcoming celebration, and inasmuch as this was a community project, he thought it only fair that Mother should not run competition to the baseball project in selling ice cream. He, therefore, informed her of his decision. Mother considered her need of money to be more important than that of the baseball team's and consequently had her ice cream stand set up as usual on the day of the celebration. It turned out that Mother was victorious in the competition, as most of the patrons were her regular customers and saw no reason for making a change.

With regards to Uncle Frank Noel's and Mother's little confrontation about selling ice cream, I feel that Mother was justified and did the right thing in going ahead and selling ice cream even though Uncle Frank had told her not to do it. This incident very well demonstrates that Mother had the will and the ability to cope with the problems she was confronted with, which made it possible for her to provide for her family as well as she did. On the other hand I can see why Uncle Frank felt that he was justified in asking Mother not to sell ice cream during that day of celebration. His project was for the benefit of the community, but he probably didn't stop to consider that if Mother yielded to his request, it would open the door to other parties to make the same requests in the celebrations to come the above incident demonstrates very clearly Mother's dedication to her task of providing for her family of small children. It also demonstrates the fact that her task was not easy, that she had problems to contend with, and that she had the ability to meet

them. It also demonstrates the character of Uncle Frank in doing what he believed to be right, and that he didn't let the difference of opinion he had with Mother keep him from doing what he considered his duty – of helping Mother in many ways. It was Uncle Frank Noel who got me the job of tending stage horses for which I was paid \$15.00 per month when I was ten years of age. He also got my brother Clark the job of driving stage in which he was paid \$75.00 per month. During my brother Claude's sickness and death Uncle Frank and Aunt May Noel stayed with him night after night until his death, when they did all in their power to ease the suffering of my dear mother caused by the death of her son Claude.

Boarders and Roomers

Mama often took in boarders and roomers. This consisted mostly of school teachers and this would be only one at a time as Fruitland ordinarily had only one teacher for the elementary school and there was no school other than the elementary.

Meals for Transients – Indians

She prepared meals for transients. This consisted mostly of Navajos and I believe she charged only thirty-five cents per meal.

Baked Bread for Brother Evans

She baked bread for Brother Evans, who was a coal miner and had lost his wife. Most of his children were married, but he still had two boys at home.

Alfred Ruby, Experienced Gardner

Alfred Ruby was an old man from one of the southern states. He had a white beard and was a member of the L.D.S. Church. He loved the Gospel but was unable to live the Word of Wisdom. He had chewed tobacco and drunk coffee too long before he joined the Church to be able to break the habit. He had bought a farm at Juit, a small community about seven miles down the San Juan River and west of Fruitland. He invested all his savings in a farm but was unable to meet the annual payments and so lost the farm which left him penniless. I don't know what led up to his coming to stay with us, but I think it was through Grandpa Young. Bro. Ruby's concern was in getting his board and room, plus enough spending money to buy his clothes and chewing tobacco for which he freely gave his services in

farming a few acres of ground Papa had homesteaded up near the foothills and was under the Cooledge Ditch. Only about five acres could be watered because of a break in the syphon which was to carry the water across a valley. Bro. Ruby's more important services were in raising a garden on the lot on which the house stood. He was an experienced and efficient Gardner which made it possible to help greatly with the family living as well as to furnish him with the necessary spending money from the sale of watermelons.

Spot, Daisy, and Dot – Milch Cows

Spot, Daisy, and Dot – My earliest recollection is that we had a cow named Spot and I don't know whether Papa left her or whether she was given to us by Grandpa Young, but I am sure that she was our first source of our milk supply which was an important part of our living as we often had bread and milk as the main part of our meal. Spot came to an early and tragic end as she got a broken leg. Our next source of milk was Daisy which was Spot's calf and then Dot which was Daisy's calf. They were all three good milch cows and furnished us with the necessary quantity of milk of good quality.

Family Assistance from Relatives

Family assistance – Although there was no welfare program in those days for aiding fatherless families, we were fortunate in having relatives on both sides of the family who cared about us and took an interest in our welfare. Mama's father and mother lived near us as well as some of her brothers, and I am sure they kept a watchful eye on us and helped us in many ways. Papa's folks lived at Jackson, and then at Redmesa, Colorado, and his brothers took a special interest in us and treated us children as though we were part of their family.

Contributions by Each Child

Contributions by us children – It was a blessing to Mama that her children matured early as that made it possible for the boys to get jobs at an early age to help with the family expenses. **Clark** was doing a man's work on the railroad at the age of fourteen. He worked with his uncles, the Roberts Brothers, and he and Uncle Lou did team work on the railroad. **Claude** worked for the Indian Service at Shiprock when he was thirteen or fourteen and I [**Howard**] tended stage horses at the age of twelve.

Uncle Frank Noel got me the job from a Mr. Baker who had a trading post at Shiprock and also had a contract with the U.S. Government for carrying mail between Farmington and Shiprock. The driver would leave Shiprock in the early morning and reach Fruitland about eight o'clock in the morning. I would have a fresh team harnessed and waiting for him to arrive, when we would quickly change teams and he would be on his way. In the afternoon he would return quickly change teams and he would be on his way. In the afternoon he would return from Farmington and I would have another team ready and waiting to carry the mail on to Shiprock that afternoon and evening. The driver covered a distance of about seventy-five miles per day. I received \$15.00 per month for my services. It doesn't seem like much these days but to us in those days it was a bonanza. Also in our earliest years Claude and I helped with the family expenses by herding cows in the foothills for a charge of \$1.00 a month per head. This was a community herd.

I also remember of going to Jackson to hoe weeds for Roy Cooper when I was about ten years of age. Roy had married my Aunt Daphne Roberts and was doing well in raising potatoes. The experience proved to be a lasting one in my memory as Roy had no interest in me other than how many weeds I could hoe in a ten hour day at the rate of fifty cents a day. The days and the potato rows seemed unbearably long to me and I don't suppose I stayed many days but to me it seemed ages. Uncle Orville Roberts stopped over one night on his way to Redmesa and the next morning he got ready to leave – I had saddled and was ready to go with him. He didn't like to take Roy's weeder away from him but he understood children and so made no attempt to stop me. Roy, however, didn't miss his opportunity of letting me know what he thought of me and his thoughts were not the kind that would leave me feeling at all conceited.

I must have been about eleven years old when I persuaded Mother to let me hire a horse named Mac from Cloe Black to put with our black mare we had named Bird to hauled coal to Farmington, a distance of about twelve or thirteen miles. In doing this I helped to pay for a piano we had bought for my sister Hattie who was taking piano lessons from a Miss Castongay who came from Farmington once

a week to give music lessons. Mama paid for the music lessons by boarding and rooming the teacher while she was there.

Soon after the coal hauling experience I was given a job of tending stage horses. My duties were to feed and water the horses, and have a team curried, harnessed and hooked together ready to change teams when the stage came in from Shiprock in the early morning and again in the evening when the stage returned from Farmington. For these duties I received \$15.00 a month.

Owned House and Lot

We owned our house and lot. I think Grandpa Young had given us the lot and I believe the community must have contributed greatly in furnishing the building material and the labor in building the house. I remember Mama saying how energetically Will Evans worked to get the adobes laid in building the house. He was the son of the Bro. Evans who Mama baked bread for. The house we lived in and owned was as good or better than the houses in Fruitland and it not only still stands, but is occupied [in 1964]. The four-room adobe house consisted of two bedrooms, a dining room and a kitchen. I don't remember where Bro. Ruby slept but he must have had a detached room to sleep and spend what time he wished by himself. The house was located about one quarter of a mile north of Mother's parents' four-room log house, which was about ten rods north of the Kartchner Trading Post which was patronized mostly by Navajo Indians from the opposite side of the San Juan River. On the east side of the road, opposite my grandparents' log house, and in the northwest corner of the block, stood the red brick building where the lower floor was used for a co-op store and the upper floor was used for a dance hall.

House Trading

I believe it was the year 1909 that Grandpa Young had an offer by Burt Dustin to buy the main part of his farm but it was under the condition that he could get our house and lot in the deal. To meet Burt's stipulations Grandpa offered us his log house and seventeen acres of ground for our house and lot plus \$700.00 when we could get it. We accepted the offer mainly to help Grandpa in selling the farm as he had moved to Blanding, Utah and was anxious to

sell his holdings in Fruitland. This move was really better for us as the log house was close to Uncle Frank Noel's Indian Trading Post and Mamma did well in fixing meals for the Navajos. We also had more house room for taking roomers. In the year 1912, the log house burned down and we moved to Provo to attend school at the B.Y.U.

Howard a Worry to His Mother

I was a worry to mother because of my dislike of going to school and it was a common occurrence for me to be too sick to get out of bed until I would hear the wheels of the buggy in which we rode to school far enough in the distance that it couldn't be stopped, which seldom failed to be an instant cure to my aching head. Also, I was a worry to Mother in my inability to catch Dot, my riding pony, when my sister Hattie wanted to ride her, but when I wanted to ride, catching her was no problem at all.

Cowshed, Chicken Coop, and Haystack Burn

One important event which occurred in my early childhood days was the burning of our cowshed, chicken coop, and haystack. Mother had one room of our house rented to two surveyors who smoked, and they usually had a box of matches left on their desk while they were out at work. Around the chicken coop door which was adjacent to the cowshed, the hay and straw had accumulated to the point that it took quite an effort to get the door opened. Consequently, I concocted the bright idea of borrowing some matches from the surveyors' room, while they were out at work, to burn the trash that was obstructing the opening of the chicken coop door. Well, my plan worked out beautifully. The only trouble was that the fire didn't consider its role as being limited to the burning of the trash by the door. It just continued its activities until it had consumed the trash, coop, shed and hay. As soon as the fire caught on to the shed, I made my getaway and ran for help. I ran through the house – but was so excited that I didn't see Muma, as we called her in those early days, even though she was there. I proceeded to run towards Grandma's. Uncle Sammy, who was working in the field, had seen the fire and was running to try and put it out, and seeing me he called, "You better run, you little scamp!" This event demonstrates what a wonderful help I was to my mother in meeting her tremendous task.

Roberts Brothers Help May's Boys

Our father's brothers took a great interest in our family, and as soon as Clark was old enough to help with the farm work, which was at an early age, as Clark matured early, he went to help his uncles on the farm, and they in turn contributed what they could in helping to meet the needs of our family. He first went to Jackson as that was where the Roberts Brothers were attempting to make a go of the farming business. But the odds seemed to be against them because of water problems, and they soon sold out and moved to Redmesa where they filed on enough land to make a good sized farm. Uncle Frank Roberts seemed to have a good business ability; he was crippled in body and couldn't do the heavy farm work, but he was recognized as the manager and business head of the Roberts Brothers Company.

Mr. Cooper, who had been in the registered Rambouillet sheep business, let the Roberts Brothers have five hundred head of very fine ewes, and it looked as though the Roberts Brothers were on the road towards prosperity and success in business; but because of a drop in the price of wool and sheep and other factors the Roberts Brothers organization came to an end.

From a financial standpoint neither Clark nor Claude were benefitted by working with the Roberts Brothers, but they were fortunate in having the privilege of associating and working with men of superior character – men who made them feel as though they were one of them, and they were treated and loved as members of the family. They enjoyed their association and work with the Roberts brothers, Uncle Frank, Don and Lou, with whom they had the right association and environment for developing in character, which is the important thing.

Claude Helps Herd Sheep

Spring 1909 Claude and Howard helped their Uncle Frank and Uncle Lou take a herd of Rambouillet sheep to the mountain. Their experiences are in a story written by Mary C. Roberts beginning on page 213 with Howard DeLavan Roberts' addition to the story.

Claude's Death

Claude spent that summer on the mountain and returned home the latter part of September to go to school. He was sick when he arrived home and Dr. Simmons of Farmington diagnosed him as having Typhoid Fever. He was not able to save him and he died 31 October 1909 at the age of 15 years.

Another very hard blow to Mary, his mother. Her nerves were taxed almost beyond the breaking point and she was not able to attend the funeral services. She still had three children with her and moved on with her life with great courage.

Clark Attends San Juan Academy

In the year about 1910 or 1911 the communities of Fruitland and Kirtland organized the San Juan Academy and it was held in the L.D.S. Church House at Kirtland. Clark attended the San Juan Academy and this taste of higher education stimulated in him a desire for continuing his education. He managed to save a little money from a job he had had of driving stage between Farmington and Shiprock in which he made a round trip each day, a total distance of about 75 miles. He would leave Shiprock about four o'clock A.M., change teams at Fruitland, drive to Farmington where he would pick up the mail which had been brought in by train, drive back to Fruitland where he would get a fresh team and arrive at Shiprock around eight o'clock in the evening.

Clark Attends Brigham Young Academy

Clark had also piloted some insurance agents from Salt Lake City into Monticello, Blanding and Bluff for which he had received good pay and also the advise and encouragement to go to the Brigham Young University. I had taken a load of apples to Hesprus, Colorado to peddle, for which I had received forty dollars which I contributed very unwillingly towards Clark's dream of going to the B.Y.U. Mother also contributed her savings from selling meals to the Navajos at thirty-five cents a meal. The C.H. Algert Company assisted greatly by furnishing Clark with Navajo rugs to sell and then pay [for them] after the rugs were sold. These were the circumstances which in cooperation with a determined will, made it possible for a widow's son to attend B.Y.U.

Clark's enthusiasm about attending the B.Y.U. resulted in his taking the train for Provo in the fall of 1912. He was able to complete his first year in college at the B.Y.U. during the term of 1912-1913.

Clark's Enthusiasm of the "Y"

Clark was thrilled and overjoyed with the wonderful spirit of the "Y" and he resolved that his sister and brother should have the same wonderful experience and opportunity that he was having. When Clark returned home in the spring, he was very enthusiastic about our family moving to Provo so that we all three could attend the Brigham Young University.

I was the only one of the family who opposed the idea, but of course, I was in the minority in two ways. First, I was in the minority in the number of those concerned, and in the minority by being the youngest of the family pertaining to age. The only thing I had liked about school in the elementary grades was the recesses and then, too, I was all pepped up on a project I had in mind of buying jennies from the Navajos for the purpose of breeding them to a stallion so as to raise hinnies, a cross between the female burro and the male horse. I protested the idea of going anywhere to continue going to school, but Mother and Hattie agreed with Clark.

Family Moves to Provo

The result of was that in the early part of September the following year, Nig and Calie were hitched to a light wagon, Mother and Hattie were in the seat and Clark handed me the lines with instructions to reach Provo in time to enter school at the B.Y.U. at the beginning of the fall term of 1913. Under protest I took the lines and commenced our long journey toward a far away country and a new life. My cousin, Glen Roberts was with us, and it was well that he was as he had to come to my aid more than once in helping to stop a fractious team from running away. Glen was going to visit his sister Amy in Blanding.

We went by way of Grayson, (later changed to Blanding) where Mother's parents and two brothers were living. Uncle William Young, Mother's brother, traded us forty acres of land for the team and wagon. The team we sold was a pair of black, five-year-old Percherons weighing about fourteen

hundred pounds each. Uncle William said that it was a miracle that we had not had a runaway as he came near having one the first time he drove the team, and the man he sold the team to had several runaways with them.

We rode with Arron Hardie's freight wagons to Thompson Springs where we took the train for Provo. Gene and Sytha Roberts took us under their wing and let us live in their old house. Gene and Sytha were wonderful to us and without them I don't know how we would have made it to attend the B.Y.U. [Gene is a first cousin to Howard's father. Read about him beginning on page 228.]

Clark Comes By Train

Clark came by train and made arrangements for me to get work at the school to help pay our expenses. I was to be to a janitor's meeting at eight A.M. where B.T. Higgs would assign me my job. I entered the Educational Building with little hopes of coming out alive for I was nearly scared to death. The minute I entered a man said: "You are Gene Roberts' cousin, aren't you? And you have come to go to work, haven't you?" I thought he was B.T. Higgs and so when he sent me to help the librarian I thought I had my job assigned me for the year, and so three days later when the librarian told me that the job was finished and that I had better go and get registered for school I was dumbfounded. I learned that the man who sent me to the library was E.H. Holt and that when I didn't show up at the janitor's meeting Bro. Higgs had given my job to another boy.

Happiest Winter – Family Together

Clark managed to get an hour's work a day in the library for which he was paid seven dollars a month and that plus what we could make by picking up jobs on Saturdays and holidays was the extent of our income that winter, but it was one of the happiest winters we ever spent.

Clark Returns to Redmesa Marries

At the close of the winter quarter [Spring 1914] Clark went back to Redmesa to look after a few belongings we had there, and to try and make enough money to enter school again in the fall. While there he met a very wonderful girl, Bertha Davenport. They were married November 1914. They started making plans for them both to attend the B.Y.U. in the fall. They were living and doing the necessary work to prove up on Bertha's filing on a dry farm when they met with a terrible accident.

Tragic Accident – Clark Dies

They were riding in a wagon and when the team started to run Clark was thrown from the seat and was caught in the doubletrees and dragged. He was taken to Farmington unconscious and put under the care of a Dr. Smith who did everything in his power to save him, but his efforts failed and Clark was taken to join his father, brother and sister in that eternal home where we hope to be all together again. Clark's last words were that it would only be a short time until we could all be together again. It couldn't be Heaven and be otherwise. [Clark died 8 December 1914]

Bertha Joins Clark's Family at BYU

Bertha came to Provo and entered B.Y.U. as she and Clark had planned. She stayed with us and how we enjoyed her. She was an A student and soon got work in the school teaching English while she pursued her studies. After receiving her B.A. degree she was employed at the University as a full time instructor in the French language. I have heard many of her students say that she was an outstanding teacher. Bertha had many chances of marrying again, but she felt that her heart was buried with Clark and that it would not be fair to accept that from a man which she could not give in return. Bertha has since trod the trail her husband trod and I am sure he would be there to meet her and that they are now enjoying that happiness which was denied them in this life.

*Howard Daniel Roberts and Mary Wipple Young
Children and their Spouses*

1. Mary Roberts (Mamie) (died 7 months) 1881 – 1892
2. John Clark Roberts 1893 – 1914
wife – Bertha Davenport
3. Claude William Roberts (died 15 years old) 1894 – 1909
4. Hattie Vilate Roberts 1895 – 1954
husband – Omni Morley Porter
5. Howard DeLavan Roberts 1897 – 1976
wife – Virginia Porter

Child Three

HARRIET VIRGINIA ROBERTS - CHARLES MILTON STEELE



HARRIET VIRGINIA ROBERTS



CHARLES MILTON STEELE

Birth and Drowning

Harriet Virginia Roberts Steele was born in Mona, Juab county, Utah, April 7, 1873. I first opened my eyes in a two-story frame house about one-half mile from town but my father, having bought the string of high-bred horses which my Uncle Boliver Roberts used on the Pony Express, wanted more room and pasture in which to keep them, so he settled on a large hay ranch five miles from town. This is where my life began. There was a spring half way down the hill to the creek. Father built a small room over it and rocked it up so mother could keep her milk crocks about half way in the water. I used to go down and pull my shoes and stockings off and shake my feet in the cool water. A very dangerous past time for one so small, and it caused mother some anxiety. One time when mother was confined to her bed, her sister, Aunt Nellie

Alexander, was staying with her. She cautioned Nellie and the hired girl to watch me closely, but they did not. I went down to the spring, took off my shoes and stockings, sat on the bank so as to shake my feet in the water, fell in on my face and was drowned. Upon missing me Aunt Nellie ran to the spring house. There were my shoes and stockings. She crawled on her hands and knees under the window so mother could not see her with me, and sent the hired girl for father who was building a frame house a quarter of a mile up the creek. It didn't take him long to get there and start every kind of restoration to help me to start breathing. Aunt Nellie said it was close to an hour before I drew a breath that was natural, then she breathed easy also. That was the second time my life was miraculously saved.

Whooping Cough

I was not yet two months old when my parents took me to see mother's parents and relatives in Provo, Utah to show them their little blue-eyed girl, also my oldest brother. On the road I caught Whooping Cough, which came nearly costing my life, but the faith and prayers of my parents and administration of the elders, my life was spared although I lost my voice for a short time.

Various Accidents

It was while there that brother Orville cut his knee with a drawing knife while making a little wagon tongue and thru father's knowledge of surgery and mother's careful nursing, that he wasn't crippled for life. Here also my brother Howard and I were carrying some broken dishes up a ladder to our play house in the loft, when he slipped and fell from the top round and a hook to an iron chain ran into his head. He carried the scar all of his life. This put a stop to our playing in the loft. Howard also broke his arm from falling off a horse while helping our brother Orville get the cows. Again father's experience with his father, Dr. Daniel Roberts and his brother Dr. Don Roberts came in handy as he set Howard's broken arm.

Sisters are Born

While living there, two very sweet little sisters came to our home. I have only slight memories of their births for I was three years and four months old when sister May came, and five years and two and a half months when dear little Jennie arrived. They were so close together and I being so much older, they were more companionable to each other than to me, so my company, when I had any, was my two older brothers, who were always very good to me.

Frank is Born –

Loretta Comes to Help

When I was six years old, father built a large frame home a mile farther up the creek where we lived one year. In the spring when I was seven, my brother, Frank, came to gladden our home. So to help mother, Father brought in an Indian girl, Loretta, who Mr. Llewellyn had raised from a baby but had never sent to school so mother taught her to read and write. She recited her lessons with us children. She was quick to learn and was a perfect seamstress, cook and house keeper and knit her own

stockings and mittens. She remained with us for over a year.

Learns to Write –

Corresponding with Aunt Nellie

About the time we moved from the Spring, Aunt Nellie Coray was married to William Alexander. He was immediately called on a mission to the Sandwich Islands. She got permission to go with him and that was how and when I learned to write, by corresponding with my dearly loved Aunt Nellie. Orville and Howard must have already been writing, for mother started we older children in our lessons as soon as we could talk plain. When I went back to Provo to school, I asked Aunt Nellie if she could read those letters, she said that first it was a little trying, but toward the last it was an easy job. She still had some of them after eleven years.

First Real Christmas

The winter of 1879 and 80, was the first real Christmas that I remember. We had an eleven foot ceiling. The tree nearly reached to it. Mother and Etta made the trimmings, they must have sat up many a late nite, for the trimmings were made of egg shell baskets with gold and silver stars pasted upon them. There was 43 little dolls about three inches long, dressed in pink and blue with gold and silver stars, and crowns pasted on them, also pointed paper baskets trimmed with gold and silver stars, filled with candy and nuts and strings of pop corn from top to bottom of the tree. I can't remember all the presents, but especially do I remember my large wax doll. The other girls got China Dolls. Keep in mind there was nearly four years between my sister May and over five between Jennie and I. Father invited the children out from Mona, and I gave each of them a little doll.

Mince Pies – Fried Cakes

Then there was the mince pies, that no one on earth could excel father in, when making the mince meat for them, nor mother's doughnuts. We called them fried cakes.

Swedish Family

That winter there was a company of emigrants came from Sweden, who had to be scattered through the settlements until they could get personally located. Father took a lady and her daughter who

was eleven years old. It crowded us some. She had to make her bed on the floor in the front room.

Doll Destroyed

One morning we were playing on her bed and Jennie wanted my doll. Sister Peterson snatched it from me and gave it to her, in a few moments my pretty dolls head was in pieces. I took my little rag doll I'd had for years, went to my bed and cried myself to sleep. Sister Peterson had lost a baby just Jennie's age on the way out and had left it to be buried in New York. She tried to soothe her broken heart and fill her empty arms with "My Yennie," as she called her.

Father sold a horse and sent for her husband and six year old son who had remained in Sweden. They arrived in the Spring. Father rented them a little house in Mona, which was made up of Scandinavians. Bro. Peterson was an expert carpenter and clock maker. She had taught Orville and Howard how to knit and they knit our brother Frank's first stockings. One knit and the other crocheted. I barely remember a little Swedish song she taught me to sing to the baby. The boys would walk to Mona once or twice a week and take them milk, butter and eggs.

Mount Nebo – Berries

We lived at the foot of Mount Nebo, and how we watched the clouds pass by. I can hear ourselves singing Nebo's got a cap on or Nebo took his cap off, Nebo's got a collar. Father named one of his big bulls, Nebo. We use to get Sarvis berries and choke cherries on Mt. Nebo and the men often went up it to get rock salt for the stock to lick.

Move to Mancos

In the summer of 1880, father answered a call from President Taylor for volunteers to go on a southern mission to build up the southern corners of Utah and Colorado and the northwestern corner of New Mexico. On the first day of September, 1880, we left our happy home and joined the caravan as it came past our home, never to return. For eighteen months we were wanderers, having been separated from the company with mother's brothers, Will, Howard, Frank, Lou Coray, and the Watson Bell family whose wife was a cousin of father's. We stopped at the Northern line of New Mexico and spent the winter where the men worked on the

railroad which went into Durango, Colorado.

In the spring, the Corays went to Conejos County, Colorado. Watson Bell settled on the Animas near Aztec, New Mexico. We went to Mancos, Montezuma County, Colorado, where father met some of the Saints who came from Bluff, Utah. He bought a place in Mancos, then took the family to Provo, Utah to spend the winter.

Back in Provo

Uncle Will Alexander's father was taken sick so the Pres. of the Church released them from their mission. He had been gone three years. When we arrived in Provo, Aunt Nellie was there with the two girls who were born on the Islands. Father rented a house near a school where Orville and Howard went to school. I, only eight and five months old, had to care for the younger children, while mother stayed with her mother. Aunt Nellie was in a delicate condition and living with Grandma at the time. Grandma passed away December 14, 1881.

After Christmas we moved in with Aunt Nellie, Mother took a little upstairs bedroom and a kitchen downstairs. While there mother had a hard sick spell, during which we children all had mumps. She hired Uncle Wills sister to care for us.

Money to Return to Colorado

As soon as mother was well enough, she took we girls and Frankie to Mona to see about selling the improvements on the place, to get money to take us back to Mancos. The snow was too deep to get outside, we stayed with Bro. Burraston, but never got to see our old home.

Return to Colorado

In March we took the train to Salt Lake where we visited with Mother's sisters, Martha and Eppie Lewis, her Aunt Mary Ann Hooper where her brother Don was staying. Mother's cousin, also Brother-in-law, Wilson Dusenbury, went with us to Ogden, where we left relatives, friends and Dear Utah behind.

Clark Meets His Family in Durango – Home Again

The train was late getting into Durango. Father was waiting for us, he had rented an old house with a big fire place and a pile of hay in one end for us

and he had a kettle of beef soup and dumplings waiting for us. We really downed the dumpling soup, then we spread our quilts on the hay and went to sleep. At daylight we finished the last lap of our ride over the snow clad Mancos hill and down into the valley. It was after dark when we arrived home, yes, it was our home. Niels welcomed us with a big bright fire and a kettle of hot mush and milk. We sat in front of the fire place and told father of our fast ride and about our cousins with whom we had played through the winter.

Spring in Mancos

The snow soon melted off the Iris, Westeria and tall yellow flowers bloomed in the creek bottom. Segos and primroses covered the hill, and wild roses bloomed under the pine tree where we played. The boys went with Niels to gather the horses for branding and herded the wild cows out of pasture. Father and mother planted their first garden in their married life.

Daphne's Birth – Frankie's Back Troubles

The night of December 3, 1882, I was wakened by hearing my little brother crying "mama, my back hurts." Father was trying to appease him, while I wondered why mother didn't do something for him, I heard the cries of a new baby. Our little sister Daphne arrived. I lay there and listened to my dear little brother cry and finally exhausted he sobbed himself to sleep. I never went to sleep. I lay – wondering what could have happened that hurt our baby brother so much. I lacked three months of being ten years old, but had always helped to care for my sisters and brother. Anything that hurt them almost broke my heart. I then cared for Frankie until Mother was up and around. When mother was able, she laid Frankie across her lap to look at his back, and she found it had started to curve outward. It was a terrible shock.

Cares for Frankie

The boys went on to school, mother and we girls had lessons at home. I helped care for my brother who in a short time was unable to run or play. We had to carry him on pillows for a year. He used to sit in his little wagon with pillows around him and drive May and Jennie for horses. He loved horses and it grieved him because he couldn't ride with the boys. As time went by he grew stronger. I

helped with the house work and May and Jennie tended Frankie. He was never left to himself. When Don began to walk, little brother and Daphne were his companions.

Family Well Taken Care of

Father was a good provider. The first four years we were there, he carried the mail to Bluff, in the mean time he seeded the place down to hay, which furnished the boys with plenty of work and furnished feed for his stock. He bought the company Grist Mill, which my brother Howard learned to run. Father always had from one to two tons of flour in the house. In the fall he traded flour to people from Bluff and Fruitland for molasses. Mother had a large apiary which furnished us with sweets, as our parents bought but little sugar and candy, but once a year at Christmas time. We had beef, pork, turkeys, ducks, and chickens. Vegetables from the garden, wild currants and buffalo berries, which grew on the creek banks. We were allowed two calico dresses for summer and wore aprons. I think the white dress mother bought me after I was grown I wore four summers. There was no hand me downs, we wore out our own clothes.

Church Organized – Brother Don Born

I led a normal life as the oldest girl in a large family. When I was twelve years old on June 12th, 1885, brother Don was born. More Saints came to live in Mancos and by father's efforts and persuasion with Bishop Nielson of Bluff, Utah, they succeeded in getting an organization in Mancos. During this conference, President F. A. Hammond was made President of the Stake and he organized a branch of the Church at Mancos on 5 July 1885, with President Albert S. Farnsworth as Presiding Elder, father as Sunday School Superintendent, mother as President of Relief Society, Sister Mary Farnsworth was President of Primary, and I was Assistant Secretary, but the Secretary soon left and I was made Secretary. I was also Assistant Secretary for Sunday School and held these offices until 1890. Before we left, I was a teacher in Sunday School for a class of boys from twelve to fourteen for five years.

Children Were Never to Quarrel

I learned to cook very young and at fourteen, took most of the responsibility in the kitchen and

attended school regularly. I sewed, knit and crocheted. I liked that kind of work. I loved to dance and ride horse back. I attended dances with my brothers. We often had parties at our home. Father built one large room in his house for that purpose. We played games and anything for fun. We always had plenty of company, especially during conference. I remember one time father and mother had moved their bed into the front room, we had some young folks in and were playing blinds man bluff, when one of the girls flew across their bed. He just told the boys to push his bed back into the corner, and went back to sleep. One of the girls remarked that they wondered if Mr. Roberts ever cared what his children did in the house. I guess he didn't or out of doors either, as long as they never quarreled. He never would stand for that. At conference time many times I remember having to help cook for twenty extra people.

Smallpox Outbreak

When smallpox broke out, father went posthaste to Durango for some bovine virus and vaccinated all of us and all of the Bell family who lived near us. He encouraged the school board to see that all of the school children were vaccinated. The disease broke out in the Mormon community called 'the Weber'. The authorities, instead of quarantining the families who had the disease, drew a line between the Mormon settlement and the Non-Mormons. I believe the line ran just between the gentile graveyard and our meeting house. Bishop Hall took up the problem and stopped all communication between families and closed the church until it was over. There was not a single death and but few who were pock marked. Sister Hannah Hall contracted it as she had helped the sick so she shut herself into one of her rooms and appointed one girl to wait on her through the window. She would not permit anyone to come nearer. Not one of her family took it from her. She kept herself oiled with olive oil. This is the method used now to prevent germs spreading and prevent marking its victims, but at that time no one had heard of it. Father had me correspond through the mail with Anna Hall so if any help which he could give was needed, he would know about it. The doctor gave her a disinfectant to use on her letters.

Testimony of Priesthood Power

I received my testimony of the power of the Priesthood when I was a young girl in Mancos. A man by the name of William Davenport did not belong to the Church and as soon as he began to investigate the gospel, he began to have spells which resembled fits or seizures. Al Farnsworth was the presiding Elder and when he entered the room, the spells would go. The last spell Will had was in my presence with some other girls and four adult women. When the spell began, we all tried to hold him to prevent him from hurting himself but in spite of all we could do in trying to hold down his arms, we were brushed aside with very little efforts from him. We decided to pray for help and while we were praying, he would be very calm but when we stopped, he would become violent again. Soon a man named Hyrum Perkins came to the home and administered to him, and immediately he quieted down. When this happened, I left for home. Later, William Davenport was baptized and never again had this trouble.

Blessing by Three Nephites

About this time, a conference was held in Mancos and Will Davenport got up early to get his chores done so the family could go to the early meeting. He took his lantern and went out to the stable. As he neared the stable, he met three men and as he watched them approach, he thought, "These men must be conference visitors the Bishop has sent over for me to care for." However, before he could speak, they spoke to him saying – "We have been sent to give you a blessing." He still thought the Bishop had sent them. They told him to set his lantern down and kneel down, which he did right in the snow, and received their blessing. As he got up, he thought, "I must thank them, and ask them in for breakfast," but when he looked up, they were nowhere to be seen. When he returned to the house, he told his wife that he believed he had just been blessed by the Three Nephites. He never did have any more trouble and lived a long and useful life.

Fire in Bedroom – Girls Asleep and Unharmmed

While we were still in our log house, I had been washing and was tired, so I was reading the History of the Druids to May, who was sleeping with me. This particular night I went right off to sleep and May went to sleep without blowing out the lamp. I

must have knocked it from the chair by my bed, anyway it tipped over. Father woke up in the nite and remarked about the bright moon to mother. They slept just under our room, Just at that moment he smelled the smoke and in an instant he was mounting the stairs two steps at a jump with a five gallon oil can full of wash water, I had failed to empty it. All they could see as they reached the top step was flames of fire leaping over our bed and through the window we kept open. Mother was right behind him with a bucket of water also. Everything under and around the bed was a fire, as we lay asleep, but not a thing on the bed was burned. Father said as he went out to the well for more water the flames still came from the window. We, like the Hebrew Children came out without a smell of smoke.

Louis Born

Louis came to brighten our home September 17, 1899. The younger children grew very near to me as it was during their babyhood days that the affliction came to our brother, Frank, and he required so much of mother's care that responsibility for the younger ones fell upon the older children.

As the eldest girl of a large family, I was required to do work which prepared me for the responsibility of a family and home of my own, and for which I am very thankful. I led a gay and happy life. My older brothers were my only escorts and we learned to dance, ride and play together. We were in the same classes at school so we worked out our difficult problems together. We went to socials, picnics and celebrations together. Our home was a happy, not a quarrelsome one.

Howard Marries May Young

In the spring of 1890, father lost his health. The railroad came through the valley and cut our home in two. A group of Saints traveling to Old Mexico stopped in Mancos to recruit. My brother, Howard, fell in love with the sweetest and prettiest girl of the company whom I had chummed with and had brought to our house many times. On 24 October 1890, the day my brother, Orville, was twenty-one years of age, my brother, Howard, married May Young. This was the first break in our family circle.

Move to Jackson

Howard and his bride, with father, joined the Mexico company and started out to find us a new home, but they stopped at St. Johns, Arizona where Howard got a job in a roller flour mill and father came back to close out his business, intending to follow in the spring and settle in St. Johns. As we were preparing to leave, however, we received a letter from Howard which changed all our plans. He wrote that he was returning to Fruitland. However, Brother Jesse P. Steeles, presiding Elder of the little branch of the Burnham Ward in New Mexico, called Jackson, persuaded father and mother to move there.

Father took a trip to the LaPlata, bought a place and put in a garden. Father paid a man to plant an alfalfa patch, brought a boy back to drive the horses. We were on the move.

Father drove a four horse team with a double bed wagon, in which the family rode with our bedding and food. Orville's four horse team had some furniture and boxes of books etc. We left one good load in the house. Our organ and large pictures and other things packed in boxes. We were four days on the road as we had to go by Cortez and out through the valley, as the Mancos Hill was snowed in. I drove the cows and we met Howard and May on the road at Fruitland, New Mexico. So we all arrived on the LaPlata together. They called the place Jackson.

They were depending upon building a reservoir for water but for one reason or another, it never held water but went out before they got even one watering.

I never liked the place and could never see any reason for settling there. To me it was nothing but a desert that a good many had left, but of course I had to remain with the family, but when I saw an excuse to get out I took it.

Attends BYU

In August, I went to Provo to stay with my Aunt Nellie Alexander and to attend Brigham Young University. It [her home] was located at the depot in a large frame building awaiting construction of a new building which was completed and dedicated that year between Christmas and New Years. I

stayed the remainder of the term with my Uncle William Roberts as his home was so much closer. This proved to be the most outstanding single year of my whole life. Oh, how I would have enjoyed going on the following year but money matters would not permit.

Marries Charlie Steele

While I was away at school, Brother Fielding Steele moved to Jackson with his daughter, and this resulted in more of his family settling there, among whom was his son, Charlie, whose wife I became on 6 March 1893.

When the crop was harvested he took a load of wheat to Durango and bought our housekeeping out fit and we started our life together in the little log cabin.

Our first child was born the 5 January 1894. We named him Milton Clark Steele and he was to be a great blessing to me.

I did not care much for Jackson and would have much rather found a different location to settle and build a home but Charlie was much enthused over the outlook there and this proved to be our downfall

Mountain Vacation – Whooping Cough – Apple Picking

After school was out, mother with the children rented a small place on the San Juan, in Fruitland off Tom Bryan, and Charlie rented a small frame house of the Bishops and there was where our little Jennie came to brighten our home May 15, 1895.

When she was old enough to move, on the 3rd of July Charlie came and took me to the mountains to cook for him. I spent afternoons piling brush to build fires at night to keep the bears away from the cows calf, which I had tied near the house. Charlie and Frank were always after dark getting home from delivering the ties to town. I was afraid of bears, as one nearly got the calf one nite and we could see tracks around close to the house. Milton was always crazy about flowers – I enjoyed picking them with him. We pressed a lot of them in a book, but my vacation soon came to a close, as both children caught whooping cough, and we had to get down out of the mountains with them, so Charlie lost his summer work. As soon as I could be left alone with

the children, apple picking started and Charlie went to the orchards, to work. When the apples were picked and packing in boxes started, the men began hauling them in freight wagons to market. I use to go along and dry enough peaches and apples to do me through the winter.

Cow Saves Children from Mad Dog

One day I had cleaned Milton and Jennie up and started them off to see my folks. Instead of going through the gate, as usual, they took a notion to crawl out under the barbed wire fence which proved to be the means of saving their lives. Jennie's bonnet caught on the wire and while Milton was trying to get her loose, a "mad dog" that had eluded more than one farmer while he was after his gun, ran along the road. Our cow grazing in the back yard, saw the dog and to protect the children, she came on the run getting there just as the dog started under the fence to where the children were. The cow caught and bunted the dog back out into the roadway so that it went on its way but the cow's ear was nipped.

Before the dog was finally captured and killed, it had bitten several valuable animals belonging to the farmers living along the road, and every one of the animals died in fits, including our cow.

We had taken a contract to cut and haul logs; therefore, we had the cow in the mountains before she died. She had given us another heifer and furnished us so faithfully with milk but as soon as warmer weather arrived, she had to die that awful death for having saved my babies.

Brother Howard's Death

Brother George Burnham and others had drifted back to their homes. We were all at fathers on June 15, 1897 when William Young, Howard's brother-in-law, rushed in to tell us that my brother Howard was dead. It threw mother into hysterics, as soon as we could get mother quieted and William Young calmed a little, my husband took him to one side and found out the particulars. I couldn't believe it was true that he had been drowned in the San Juan, and hoped there might be a chance of a mistake. After being found by the Indians four days later after searching and guarding the river continually, they had dragged him from the muddy water on the 19th of June and tied him to the

willows, until he was removed. He was immediately laid in his last resting place, the first real grief of separation by death our family had had.

Children Starving on Bread and Milk Diet

In 1896 we were blessed with another son, Howard Dermont Steele born 27 August. The year of 1897 was one I can never forget. Our little Howard got dysentery and nothing we did had any effect on him. We tried the doctors medicine and everything the older women told us had worked for them. We traveled to the mountains, but he only got worse. It seemed that the Heavens were sealed to our prayers. As usual we had no gardens in Jackson, and I wanted some vegetables for my children. I was alone with my children, as Charles was away working. I got my brother to take me to a place where I had worked when I was a girl. They were glad to see me and took me right out into their lovely garden. As soon as we reached the tomato patch Howard wanted a tomato and I let him eat all he wanted. I bought some of all their vegetables and let the children eat all they wanted of everything. From that day Howard began to improve, and the other children felt better at once. I then realized what a crime it was to remain in a desert place and starve children on a bread and milk diet.

John and Mary (May) Born – One Year Old May Dies

In 1898 we were still in Jackson working on the reservoir where on February 21 my third son, John Alvin was born. Then after another disappointing year Charles went to Mancos to work on a saw mill and it was there our little blue-eyed May was born. My mother came to be with me and brought her youngest, my little brother, Lou. Then my husband got hurt so we went back to Jackson. My father was the only inhabitant as mother had taken the children to where they could get schooling, in Farmington, New Mexico. As soon as Charles was able, we moved to Farmington renting a place from Blake. Mother had rented Mrs. Johnson's home. Father came to be with the family and gave up the Jackson place for a while. Some missionaries came and established a Sunday School that was held at my Mother's home and Charles was made the Presiding Elder. That winter they all had measles.

Our precious Mary (May) Steele was born August 16, 1899. One night 8 June 1900 our darling little May passed away. We laid her to rest in the Fruitland cemetery, to wake some day in a fairer and better world than this. She had been with us only ten months. She was considered then as a 'blue' baby.

Grandpa Steele Spends the Summer

That summer Grandpa Steele came to live with us. Charles had to drain a lake which had been planted to carp fish, as it had gotten stagnant. The fish tasted of the mud. We made a pond of fresh water with a screen at each opening, and transferred the fish into it. They soon become fresh and edible. I sold enough fish to pay all of our summer groceries. That summer Grandpa Steele killed over one hundred Teal ducks and between 25 and 30 Mallards on the San Juan River. I made him a very comfortable pillow with the feathers. He helped me dry fruit and corn to last two years. Charles let him have enough fruit off the place to get money to take him back to Nebraska to his daughter where he spent the remainder of his life.

Grandma Steele

We have become acquainted with those who knew and lived near Grandma Steele when she and Grandpa were in Grandvalley, Colorado, during her remaining years of life, [they] speak very highly of her. They say she was a very beautiful woman and always very considerate and kind to both young and old. Those who came in contact with her, respected her very highly, though she had little or no schooling.

Last of Church in Jackson

One morning after we had returned from the county fair, Bro. Burnham came to get Charlie to go to Farmington to hire a Surrey and get Saddle to go to Mancos to get the body of his son Ben, who had been shot in a strike in Telluride. About three weeks after this Bro. Burnham was hauling some lumber to fence in Bennies grave, when he was thrown from his wagon and killed. Thus he followed the same tracks to the cemetery, made to carry his son to rest. This finished the church organization in Jackson. There was never another presiding Elder appointed and all the saints soon deserted Jackson. My parents were the last to leave.

Hard Life in Jackson

For nearly ten years, we put in a crop each spring only to see it dry up and then we would have to move out for a job to make enough to live on and to work on the reservoir through the winter. One by one the different families became discouraged and left. By that time, our family had grown to six in number, one of which we had buried – our little blue-eyed May.

I had not been well since my last baby, and we all had a siege of chills and fever. I always thought it had come from the stagnant pond of water on the place we had rented, thinking it would be more comfortable than our own little home. I soon moved back into my own little place and there we remained until we came back from Salt Lake, when we moved from Jackson never to return.

Son Don Born

The winter of 1900-1901 we remained in Farmington where on the 24 of February 1901 our baby Don came to us. Although we had wanted another girl, he turned out to be a lasting joy and comfort to my life. When he was two weeks old we again moved back to Jackson and the folks also moved back to their home in Jackson. That year they finished the reservoir. In the spring of 1901, my husband rented his Uncle Jessie's ranch and succeeded in raising a good crop of wheat.

Sealed for Eternity

So, instead of spending our summer crop to build reservoir, we used the money and went to Salt Lake to the Temple and had our family sealed to us for Time and all Eternity.

On our return, we purchased a couple of lots on the bank of the San Juan River in Kirtland, New Mexico, on which there was a beautiful spring.

Life in Kirtland, New Mexico

Five Year Old Howard Dies – Daphne is Born

For the first time we began to build ourselves a home and for the four years we lived here we enjoyed working in the church and having our children attend Sunday school and Primary and sent our children to school. I was made assistant secretary of the Relief Society which was organized for the convenience of the families living in Kirtland.

When spring came small pox broke out, I think we were the only family who escaped, but the children got a spell of scarlet fever. It was while we were living here that little Howard developed Brights disease of the kidneys left from scarlet fever. He passed away on the 19th of April about the same time his Grandpa Steele died in Iowa.

Charlie bought two more lots, which furnished us with plenty of hay for our horses and cows. He also bought some bottom land, where we raised water melons, squash, pumpkins, and sugar cane, which furnished us with molasses. I had the largest melon patch around. The young folks use to come and pick melons and pack them to the top of the hill then invite me to the melon bust. They never stole or destroyed any.

While my husband was building our house, we lived in Frank Noel's house. He was our brother-in-law, and it was there that we lost our second son, Howard. We then cleaned up our horse-shed, put a floor in it and moved in so as to be near our fresh spring water and raise a garden. Before we had the roof on the little adobe two-room house, our little Daphne was born, as the Savior in the stable.

But in the spring of 1905, misfortune overtook us. We lost two of our best milch cows and my husband's team, leaving him nothing with which to maintain his family.

Always Room for Two More

In the mean time Charlie built a small lumber kitchen on one room, which made us very comfortable. Our only milk cow got some poison hay that left us without milk, but the ward bought us a good milk cow, for which we were very thankful.

That winter of 1903-1904, Charlie's sister and brother-in-law, Frank and Emma Ford came to live with us. We vacated our bedroom for them which crowded us considerable. Charlie and Frank leased a coal mine and while Frank mined the coal Charlie sold and delivered it into Farmington. This gave them a chance to get by until Spring when they moved away to Fruitland and this let me back into my bedrooms, giving us more room again.

Kathrine Steele is Born

In the mean time my parents had sold out in Jackson and purchased a little home in Kirtland, so mother was with me when my little Katie arrived, 14th April 1904. While I lay in confinement, a badger got into my chicken coop and killed all the chickens, including twelve packing ducks.

Grasshoppers Clean Out Kirtland and Fruitland

Charlie became so discouraged, not knowing which way to turn, he filed a homestead claim on 160 acres a mile and a half below Fruitland on the San Juan River. The grasshoppers cleaned Kirtland and Fruitland completely out. My husband bought a hay bailer in partnership with my brother and Brother Tom Stalworthy and went north of Durango to bail hay. I took the children to Farmington and worked for food and clothing and put up fruit for the winter.

In the fall, I took the children and a tent which I had purchased, and moved to the homestead with only Indians for neighbors. Milton and Jennie walked two miles to school. We managed to get to church at Fruitland.

Several Moves – Three More Children

In five years, we were again on the move. For two summers we were on the LaPlata, renting a big hay ranch, then back and forth from the home in Kirtland to the homestead while my husband found work at different places. In the meantime, we had three more children come to our home, Edith, Charlie and Robert. Alvin had lost his hearing due to chickenpox settling in his ears when a baby and we put him in a school for the deaf in Sant Fe, New Mexico.

Hallies Comet

It was while we were on the mountain that Hallies comet passed over the skies. It caused considerable excitement as there was a report that its tail would sweep the earth on a certain night. Some people imagined a terrible calamity was bound to befall them. Daphne, my sister, became quite nervous and got Frank to take her home with her children. I never noticed anything unusual except a large star with a very long tail passed through the sky.

Three More Children

Early in 1910, my husband proved up on the homestead and made a deal with my brother, Frank, for 80 acres of good farming land in Redmesa, Colorado where we lived quite comfortable in tents and a two-room stockade house for seven years. We raised wheat, oats, and plenty of hay for our stock, as well as a beautiful garden.

Blow Snake – Guinea Eggs

Once while I was away a big blow snake swallowed three of our guineas eggs and Don cut the snake up and put the eggs back under the hen and they all hatched.

Farewell to Parents – Father Dies

My parents went to California with Roy Cooper. While they were getting ready to leave father put his arm around my shoulders and looking at me closely remarked "Hattie Dearie, you are not as gray as the younger girls, I guess it is the difference in the kind of a man you married." These were the last words he ever spoke to me. We went out to the river crossing where the wagons were waiting, there I bid our last farewell.

That following winter the children from Jennie to Edith, were under an unusually good teacher. It was while there in that same place where less than a year ago I bade my father goodbye, I received word that he had passed away in San Diego, California, December 12, 1912.

Georgie is Born and Dies

Three more children came to bless our home, Eugene Forrest, Georgie, and Iowa, but death took little Georgie away at five weeks. He was born 2 April, 1915. There was several babies called home that spring with Georgie. They thought it was bronchial pneumonia that caused their deaths.

Move to Wyoming

The water supply failed again; my husband became dissatisfied and began looking for another place and once again we were on the move. The next year was filled with several events that changed the lives of the whole family. While my husband was looking for another location, I took the children to Durango to school. Jennie went to school in Vernal, Utah. She stayed with my Aunt Betty Coray. Milton was married to a very sweet aspiring girl. In the

summer of 1919, Jennie went to Cowley, Wyoming to visit her Uncle John Steele and we followed in the winter. We remained there for seven years.

In the meantime, our darling Ione came to gladden our home; Jennie, Daphne and Don found their companions. The climate was so cold we left in the spring of 1925. In March, Charlie, Jr. took his father out in a covered wagon with a small stove in one end and a bed in the back on his way to Colorado. With Milton, Don and Kate's family, I and the younger children followed. Edith was in Salt Lake City with Jennie, attending school. We settled in the Douglas Pass south of Rangely where the boys homesteaded. I moved back and forth to get the four younger children in school and in church in Vernal where we made our home with Robert, the oldest in our group. While there, Iowa and Ione were married. Forrest was called to the service in Washington state where he found his wife.

Charlie's Way with Babies

Charlie was always pleased to have the children come home and bring their little folks. He really loved children and always made friends with the neighbors children, who seemed to love him. Charlie had the most soothing effect on a nervous and fussy baby. I've seen him take a baby crying and fussing from its mother and cuddle it in his arms and start humming and in a little while the baby would be sound asleep and wake up laughing and playing.

Husband, Charles Dies

My husband's health grew worse and on 17 December 1948 he passed away. All of the children came to see him. Since then, I have spent my summers in Douglas with my son, Charlie, where I can be near all of the boys, except Alvin. In the winters, I have visited with the girls in their different homes, but mostly with Jennie in Salt Lake City where I could work in the temple.

Alvin, who had attended the school for the deaf in the states where we lived, finally made the acquaintance of a girl in Ogden whom he married. They have settled in Murray where he has always worked in the woolen mills.

Makes Rangely, Colorado Home

For a number of years, I spent a good deal of my time with my children in Rangely, Colorado. Finally, about 1955, Robert built a nice little home for me in Rangely near him and Ruby and insisted that I move from Vernal permanently. I sold my home in Vernal to Iowa and have been happy since in my new surroundings in Rangely.

Honored on 86th Birthday 1959

The Rangely DUP camp, together with the Rangely Relief Society, paid tribute to their oldest and beloved member, Mrs. Harriet Virginia Roberts Steele, to honor her 86th birthday. She was presented with a huge cake and flowers. The whole town adopted her as their special "grandma" especially the children and she in return, bestowed upon each and every one a "grandma's" love, being particularly interested in babies.

Husband of Harriet Virginia Roberts Steele

Charles Milton Steele (Charlie)

[Written by himself from memory and from stories told to his wife and children.]

Born in Prairie Country

I was born on the 11th day of November 1860 in a little log house in High Point, Decatur, Iowa, in the prairie country. My folks left there when I was a baby and went to Crescent City, Pottawattamie County, Iowa. My father was a farmer, therefore I grew up the farm. We moved from one place to another during the first nine years of my life. We lived on Honey Creek during the rebellion [Civil War.]

Effects of the Civil War on Family

The President asked for fifty-thousand men; when the people laughed at him he asked for 125,000. When this failed he started drafting the men. In those days a man could hire a man to go and fight for him if he didn't care to go himself. I had a cousin named James Steele who live in Crescent City, Iowa who hired out to fight for another fellow. When men were drafted, they would let them draw slips of papers, and any one drawing a blank was automatically free from going to war. My father, (Fielding Steele) drew a blank so they appointed him as an officer to administer the drafts. He was well known and knew all the men in the country who were best able to go.

Home Burned – Father's Life Threatened

At the time there were some secessionists hanging along the Missouri River. They were outlaws, horse thieves and bush whackers. They mobbed and shot father's horses, burned his home, destroyed his property, scattering it all over the prairie. They tried to shoot father but he was warned supernaturally, so we kept close watch and was always prepared for trouble. The strain was terribly hard on Mother.

Father bought forty acres of land from Andrew Ferris, a short distance from Crescent, where we lived until we moved to the rail road on the Rock Island Pacific, in the upper end of the county. It was on this trip that I found a pretty pocket knife, my

first possession, so I never forgot it. Father built a cabin of lumber in which we lived while on the rail road. This was the most lonesome place I was ever in. The land was swampy we had chills and fever. The prairie chicken roamed incessantly and the deer were thick, so it was easy to obtain food.

Move Back to Crescent – House Blown Down

The family went back to Crescent for the winter. Brother Ben was born there in March 1870. Father and Jim, my older brother, went to work the next summer on the railroad when our house was blown down. Father got a lot of guards and rebuilt the house. The guards were to protect mother and the children. Our house was built upon a little ridge with a swale below. This swale was overgrown with willows and underbrush.

Someone Hired to Kill My Father

One day father was feeling low in his mind, so he took his rifle and went for a walk down the trail that led to this swale and willows. He happened to see, in a small clearing, a fellow crouching along as if he were looking for something and but he didn't want to be caught doing it. Father stepped back into the thick willows and when the fellow came abreast of him all he had to do was thrust out his rifle and stop him. He found it was one of his neighbors, Mr. Walters. When Father asked him what he was doing on his land, he replied he was merely looking for cattle, however he evaded Father. Father afterwards found out Walters had been hired to wait there and way lay and kill him. Hale, a man who was back of it, had dodged the draft. Father had to go out three or four times trying to catch him.

Years later Father met him in Idaho and finding out he was a known Mormon leader and a Bishop, Father knowing his past record apostatized from the Church. When Mr. Hale found Father was in the country, he left, thinking I guess, that Father was still after him, even though the war was over.

I met him years later when my brothers and younger sister hired out as a hay crew. My sister was to do the cooking. After working for several days

we found out that my sister was expected to chop the wood and milk the cows, so we quit. His son was going to try and force us to stay, but he had another thought when I asked him what he intended to do about it. He was later shot by a Mexican in self-defense, when he knocked the Mexican down.

Prairie Fires

One of my clearest memories was the great prairie fires that raged over the prairie. When they started all the farmers for twenty miles around would get together and plough furrows sixty feet apart, burning the land in between. This made fire guards when the fire reached this guard it was stopped for lack of fuel. It seldom caused much damage, only to the cattle and horses that got caught in it. But the people had to be on guard or it would burn their homes and hay stacks. I have fought many prairie fires, and it is an awesome sight to see the fire burning in streaks with the wind for miles around; of course we had to watch the wind, the danger lay in it changing. At times the flames would leap into the air a hundred feet or more, the fire would go rolling through the air, carried by the wind. The air could be still and quiet, with not a breeze, but the minute a fire started it would be a roaring inferno, it seemed to start the air circulating by itself. In those days the prairie was a great haven for deer, grouse, and prairie chicken. In the fall we got most of our recreation from hunting.

Ranch in Neola, Iowa – Win a Prize at School

Father then went to Neola, Iowa and bought a ranch. There was no help and no schools. Father got some married women's names to make the required number to form a school district. That was my first school. I won a prize, it was a book about birds.

Trouble with the Settlers and Our Cattle

Father got 600 head of cattle to herd which caused him some trouble, as the settlers use to cut the wild hay for their winter feed and did not like it grazed off. There were no fences, so after we had the first stampede, we had to watch the herd closely. Father got \$2.50 a head for the summer. My brother, John and I herded together most of the time. We would get them to milling in a circle and then get the leader of the herd, usually an old restless cow, and chase her until she was tired and would lay down

and keep still, then we would go swimming.

Refused to Herd Sheep

The next year father got sheep, which I positively refused to herd. He would send me out with them and I would drawl off in the shade and let them wander off. Father never believed in "sparing the rod and spoiling the child" thus I suffered the consequences, but I still wouldn't herd the sheep.

Catching Wolves' Pups

The wolves were real thick and we had to hunt them down. My brother Jim use to put a rope around my waist and I would crawl down the holes, if the young wolves growled, I'd kick and he'd pull me out, then we would dig them out. We got \$2.50 a piece for the scalp. There was an average of six to seven pups in a hole. The old ones would never run into a hole.

Age 13 – Full Farm Hand

When we boys failed as sheep herders, Pa went back to farming. I became a full farm hand at the age of thirteen and John and I was Father's main dependents from then on, on the farm. We raised corn and timothy hay to fatten the steers Father brought home. John and I helped on the farm until the winter after I was fourteen.

Last Schooling

The winter I was fourteen, I rode six or seven miles to school for three months schooling, which was the last schooling I ever had, and the next winter I quarreled with father and left him and went to work for a neighbor. John went with me but he got sick and I sent him home. When I went home, father rented me the ranch on shares. I sold my share of what I raised, took the money and went west where my brother Jim and family were living in Colorado.

Charles Goes West

[Hattie now tells Charles story as she remembers it.] Charles was 18 when he went west and went to a place called Stubbs Ranch, where he worked at a saw Mill. He liked to work there as the owner of the mill would let him drive his big, fat team. The man liked Charlie and wanted to adopt him, as he had no children to inherit his property, but Charlie had no desire to be adopted and soon left.

Montana – Iowa – Colorado

He went to Montana and tried several things – Gold mining and logging – nothing worked out for him. He got homesick and went back to Iowa where he ran his Father's farm one summer, but the call of the West and it's mountains were too much of an attraction. He told his Father he wouldn't give a good sleeping place in the West for the whole state of Iowa. He sold enough corn for a ticket back to Colorado, where he got to working in the mines. The gold fever took possession of him and he never fully recovered from it in his life, although he did give the mines up after we were married.

"It's True, It's True, It's True"

Uncle Jesse Pierce Steele, went on a mission to Iowa where my relatives lived. Among his many converts was his brother Fielding Steele, my Father, and some members of my family, who had previously been bitter against Mormonism. There were twelve children and the married children, who weren't converted resented it and wrote complaining letters to me. So I went back home to see what I could do about it.

I intended to send Jessie home on a rail if necessary. Once home, I gathered a crowd of hoodlums and went to the church where Jessie was holding a meeting. We entered the church. I was the leader and started towards Jessie intending to drag him out. Uncle Jessie arose from his chair and looked me squarely in the face. I became transfixed to the floor and couldn't move a muscle and I seemed to hear a voice repeat three times, it's true, it's true, it's true. Then I said I guessed that it was all over. There would be no mobbing. I felt very weak and sat down. After that I became an investigator of Mormonism.

Charlie returned to the West and filed a preemption on a piece of land on a small stream they called Parachute Creek, now Rifle, Colorado, not far from Grand Junction.

When Uncle Jessie finished his mission, Charlie's Father sold his home in Neola, Iowa and came with his family Emma, Susan, Ben, John and Mother Steele to live on Charlie's ranch at Parachute. They had all previously joined the church.

Charlie intended with his father to go into the cattle business, as his place never had enough water for very much farming and they intended to use it for grazing purposes. Charlie then went to work in the mines to get money to keep the home going. He came home winters and fenced his ranch so he could prove up on it.

Charlie's Father Moves to New Mexico

Some where about 1890 his mother passed away. His father took Emma and Frank Ford and moved to a small village near Farmington, New Mexico, known as Jackson, where his Uncle Jessie with his family and two married children lived. Susan had married and moved to Telluride, Colorado where Charlie was working in the mines.

Charlie Meets Hattie Roberts

It was on Saturday night in August, that they drifted into Jackson, to visit Charlie's folks who lived there. At Sunday School the next day Charlie was introduced to Hattie Roberts.

The boys were invited to dinner by Mrs. Elmer Taylor, Charlie's cousin. Sacrament meeting was held at two P.M. The Roberts home was just across the street from the Taylor's home. Jackson was a small place and the people carried their chairs with them to meeting. As Charlie was coming from the Taylor home, he saw Hattie coming through their gate with two chairs. He met her in the road and asked her if he carried one of the chairs if he might use it to sit with her in Church. As soon as church was over he helped her carry her chairs home.

Hattie left the next day and went to work for the summer about fifty miles up the San Juan on a farm. Charlie and companions remained in Jackson long enough to put up some hay on shares, as he had resolved to return in the Winter and wanted feed for his horses.

While in Jackson that summer, Charlie became well acquainted with the Roberts Family and made a very good impression upon them. Mrs. Roberts being an intelligent woman and ever ready to explain the gospel or answer any questions concerning religion, lent him many books to read from their large library. They engaged in many pleasant conversations.

Courtship of Charles and Hattie

When Hattie returned late in the fall her mother left her to care for the younger children and her father, while she took the two older girls to Durango to work.. Charlie returned to Jackson and accidentally knocked on the Roberts' home instead of the Taylor home where his sisters said they were living. Hattie did not recognize him at first but her brothers and father did and they invited him in where he visited for the evening. He recognized the girl who gave him a chair to sit by her and as he left he remarked that he would be seeing her again. Sunday was Christmas and after meeting he gathered with the young people at the Roberts home to sing. During the evening he paid special attention to Hattie, which she willingly accepted. The Christmas dance was Monday night during which they became very congenial.

The next morning Hattie went to see Charlie's sister on business and when she left for home he walked home with her to help her move the organ home, as they used the Roberts organ for their dances. Before moving the organ his sisters stopped by at the school house and they started laughing and playing the organ. Hattie heard them and walked over; as she came to the door, Charlie who was standing across the hall saw her and met her in the middle of the house and they started to waltz together with the music. They stayed together until the crowd started to leave to go to supper at Charlie's sisters. When Charlie's sister asked him to bring some water from the Roberts Well, he asked Hattie to show him where the well was and to hand him a bucket. As she handed him the bucket their hands clasped and they took their own time going to and from the well. From that evening they never passed a day without seeing each other until the next March 1893 when they were joined in Marriage.

Harriet Virginia Roberts and Milton Charles Steel Children and their Spouses

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Milton Clark Steele 1894
wife – Doris Eleanor Nichols | 9. Edith Steele 1906
1 st husband – Henry Irvin Porter Jr.
2 nd husband – Ted Hoffenback |
| 2. Jennie Steele 1895
husband – Ferry LeRoy Hadlock | 10. Charles Enos Steele 1908 |
| 3. Howard Dermont Steele 1896 - 1902
(died 5 years) | 11. Robert Brooks Steele 1910
1 st wife – Ruby Foster
2 nd wife – Laura Bowler Clark |
| 4. John Alvin Steele 1898
wife – Josephine Lillian King | 12. Eugene Forest Steele 1912
1 st wife – Mary Pay
2 nd wife – Ethelyn Lee |
| 5. Mary Steele (died 1 year old) 1899 | 13. George Fielding Steele 1915
(died as infant) |
| 6. Don Homer Steele 1901
wife – Margaret Sue Duncan | 14. Iowa Steele 1917
husband – Charles Burton Needles |
| 7. Daphne Steele 1902
husband – Robert Earl Despain | 15. Ione Steele 1919
husband – David William Allred |
| 8. Katherine Steele 1904
1 st husband – Milford Oliver Olson
2 nd husband – Guss Recter Duncan
3 rd husband – Harold Earnest Sawyer | |

Child Four

MARY ELIZA ROBERTS (MAY) - FRANK LELAND NOEL



MARY ELIZA ROBERTS



FRANK LELAND NOEL

To Help My Children or Grandchildren

Well, Jennie, you have been asking me to write a sketch of my life, so here goes – and if there is anything in it that will in any way help any of my children or grandchildren, I pray that the Lord will help me to put it in such a way that it will be interesting for them.

“Comfort of Prayer”

In thinking over my past, I have wondered if in my fifty-nine years of life’s journey, there is one lesson I could leave behind, and have decided that if there is, it is the “Comfort of Prayer,” so if in my narrative I often speak of where the Lord has helped me through difficulties, I hope that you who do not feel so much the necessity, will bear with me.

Birth of ‘Little May’

I was born at Mona, Juab County, Utah, on 13

August 1876, so the 13th is not an unlucky day for me. My father, Orville Clark Roberts, and my mother, Mary Knowlton Coray Roberts owned a large farm and a band of horses. I was the fourth child, and had blue eyes and curly hair like my father. They called me ‘Little May’ and accused me of being spoiled.

Illness of Grandmother Coray

My father had the old pioneer blood in his veins and wanted to keep moving; mother was willing to make a change. They started for Arizona but stopped at Mancos, Colorado. Mother was soon called back to Provo to be with her sick mother. Father took us in a trail wagon with four horses, Grandmother was very ill. This is where my real memories begin, – the illness of my grandmother, taking her a drink, and then the morning of her death and the sad time that followed.

Gathering Nuts

Can you picture a group of children gathering nuts? Mother had two close friends, Mrs. Barber and Mrs. Weston, who had children about the same ages that we were and oh, the merry times we had; the three families would take picnics and we would all go gathering nuts. We would also repeat this when currents and buffalo berries were ripe.

Schooling

We had to walk a mile to the school house that was made of logs and had very crude benches that were big and awkward. Mr. Longenbaugh was my first teacher. I learned my ABC's by taking home a little card with the letter printed on it. It was here that I saw the first child whipped in my life; a boy at school was punished and it frightened me for father and mother never punished us that way and we knew nothing but kindness.

God Answers Prayers

Here I earned my reward – a prize was offered to the one who improved the most in three months, writing the first verse of "Work for the Night is Coming." This was my first acquaintance with God. There were three prizes offered and I felt that I must have one so, in my daily prayers, I asked for help and worked hard. When the final day came, as small as I was, I was rewarded the third prize. It was a red velvet purse. My! How I treasured it and often wondered what would have happened to me if I had failed for I was so sure of winning it. But I didn't fail and we don't fail if we have true faith and work hard.

Rides in the Sleigh

Father always had fat horses and in the winter, there was lots of snow. We would ride in the sleigh and I can almost hear those bells now as the horses trotted over the frozen roads. In the fall, we would gather pinion nuts by the sack full and it was a real thrill when we would find a squirrel's nest filled with these nuts. It wasn't right to take them but we didn't think of that then.

Fourteenth Birthday

On my fourteenth birthday, mother gave me a party. How happy I was. All of my girl friends came and two boys; it was then that I received my first attention from a boy friend (Will Young). He took me for a horse back ride and I was quite thrilled

although I was not allowed to accept of company at that age, but I well knew that I was preferred.

Move to Jackson

The railroad was coming in and they decided to go across our farm cutting it in two, so father sold the farm and thought of going to a warmer country. He decided to settle in Jackson, New Mexico and located seven miles northwest of Farmington. I was nearly fifteen and was able to help so I drove four horses most of the way. It was here that I started my real life.

Enjoyed Helping Carry the Load with Jennie and Mother

The older children were working for themselves and although I was supposed to be spoiled and delicate, I soon saw that Jennie and I were to carry this load with mother, but how we enjoyed it. We milked the cows, rode the horses, hoed weeds, irrigated the gardens and crops, worked in the hay field and did the farm work, but it was all fun to us. The wind would blow quite hard.

Going to Town – First Time

My first experience of going to town, seven miles away, shall never be forgotten. Hattie, her friend, Mary Steele, and I went horseback. A strong wind that blew sand and pebbles came up and we could hardly stay on our horses. I lost my hat for it went over a steep bank. The girls held my horse while I went after it and located it lodged in a bush. The real job was getting back for the wind was blowing me back and the sand and small rocks were hitting me in the face. The girls came to my rescue and helped me up the bank. We all laughed until we could hardly get on our horses.

First Time Plowing

The first plowing I ever did was helping father put in some corn. He had been quite ill with the rheumatism so I drove while he held the plow. I watched him tremble and grow pale so I told him I would do it alone. He said, "Do you think you can? I've a notion to let you try." I put in the corn and it was some time coming up. Father looked for it in vain but at last it all came peeping through. The water failed us again but the corn was so deep that we harvested a good crop while others lost their crops, except for fodder. Father was ill with rheumatism and we had to sell our cows and horses

to get us food. I found a job and mother went to work in a hotel.

Joy During Hard Times

Thank the Lord for Mother's Dream

Mother soon saw that the children needed her most so she came home and gathered us together and we moved into a tent put up in Mr. Lock's peach orchard in Farmington, New Mexico to dry fruit. The joy we had in our little tent! We were together again and Jennie played the harmonica while I danced and capered around. Father and mother laughed until they cried. Father kept the place and tended the small children. We didn't know we were having a hard time for there was nothing but joy in our hearts. It was in this tent that mother drew the beautiful home that helped to shape my life. We talked of it, planned for it, saw the water running through the pipes, but we never got any farther than putting down the stakes. However, it served its purpose and I thank the Lord for mother's dream home.

Activities, Work, School

For dancing entertainment, we young folks would often go fourteen miles in a wagon. We had many house parties, played baseball, and many other games. We had to give up trying to farm the ranch but father stayed there. He refused to follow us around hunting for work and to schools. The year I was eighteen, mother took us to Mancos to go to school

Mother Tends Bees

On Sunday, we would walk a mile to Sunday School, even when the snow was quite deep. It seemed strange to go over the same road that years before we had traveled in a fancy sleigh, with fat horses pulling the sleigh and the bells ringing. That was one of the happiest winters. In the spring, mother took us to Fruitland and she rented a small place from Tom Brian and took care of bees for the neighbors.

Frank Noel Enters May's Life

This piece of property which she rented joined a piece of alfalfa that Edmund and Frank Noel had rented. Now, my brother, Howard, came down and warned Jennie and me about the gentile boys that had come to town; he told us not to fall in love with any of them but the very next day, the boys came

down to water their hay. We were quite pleased and made a bet between us to see which one could go with Frank first. The next time he came down, we each found a window where we could see without being seen and watched him come on his little prancing buckskin pony that he called 'Honey,' and when he came to the big ditch that ran through the place near our home, what should happen but that dancing pony jumped the ditch and left him in the middle of it.

I guess it was only natural that whenever Frank came to tend the hay, I found it the proper time to hoe in the garden, dressing up in my best and looking very industrious. It wasn't long until we were enjoying rides together and going to dances. Our happy days only lasted a short time when our real trouble began. Mother didn't want me to marry out of the church and Frank's brothers didn't want him to marry a Mormon girl, but our hearts had grown together and we loved each other dearly.

At last mother sent me away to school and I attended the Brigham Young Academy in Provo, Utah; at Christmas time, Frank came to see me. Just before he came, I was blessed with a boil on my chin right when I wanted to look my best. My Aunt Nellie Dusenberry felt so sorry for me she did all she could to help me. When it came time to say goodbye, mother so insisted that we see no more of each other and that we quit for good. Frank went home taking my little brother, Lou, to stay with father.

Teaches a Kindergarten Class

After school was finished, Jennie and I decided to teach a Kindergarten class. Monday found us all ready and everything in order. We had as many children as we could handle and were delighted with our new venture. The first week saw us settled and well established in our classes but on the third day of the second week, Jennie broke out with measles. I prepared to go on alone, but not for long, for in another three days, I was lying beside her. It was only a few days when we received word of our brother, Howard's, death; he had been drowned in the San Juan River. When we recovered, we returned home.

Shares Feelings and Describes Her Marriage to Frank Noel

On the third of October 1898, in a small two-room adobe house, I awoke early in the morning with my heart filled with both joy and sorrow. Joy with the dream that this day I would become the wife of the boy I loved and from then on we would be together. Then, again, I was leaving my home and loved ones behind, and there was sorrow. They were so very dear to me, and how I loved my mother. My father, who had been ill for so many years had depended on me for carrying on all of the outside work. Jennie, the sister next to me, was almost like a twin, and I love the memory for we had never been separated. Together, we had enjoyed our dances, horseback riding, the same classes at school, we worked together in the orchard and over the wash tub, in the field, in the corral, and we went out to work to help support the four younger children. They were like my own, dearer to me than my life and I was leaving all to go to the arms of the boy I loved, knowing nothing of his people, a family of men, men not of my faith, not raised as I was – what was the future going to be?

All at once, he was there and ready to take me away. First, we went over to Jackson where we were to be married. Mother was there preparing for our simple, but all important wedding. I will try and describe our wedding:

The house had two rooms, a large room and a small one; the table was set the full length of the large room, a white cloth laid, the white dishes gleaming, and the wedding cake that was a pyramid of loveliness I well remember. Boards were placed along the table with quilts folded to sit on. While it was a very humble setting, the meal was all that could be asked for it seemed grand to me that Mother, Hattie, and Jennie would go to so much trouble to try and fix things so nice for me.

Bishop Ashcroft, whom we both loved, performed the ceremony and sat near us, also did father and mother. Frank wore a dark suit with a stiff white collar. Let me mention here that he disliked stiff collars and this was the first he had had for years. My dress was white Irish linen, the skirt had three ruffles trimmed with very narrow lace; the waist was also trimmed with lace. At this time, I

weighed 114 pounds and was about 5 feet 4 inches tall. My hair was curled in ringlets and tied with a blue ribbon bow.

The room was filled with members of my own family, Frank's brother, Edmund, the bishop and his wife. The ceremony was short after which we all marched in and surrounded the table. Father sat next to me and asked the blessing. I shall never forget that blessing.

After dinner, the family scattered and I, with my mother's help, prepared to leave. We were to dance that night at Fruitland, fourteen miles away, and fourteen miles is quite a long way with horses. It was sad for me to leave my aged father, my mother and children, and my home, while it wasn't much if counted in dollars and cents, but it had a value that could not be estimated in my heart. This day comes to all of us and it had come to me.

Our first trip was made in a wagon; he had a pair of beautiful horses and just as true as they were beautiful. I have always loved horses. As we climbed the hill, after crossing the river, he asked me if I would excuse him if he took off his stiff collar. He took it off and I can't recall now if he ever put on another white stiff collar. It took us nearly two days to reach the store and our home among the Navajo Indians.

Describes First Little Home

I often compare my first little home with the girls of today. We started our lives with a few tin dishes, a small cook stove, four chairs and a rocker, a bed with no springs, a cupboard that was made from wooden boxes which were stacked on top of each other, a small table and a dresser, but enough love to make up for all of the wonderful things that brides receive today. No girl was ever happier. After the store was closed in the evenings, we would climb the hills, play horse shoes and ride horseback. Frank gave me a little white mare which we called 'Flaxie' and she was a joy to me. I loved her and together we spent many happy hours.

First Freight Trip with Frank

We had been married about a month when Frank went for a load of supplies which he had to freight from Gallup, New Mexico. He took me with him and it was our first trip together. The young

folks today will be unable to imagine this wagon with sideboards; the seat was way up high, and the wagon was pulled by four big horses who never went faster than a walk. Slowly, we wound our way across the desert and over the hills. Winter was approaching and it was getting quite cold so I was glad to get there. However, we enjoyed being together which was not the case very often in those days.

Trip in a Wagon When Very Ill

Married life brings its troubles and I was very ill. Mother came to care for me but we decided that it would be better for me to go where I could have medical care. I often compare that ride with the comfortable cars that go hundreds of miles in a short time now. They put a single cot in the back of the wagon and that was my bed. As the wagon went over the rocks, down hill and up, and that cot rolled from one side to the other, it was far from comfortable, and to add to this condition, my joints were swollen and very sore. We finally arrived and spent the night with Edmund. I had broken out with a rash and Mother thought no one would want me in their home.

God Hears a Mother's Prayer

To ease my suffering, I asked Frank to try and find someone to administer to me. He was unable to find anyone who could come down so I asked Mother to pray for me for I felt that I couldn't stand the pain. Mother laid her hands upon my head and God heard her prayers for soon the pain left and I was fast asleep. My mother's hands have so often soothed my pains – I will ever love the memory.

Testimony of Fasting and Blessing

I was taken to Durango, Colorado where I was to be treated and I was to remain there for about two months before I could be operated on. I was alone with my little sister, Daphne. While here, I received one of my greatest testimonies. I sent Daphne to ask Elder Ensign to come and administer to me. He, with one of the elders, came to my room. After giving me a blessing, he told me that the next day, Sunday, they would all fast and if we would join them in the fast, they would all remember me and after meeting, they would pray for me.

We went to the meeting and afterward, the elders joined in a prayer circle for me and I was administered to. I have never forgotten that blessing. I knew that God had heard that prayer and that someday my desire would be granted. The next day, I went to the doctor. When he examined me, he said, "Mrs. Noel, I don't know what has happened, but you are as able to go through that operation now as well as you will be in six weeks from now." He picked up the receiver [telephone] and called the hospital and had them prepare a room for me. I went up that night and was operated on the next morning.

They promised me in the blessing that I should get back my health and be a mother and I was filled with joy for that was the greatest desire of my heart.

Frank's Brothers Come to Stay with Them

It was at this time that another of Frank's brothers, Hambleton, came from the East. Hambleton had been very ill with tuberculosis and had been given but little hope for his life when he left Virginia. During the next few months, he gradually gained a little strength and about this time, Frank's brother, Edmund, hurt his foot and so came to stay with us.

Frank now sold his interest in the store to Hambleton and decided to try and farm our small place. I was ill and Hambleton was slowly recovering, and Edmund was still lame with his broken foot, so I am afraid there were rather discouraging days for my husband.

First Baby Born

Day by day, I grew stronger and finally could do my own work. This was a great help. It was on 11 September 1900 that we were rewarded for our trouble and blessed with a little black haired, blue-eyed girl. How she filled our hearts with joy; my prayers were at last answered. The sweetest music I ever heard was that first little cry – she was mine. Mother was with me and when she laid my baby in my arms, she said, "Well, May, your treasure is here now; you are going to get well, and this little girl will be a comfort to you all the days of your life."

Jennie, our second daughter, was six weeks old when we went to the mountains where Frank had work in the saw mill. Our tent was cozy even if a little crowded. We had a little cook stove, a bed,

table, two chairs, and two babies in such a small space, but we loved the mountains and the scenery was grand. The first morning I just stood and looked at the lovely flowers blooming everywhere and the green grass and trees in every direction. It was a great change from the desert that surrounded our home on the Navajo reservation and my soul thrilled to its beauty. The happy months passed and when the snow began to fall, we decided to leave.

We spent a very quiet winter with mother and father, our only neighbors. My time was all taken up with my husband and the babies. When our third child, a little boy we called Frank Leland, Jr., was about six weeks old, we decided it would be better for us if we lived nearer a settlement and then we wanted a home of our very own, so we moved down to the Burnham place in Fruitland about the first of March. It was cold and a long tedious journey. I was ill from the effort.

We were happy to be with Latter-day Saints where I could enjoy my meetings and the association of my old friends, but it seemed that fate was against us that year and everything happened that could to prevent us from prospering. The grasshoppers came and completely destroyed our crop, even the leaves on the trees were stripped.

Leland was one year old on 19 January 1905 and on 9 February 1905 we were blessed with another son whom we called Henry Reginald.

Frank Runs a Trading Post Sa-Noss-Tee

In the spring of 1906, Mr. Algert offered to loan Frank the necessary supplies to stock a trading post on the Navajo reservation. It would take him away from us a great deal of the time but he left us and went out to the Sa-Noss-Tee store. I was lonely and one day hired a boy to go with me to the store to see Frank. He was surprised and happy; the children were happy; I was happy, so we decided that life was too short to be separated. We rented part of the house and we were soon a happy family again although we were located thirty miles from the settlement of Shiprock, [New Mexico], fifteen miles from the nearest neighbor, and four miles from the nearest tree – a lone cedar. We didn't worry about it and just enjoyed our freedom.

Baby Leland Dies of Typhoid Fever

It was in early August that Leland contracted typhoid fever and I took him to mother's in Kirtland, New Mexico, where he could have a doctor. In a few weeks, he was apparently well and we took him home to the reservation. It wasn't long until I knew that he was failing again. I was anxious and sad days of prayers and watching followed. Everything that could be done was tried for the little fellow but he was called to his Heavenly home on the 28 of November 1906 and left this world of sorrow and pain. It was a hard blow to us; our eldest son (and a sweeter little spirit was never sent to this earth) passed away. His mission was on the other side and we have to accept of God's plan. "God giveth and God taketh away, blessed is the name of the Lord.

These were sad and hard days but God, in His wisdom, planned that we should keep busy. We had no time to sit and mourn for there were many duties waiting to be done. I began to prepare my home that I might leave it again, for six weeks from the day that I laid my son away, I gave birth to a little girl, and on 7 January 1907, I found the biggest comfort that I had, when Mary was born. She was my mother's and my own namesake.

The summer was quiet and we enjoyed our home. On Sundays, after holding Sunday School class for the children, we would take our picnics and have long walks up among the rocks. These were interesting for we would visit Indian caves, hunt for the petroglyphs left by some ancient people.

Bold Difficult Trip with Four Small Children While Pregnant

About the first of March, we decided that it was time for me to move into Fruitland and prepare to live there as the children needed to be in school. The day that we were to leave, a storm came up and a terrible wind was blowing the snow into drifts. We were afraid to go and were afraid to stay, so we started and every little way, we would stop and wonder if we dared to go on. We finally reached the half-way point and then it was just as close to Fruitland as it was to return to Sa-Noss-Tee. We drove down into a deep arroyo, found a sheltered, sunny spot, and fed the children. We bundled them all up again and started on – an open buggy, a group of tiny children. It seemed that we would never

reach our home in Fruitland but when we did, we found it warm and clean and my dear friend, Tamar Black, was there to help me feed the children and get them tucked into bed. She stayed with me until after our little girl, Bessie, was born on 19 March 1908. She had curly hair and blue eyes and was a joy to us. My hands were full with the children and with Frank away, I was lonely and disconsolate.

Relief Society President

It was at this time that I was put in as President of the Relief Society of the Fruitland Branch. We had good attendance and a good spirit among the sisters. I enjoyed the work and I learned then that if you trust in God and try to do your duty, He will always help you.

Wonderful Relief Society Parties

We often gave parties on the anniversary of the Relief Society and they were real parties. One stands out in my memory, particularly; the whole ward was invited. We set three long tables the length of the room and across the stand. All of the women brought food. I remember I took up a tub full of picnic food and six quarts of ice cream. I shall never forget those tables filled with food; there were chickens, turkeys, boiled hams, roasted beef, pies of all kinds, cakes, fruits and jellies, yes – everything you could wish for or think of. I often think of those days when I go to parties now and am served by a lovely girl in a lovely dress, with a tiny cookie and a few sips of punch. How much things have changed. The whole ward was there. We had a minister, who was not of our faith but whom Brother John R. Young told me to ask to say grace – so I did. After the eating was over, we all danced and everyone had a grand time.

The next day, some of us brought back some ice cream and we had all the children under twelve participating in the party, so that everyone in the ward had a good time. After the children had eaten, they had a dance and everyone was happy.

Another Son is Born

On 11 June 1909, Floyd was born. We were very happy, after losing Leland. We had had two girls making us four girls and one boy so now we were happy to have another boy. I always felt that he was a child of promise and looked for his life to be a special blessing to us.

Managing Six Children Under Nine Years of Age

I well remember the spring and summer of 1910 for I had six babies under nine years of age to care for. I was living alone and feeling very miserable. Clara was only nine but she was a faithful little soul and the thousands of steps her little feet saved me could never be estimated. I remember that I had a way of saying, "Run and do this;" one day she looked up at me and said, "Mama, can't I walk once?" Jennie was the baby tender; with her quiet little spirit, she could keep the baby entertained and watch the little ones for hours. It was now that my kindergarten training began to prove a blessing to me. In fact, it was a blessing from the time I first had a child but now, I brought it into real use. I would have a class every day. I would march them around and teach them songs, play with the little colored balls and beads, cut out paper animals and fold papers into boats, chickens, etc. How I thanked my mother for giving me that kindergarten course.

On 10 November 1910, Wright was born – another son to bless our home. He was a tiny little scrap. Frank said, "the littlest weazel we had," but I insisted that give him time, he would do – that his big hands and nose weren't for nothing and time was all that he needed. He surely made his mother's word good, too. Oh, what a comfort and blessing his happy, sweet spirit has been to us all and I think he is the largest of all the boys.

Indian Fair at Shiprock – Terrible Storm

The days came and went, fall came again, and the Indian traders put on a big Indian fair at Shiprock. Frank insisted on my going down, so I decided to meet him there. I got Mamie Hadden to stay with the children and I left for Shiprock. On the second day of the fair, it began to rain and such a torrent and continuous downpour it was. The rivers began to rise and finally we got word that the Cherry Creek reservoir above the Durango had broken and a flood was coming. It was in the night and two dark and dangerous to try and find our way home over the road that ran along the bank of the river. Our home stood next to the river and we had no way of reaching the children. Can you guess our feelings? Besides, Frank had a load of Indian valuables that he was responsible for and he couldn't leave without getting them to higher ground. All I could do was

pray that God would take care of my babies – and He did. Mamie's father went down and got them with the bedding, but left everything else. He took them up to Mary Roberts, my sister-in-law's home, where they slept that night in safety in her attic.

As soon as I could see, I started home with a man and his wife. All the forenoon, we rode by that terrible river. It was over 20 miles and some of the time we were in water up to the bed of our two-seated buggy. We watched small houses, furniture, straw stacks and everything imaginable, going down that stream that had overrun its banks until it was a maddened whirling torrent of muddy foam-flecked destruction.

When I finally got to Fruitland and found my children safe and got Wright into my arms, the reaction came and I nearly collapsed. I soon gathered myself, however, when I realized that I had a bunch of babies but no home to go to. We had rented two rooms in Kirtland, just a mile or so away, for my father and mother to live in. They hadn't moved into them yet and the rooms were empty, but I resolved to go there with the children.

Together at the Sa-Noss-Tee

I began to feel that I couldn't stand to be alone any longer. Frank felt the same way, so we decided to take a teacher out to our Reservation home at Sa-Noss-Tee. I gave up the Relief Society and the Sunday School class and we moved to the reservation.

Here we lived when Howard was born and we now had four lovely sons. We had many interesting experiences, including the beautiful Mountain War when General Scott brought a troop of soldiers onto the Reservation to quell the last Indian uprising in 1913. As school time drew near, in 1914, we knew that the girls should be where they could mingle with other children. There was only one thing to do – rent a house and for me to face my responsibility of the family alone, once more. We moved to Farmington, New Mexico.

My dear mother came to live with me and help me out as Frank had to stay at the store. It was on 11 August 1914, I again called on Dr. Sammons and he rushed down to take me to the hospital. This time, I was blessed with a sweet little baby girl,

Virginia.

Latter-day Saints Sunday School Organized

During this time, I had felt the responsibility of having Sunday School and had gathered all of the Latter-day Saints together who lived in Farmington. They came to my house where our Stake Superintendent, Don Roberts, organized our Sunday School and we had our meetings each week. The children often went with their friends to visit other churches and for some time, the girls belonged to the Methodist Sunday School.

Frank and May Go to World's Fair in California

One day, I received a message from Frank to meet him on the first of February in Gallup, New Mexico. He said that from there we would go to see the world's fair in San Diego. Mother insisted that I should go. We went with two other couples, dear friends of ours. It was a wonderful trip. As I look back to my trip of 1915, I thank the Lord for my mother who made me go, for to this day we enjoy that trip. It was the first I ever had, being reared in a little country town. In fact, it was an oasis in my life.

Dorothy Born – Becomes Very Ill

In the spring, we moved into a brick home in Kirtland, New Mexico where Frank was working in the Algert Mercantile Company. On 9 February 1916, Dorothy was born; a new baby always brought joy and happiness into our home. They were always welcome and she was a sweet little doll and I loved to tend her. She was about two months old when she had a muscular spasm; it was the first I had every seen and it frightened me.

I called Mamie Franklin who felt sure that it was caused from her food which she thought might be too rich. The baby continue to be ill so I sent for Dr. Sammons. He had me get another woman to nurse her. I found a lovely little friend that thought she could nurse her baby and mine, too. She let me stay in one room of her home and every two and one-half hours, she would feed my baby for three minutes. I felt this was not enough but the doctor said to try it for awhile.

She was slowly starving to death. Every day I weighed her and she stayed between 2 ½ - 3 pounds.

Finally, we sent for our dear friend, Cyrill Collyer. When he came, he knelt in prayer and asked for wisdom to know what to do for her. We decided to take her to a Dr. Oshner in Durango, Colorado which was sixty miles away.

Early in the morning, we were on our way. I carried her on a pillow. She was so thin that her little fingers were transparent. She was nine months old and weighed less than when she was born. Dr. Oshner looked her over and said little. He gave the nurse some instructions and said that he would be back the next morning – that was another anxious day. He came early and as he came to her little bed, she opened her beautiful eyes and looked up at him and smiled. His face lit up and hope sprang into his eyes. That little smile saved her life many times as it gave faith to others.

One night's experience I could never forget for Dr. Oshner was out of town and the young doctor he left in charge was worse than nothing. It seemed that my baby was dying as I held her and looked into her little face. It came to me that I was doing her harm so I laid her in the buggy and after asking God to watch over her and reminding Him of the wonderful blessings that she had had, I asked if it was His will that she could still live, then to grant her peace. Then, I laid down beside her and fell asleep. When I awakened in the night, I sprang up and went to her side but for fear of what I would find, I couldn't look in at her, so I drew back. While I was debating in my mind and trying to get the courage to look into the buggy, she reached up and scratched on the side of the buggy. I can hear that tiny sound yet when I think of my darling little girl. I was with her at once and knew as I looked at her that she was better.

School House Next Door

The people decided to put up a new school house and Frank donated a piece of land, so it was only a few steps from us. Frank was a leading factor in this construction but I had resigned every office during the baby's illness. He liked his work in the store and life seemed to be settling down into a given pattern for us and our houseful of small children.

Move to Vernal

My brother, Frank, had moved to Vernal, Utah and wrote such glowing letters about it and kept asking Frank to visit with them and see this lovely valley. Frank decided to go and look it over. On 1 February 1917, another son was born to us. We called him Frank Roberts [Noel]; we had five sons and six daughters, and Frank looked at this fine boy and said, "Mother, I must get a farm so that these lads can grow up fine and big if we want them to make real American men." So, we decided to take a trip and see what we could find. He came to Vernal, and immediately fell in love with the country, the homes with wide fields and huge stacks of hay, cattle and sheep on them. It looked to him like the land of plenty and he returned to tell us about it. Inside of a month, when Frank, Jr. was two months old, we left our friends and loved ones and started for a new country. That trip will never be forgotten.

The automobile was still something new in that part of the country but as this brave and venturesome trip was to be made, we decided to buy one so that we would only be on the road a few days with our small babies. A Buick car was purchased and Frank took enough lessons that he felt capable of driving it and we very proudly started on our journey.

This was about the 5th of April and our friends gave us a farewell party. We stopped to pick up Hambleton and to tell Eva goodbye. We then called for Lesley Clawson and this gave us five grown people and eleven children in two cars, two babies both on the bottle and stormy weather to face. It was with heavy hearts that we left.

The second day it stormed and the melted snow had softened the roads until it was almost impossible for a car to travel. Frank hired a team to go with us all that day to pull us out of the mud when we got stuck.

Our going was slow and whenever I could look ahead and see a muddy place in the road, I would begin to worry and look in all directions for a house, but there were few houses between Cortez, Monticello and Moab. They were small and we would about take over wherever we stopped. One place, the lady only had one large room but she told

me to take charge and feed my crowd. She just drew her own children into a corner. I feel to say God bless her yet when I think of her.

After the men were fed, they made a fire outside and spent the night standing around the fire, while I did the best I could for the children in the house. The children were the best in the world and were nothing but smiles.

It was nearing night on 25 April 1917 when we rode out on the hill and looked down into Vernal. It was the grandest sight I ever saw; at last we had reached the end of the trail. We had expected to make the trip in three days and it had taken twelve.

"Home Sweet Home" Cabel Home

Harry Ratliff met us and took us to his home. I felt sorry for his wife for such a crowd she had never seen, but she did all she could for us and I will never forget it. Frank was soon on a deal for a real home. I don't remember just how long it took them to finish it, but I well remember the day we moved into the Cabel home out near the foothills and east of Ashley Creek. The children ran from one room to another. We were home. "Home, Sweet Home." This was a real home to us where we could all be together, where we could raise our boys and girls, where there was work for all to do.

We had a lovely garden spot and we gathered tubs full of string beans and canned in the fall; carrots, beets, peas, etc. were enjoyed all winter until the summer when they came again. There was a large barn, a chicken coop, pig pen, calf pen, corral, all filled with the animals and I must add the bees and honey house. We were ready now to live and it was living.

Busy Family

The mornings were lively, we generally got up at five calling the boys and girls at six. There were eight cows to milk, horses and cattle to feed before breakfast, then the team to harness and get ready for school after. The children had to go three miles to school which started at nine. The girls put up lunches for all ten and this was no small job. Their beds had to be made and then they had to get ready for school; part of the dishes were usually done. I wonder if you can see, or even guess the excitement that went on in our home – little babies to take care

of, tables to wait on, and before breakfast, we always had prayers. We sang a song before kneeling and all was quiet. I guess this was the only time during the day when they were quiet.

The children had their milking races and competed with everything they did. They learned to win and to lose in work and in play. At night after the work was done for the evening, especially in the summer, they had their games. They would wrestle, race and play ball. We always observed home evening and made a special time of it. The children did it – they chose their committees for the programs, for refreshments, took turns presiding, and after the programs where everyone took part, they had games and everyone took part, even grandmother who was with us a good deal. How grateful I feel to the children for always being so sweet to her. She was a dear soul and tried so hard to do her part in darning and fixing the children's clothing.

Grandmother Roberts – Love for Children

Mother spent one summer with my brother, Frank, and a winter with my sister, Daphne, and then she came back to us in the spring of 1923 to her little room which we had prepared for her – but not for long. I don't remember just when she came back but she had rheumatism and suffered a great deal. Lou came to see her that spring on her birthday which was the 22nd of April. We gave her a party. Lou and Frank carried her over and Daphne and her children came down. The little tots recited poems and sang their little songs. The girls served refreshments and at the last of the program, mother stood up and told them all how she loved them, how dear they all were to her. Her heart was full and tears came to her eyes. After it was over, they carried her back to her little room.

Mother Passes Away

On 17 May 1923, mother was writing a letter to Clara who was then on a mission in California. She had just completed one of the strongest testimonies I ever read when she had a stroke and fell to the floor. On the 22nd of May, she passed away to her home on high to join father and her loved ones that had gone before. We missed that dear face. She had been a blessing to us all. Every child was benefitted by her presence and the history

and memories of that dear old home would not have been complete without a sketch of Mother's staunch faith in God, her ambition and desire to help, her advice to us all was a strength in helping us fight our battles for right.

War – Flu – New Baby – Quarantined Themselves

Things moved along about as usual until the second year, then war was declared. That took our hired help and then the flu broke out. Schools were closed and Frank closed our front gate and ordered the children to stay on the ranch. It was terrible, the news we would get of whole families dying with that dread disease. It was on the 10th of November at this time, that Donald was born. That was quite a day. It was Wright's birthday and he insisted on having a party. All the doctors were ill with the flu, or gone to war; one doctor who had been brought in and was trying to care for the whole community, came down to care for me. Frank got him early in the morning and it was afternoon before we added another fine boy to our flock and his life has been a blessing to us. We are more than proud of him and are grateful to the Lord for sending him to us.

School at Home

My hands were surely full with all the children home from school. I started a little school at home and the older girls taught the younger children in order to save my life, or mind, I should say. Poor Wright was just starting and he didn't have much of a teacher. I think he suffered for it the rest of his life. It was late in the season before the schools opened again but we missed the flu completely, and to us that was the important thing with our house full of small children; no one could guess what the end would have been, for it was impossible to get help.

Suffering with Hay Fever and Asthma

I suffered a great deal with hay fever and asthma and during the month of July, Frank or Otis Weeks, our son-in-law, would take me to the mountains. I took with me all the younger children and left the older ones to carry on at home. I was wholly dependent on God and in Him, I must trust; to get His protection, one must have faith in Him. How many times I have gathered myself together, knelt by my bed and told the Lord my story and asked Him to protect us from any harm of any kind.

The many years I spent in the mountains, I never had an accident of any kind with the children. The only wild animal that ever came into camp was a porcupine and he only cause excitement. I believe the poor fellow was more frightened than we were.

"Peace and Happiness"

One year Frank decided to build us a cabin and we called the little spot 'Peace and Happiness.'

The experiences the boys had with the cattle were varied but they enjoyed the work until the market went down and we were put out of business; just another experience in life, but the boys had enjoyed the cattle and had learned to handle stock.

"Caboose" Roane Chadwick Noel is Born

In 1920, Roane Chadwick, our 14th child and 8th son, came to gladden our lives. He calls himself the caboose. There is no place to quit with a large family to raise so Frank decided to try sheep. For years, we labored. I and the children raised orphaned lambs; one of my memories is of the children feeding those lambs. They all had a bottle with a nipple and since we had about fifty lambs, it was a real job to feed them three times a day, and a real picture to see.

We always loved to go to the sheep camp and eat sour dough bread and mutton. The market went down again, also real estate, and we not only lost the sheep but our home went, too. We then moved to a place in town.

Rich or Poor – Always Happy

We had gone onto the ranch with horses, cows, wagons, a Buick car, our furniture, and money in the bank. We came off with a team and wagon, some of the older furniture and no money, no car, only one cow, but we had the children. When we realized that we would have to meet this crisis, Frank and I shook hands and agreed that we would do our best to keep the same happy spirit in our home that we had always had and not let depression and hard luck enter. I believe we succeeded but leaving the old home really was goodbye to our family life.

The children began to scatter. Floyd and Wright went to herd sheep, Bessie taught school, Frank hauled coal and I started a little kindergarten.

Big Brush Creek

In July 1931, I was on the mountains, as usual, when I got a letter saying Frank had leased another herd of sheep from Jim Ratliff. He was happy and so were the boys. Great plans were made as to what they were going to do. There were lots of saddle horses and he owned the surrounding country as pasture. When I returned, I began to prepare to move once more. We moved into a little house on Big Brush Creek. We were happy again and our spirits were high. I loved the little stream that ran by the house. The hills and the quiet were lovely. We were by ourselves without the excitement of town, the boys and girls enjoyed the horses and I believe they all enjoyed the sheep.

On 11 December 1931, Floyd went on his mission. Wright went back to the Agricultural College and we moved in September. We got Ronald Preece to herd the sheep but that winter of 1931 and 1932 will never be forgotten by anyone in Vernal, especially those who owned sheep. It was a hard winter; the snow was three feet deep on the level; some sheep men lost their whole herds. We lost about half of ours.

Frank Noel – County Clerk – Twelve Years

Again, we lost out so now we tried another

way. Frank ran for County Clerk and was elected. We moved down to Vernal and rented a house which was owned by Mr. Orson Calder. On the 7th of January 1935, Frank went into his office. It meant a new life for him and a blessing to us all. He remained in office for twelve years with a large majority vote which he surely appreciated. They wanted him to run again but he decided, on account of his age and because he was getting hard of hearing, he would not run.

Move to Draper, Utah

My health wasn't good in Vernal so we decided to move to Draper, Utah and raise chickens and then I could work in the temple. We began to enjoy this life in our new home among new people. We raised chickens and rabbits and my health began to improve. Our neighbors were good to us and were fine people. Newell and Bessie watched over us and supplied our wants. I went to church and soon began to feel acquainted. My interest in life grew and my hopes of doing things again. Frank, too, was happy and I loved to see him at work. He got stronger and we planned and dreamed together. I wrote a little poem which I will include here, that explains how we felt about Draper.

OUR HOME IN DRAPER

As I sit and watch my husband
Working out in the yard
Cutting grass and planting roses,
Stepping around without a word,
I know that he is happy
For it is beaming on his face
And that makes me happy
And I thank God for his place.

It has brought us joy and sunshine,
Something to live for in old age,
Something to work and dream for
And helps to turn our last page,
Pages of life and struggle,
Pages of joy and pain,
Pages of hoping and living
We feel, that to us, its all gain.

This morning we washed our dishes
Then went to the rabbit pen.
They always make us happy,
They are so white and grand, and then
We took a walk around the garden,
Set out some flowers to grow,
Dug up some weeds and bushes
That are to the flowers a foe.

We sit and consult quite often
As to how to do this and that.
We laugh and joke and we're happy
Though seventy, who cares for that.
The children are all so considerate
And they surely treat us fine.
We'll leave them a beautiful little spot
To remember us through all time.

Old age is not to be dreaded
If you can meet it as he and I,
If your hearts are filled with love
There is nothing to make you cry.

Temple Work

I soon started going to the temple which was truly a dream come true. Then, I had a desire to help Jennie with the genealogy. On one of her visits, she took me to the Archives and showed me around. It was all strange to me at first but I soon got on to the work and went quite often. I felt quite happy to know that I was helping with that great work. I finally decided to realize another dream – to help with the sealing in the temple and have the privilege of helping to unite wives and husbands for all eternity. I took the records of those whose work I had completed and helped to seal them together – fathers, mothers and children. It was a thrill for me that I will never forget and never cease to thank the Lord that I was permitted to enter His Holy house and partake of His blessing.

We have always felt that God directed us to Draper for so many reasons. Our health has been so much better and being located on the road to Salt Lake, it has been easy for family and friends to stop and call for a few minutes. Louise and Nola who live in Salt Lake have added so much to our happiness. They have been so sweet and good to us. They come with their cars and are always ready to do anything that might add to our comfort and happiness. Helen and the boys come out for waffles and that makes us very happy to have them with us after ten years.

Asthma Trouble Again – Moves to St. George

My asthma began causing me more trouble and the doctor advised me to go to St. George or Mesa, Arizona. Floyd got me a little apartment to myself and I started going to the temple. However, I was sad in leaving my home and husband but Frank had told me to be brave and I would get along all right. I soon made many friends but I was lonely for Frank and I found that he was getting lonely, too, but he couldn't leave the chickens.

Time cures many troubles and about the first of December, when I felt that I couldn't take it any longer, Floyd came in and told me that Daddy, Donald and Beth would soon be there. That was the

May God ever bless this little spot
With joy and peace and love,
That all who ever enter here
Will be thankful to God above.

first night that I had given up to shedding a few tears. Jennie had taken charge – had sold the chickens and called Donald who was bringing my Frank to St. George. It is needless to say that it was a happy meeting and the last time I was lonely all winter.

In March, we returned home and spent the summer at Brighton and Maxfield Lodge where my asthma didn't bother so much. When it was getting cold, we prepared to go back to St. George. I think we only stayed in Draper one day and night when Jennie called Donald and had him come and get us. She was afraid of my getting another bad spell of asthma. So, that night, about 6:00 P.M., we left our little Draper home, never to return.

Time with Family

We spent our Christmas with Floyd and family and had a lovely time with the children. Sunday, we spent with them, also. Dorothy was always sending us a loaf of bread, Clark would bounce in often with something, or to take us over to their home. I would go to church with them while Frank read and took care of Howard. After church, Floyd generally took us for a ride. We had a lovely winter, never to be forgotten. However, good things can't last and about the middle of April, the city decided to fix the streets and filled our home full of dust so once again, we called Donald who came and got us. He took us to his home in Orem.

We left Floyd and family fully intending to be back with them in the fall, but his boss changed him to Duchesne, so we will not have that happy dream. We stayed with Donald and Elizabeth for a month and one week with Mary in Brigham. That was a happy week. Then, on the 15th of May, we met Donald with our trailer here in the Maxfield Lodge. We have a lovely camp and have enjoyed it with many of our children and friends. We are happy to have Otis and Jennie by us with their little trailer. It has meant so much to us and they have brought us what we need. Our evenings together have been such a joy, working together on our history and

visiting our friends.

Donald and Elizabeth have brought the children and picnic many times to brighten a few moments. Newell and Bessie have never forgotten us, and are always bringing something. Wright and family camped with us for a week. Otis, Jr., Velma and her people spent several happy nights. Chad, Lois, Reginald and Laura spent one Sunday. Mary and Rowland with their family, celebrated with us here the last day before they left for California. Ronald

and Clara and many others have come for a short visit. They all like our little trailer and lovely camp. Many of our children, relatives and friends have just celebrated my 80th birthday – this ends my eighty years.

We are now preparing to go back to St. George for the winter, but not with the happy dream that we had when we looked forward to meeting Floyd and his family.

THE OLD FIRE PLACE

Poem by Mary Eliza Roberts Noel

The old fire place brings to me
Memories of long ago
Memories of faces so dear to see
Of happiness, not woe
I can see my father sitting there
With his paper spread out wide
And mother, my dear sweet mother
With her knitting by her side.

And there was Lou the baby,
Performing with a trick
While the rest of us were laughing
Until we were almost sick
There was Orville, Howard and Hattie
A jollier bunch you never knew
And Jennie my pal, oh! Jennie
I will always remember you.

Don so quiet and peaceful
Daphne our little queen
Frank the one we all worshiped
The finest kid ever was seen,
Around that big fire we gathered
Every night to say our prayers
To hear mother read our lessons
Teaching of the wheat and the tares.

Well you can imagine
The joy we experienced there
In the light of that big fire
That blazed out with a glare
It was around that old chimney
We hung stockings on Christmas night
And waited for Santa to fill them
With all he thought was right.

It was there we were taught to be honest
It was there we warmed our toes
It was there we studied our lessons
It was there that we told our woes
Oh! the candy that we pulled
As the fire gave us its cheer
The boys and girls that joined us
Were not just a few, my dear.

It was made of good old rock
That wasn't so pretty to see
But oh! the sacred memories
They are so dear to me
How I thank you good old fire place
For the part in my life you play
How your memories I'll always cherish
They never will pass away.

MY TESTIMONY

I may live several years and I may not; none of us know when God may see fit to call us home. So, I have decided to add to the little story of my life before it goes into print, my testimony to the truthfulness of the Gospel. As there are some of my children and some that have joined our family that don't feel just as I feel, there has been little of a religious nature pass between us. Still, I feel a desire, also a duty, to at least leave behind me no doubt as to the way I believe.

I know that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is true, that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God, that God

lives and does hear and answer prayers that are sent to Him in humility, with faith and a sincere heart. I have had my prayers answered and I have a burning testimony in my heart that I thank God for.

My sincere prayer is that everyone of you will have a desire to get close to your Father in Heaven, that you may enjoy the blessings that His Holy Spirit can give. He can lead you into all truth.

May God bless you to this end, I ask in His Holy name. Amen.

Final Move to California

Jennie Noel Weeks adds this closing note:

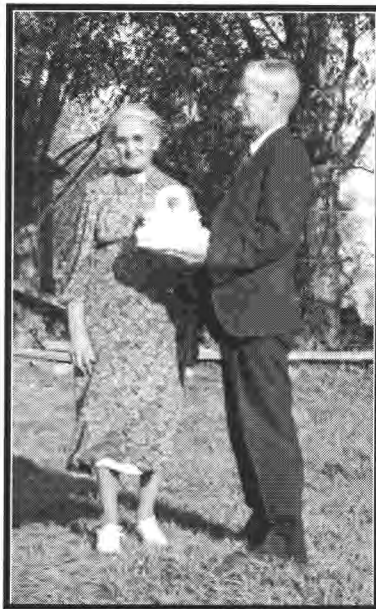
After spending the winter in St. George, Donald took mother and father to California on March 4th. Here, they purchased a lovely trailer, and settled down to spend their remaining years. Mary and Chad and their families were near, and it seemed such a happy, perfect arrangement.

Mother had been very ill in January, and hadn't regained her strength, and now her old asthma

trouble was bothering her.

The first week in April, she was very ill. They called in physicians and a heart specialist, but to no avail, and she left us on 15 April 1957 in Costa Mesa, California. Her funeral was held in Vernal, Utah and she rests in the family plot beside her beloved Mother.

* * * * *



50th Wedding Anniversary

Husband of Mary Eliza Roberts Noel

Frank Leland Noel

PUBLISHED IN THE VIRGINIA GAZETTE Williamsburg, Virginia

By Dorothy Ford Wulfeck, 17 July 1964

"Eighty years in America" is exactly the kind of family history that someone in every family should write and publish. [Frank was born 24 January 1873 in Baltimore, Maryland; son of Henry Reginald Noel and Clara Hambleton.]

This is the life story of Frank L. Noel and his wife, Mary Eliza (Roberts) Noel, who were married on October 3, 1898, in Jackson, New Mexico. They had 14 children.

Frank Leland Noel lived as a child in Essex County, Virginia, and the story he tells of events, neighbors and customs there 90 years ago is interesting and authentic in its portrayal of life in those times. But let's hear some of it directly from him.

BY FRANK LELAND NOEL

My four brothers and I lived in a little kingdom of our own. Our best friends and nearest neighbors were the James Latanes; the post office and nearest store were in Mt. Landing, two miles away; and the nearest school and church were located in Tappahannock, six miles away. Those were horse and buggy days, only dirt roads, and no telephone. All we needed from the outside world were salt, medicines and a few items such as tools, nails, rope and building materials.

After my father, Henry R. Noel, died in 1878, my mother, Clara Hambleton Noel, and her five sons: Henry, Edmund, Frank, John and Hambleton lived on the Paynefield Plantation. Frank was a busy boy on that 1000 acre homestead.

He learned to cut wood and take into the house, to pick up chips and take them in, to collect ashes and take them out and put them into the lye hopper where the soap was made, and he was an expert with the whitewash brush on all the fences

around the yard.

I lived at Paynefield . . . from 1873 to 1888, and so I know some members of all the big families. Henry R. Noel, my father, was a surgeon in the Confederate Army. Warren Lewis married two of my father's sisters, first Louisa Henry, and they had two children, one daughter, Elizabeth Katherine Lewis, and one son, Noel Lewis. After Louisa's death, Warren married her sister, Mary Susan Noel. I have been at her home many times, and I remember Aunt Mary Susan and Lizzie Kate, as well as Noel.

T.R.B. Wright was a lawyer and judge of the court in Essex County. Thomas Croxton, a lawyer, helped my mother many times. He finally became judge in Essex County. The Latanes stayed at Paynefield, and the Noels visited at Meadow Brook, the home of the Latanes. We had Christmas parties, swimming matches . . . Doctor John Wright, the owner of Bloomfield, married Eliza J. Noel, the daughter of Edmund F. Noel. We knew them well; they are buried at the old home in Marigold. Mr. McCou was the Essex County Clerk.

"Visits" Meant Overnight

There was a group of fine, well-educated families in Essex county – Garnetts, Rousies, Millers, Meads, Dangerfields, Hunters, Jones and Telleferroes. We knew them all and had visits with them at the Noel home. A 'visit' in those days meant to stop overnight sure, or perhaps a week's stay of hunting and fishing. We had the wild ducks and the bobwhite partridges on the estate.

Schooling

We had teachers at home when we were small, and later we went to the Tappahannock public school. Still later, I was graduated from Aberdeen Academy in King and Queen County, 20 miles from home.

Held His Mother in High Honor

As we grew older mother spent more time with us. She had a study hour in the evening, and our education was first always. She was an educated woman, and she was trying to raise five boys to be men. No one was more capable than she was. She had the quiet authority that some possess. In dealing with us her first thought was justice. After justice came whatever the circumstances required.

We developed the habit of telling the truth to mother. She had the faculty of getting the truth under any circumstances. She was our judge and court; we held her in high honor. We loved her, trusted her, and obeyed her. She taught us to read good books, and often read to us.

She was a religious woman, and taught us that life was just, and what was sowed was what we could expect to receive. Her whole life was given to our care and the welfare of the home. She taught us a code of honor that has been the guiding influence of my life. She taught us the rights and dignity of man, and to have some ideal to look up to. She taught us that we had a proud and honorable name and to live so that we would lay it down as we had received it. All my life one of my safeguards has been what would she think of what I did? Many times that has been what saved me. When I lost her I was eighteen years old; all my interest in life and all my hope in heaven and earth was gone. For a year I was dissatisfied, rebellious of what life gave me, and finally in my desperation I came west.

Frank Goes West

Being 19 years old it was in 1892 when I came west. I had been working in the West Virginia Central Rail Road Company in Baltimore, Maryland as Manifest Clerk, making bills for 15,000 tons of coal per day, taking in freight of all kinds, Bananas from Puerto Rico and Ecuador, sending coal to Rhode Island and Connecticut for the manufacturing plants. I had been working about one year, having worked up from errand boy to clerk but this was confining hard work for a boy fresh off the plantation, and when my older brother who was working on the Georgia Central Rail Road in Georgia was threatened with Tuberculosis we decided to come west and go to a dry climate.

We left on the railroad and went to Chicago, Illinois, then went on down to Las Vegas, New Mexico, got off the cars and then decided to go on down to Santa Fe where we hunted deer, etc., all of that year to keep Henry in the open. Having a little money left from the sale of our Virginia home "Paynefield" and what we had saved from our work.

Goes to San Juan River –

Brother, Henry's Accident with an Ax

The next year we started for the San Juan River with Horace Yoemand and a Mr. Allbright, to go gold exploring, we got about 100 miles and were at La Posta when Henry struck an ax into his knee, we were using burros as pack animals with all the mining equipment, when we got forty miles and reached Bennetts Trading Post. Henry was in high fever, so the men took most of the camp equipment and left us there to try and save his life. The leg swelled and his fever raged, he was ill for two months. Mr. Bennett doctored him for us and I cooked and tried to help care for him. Bennett went into Albuquerque and the doctor sent us some Vaseline and other medicine, this I would put into the hole in his leg several times a day, for awhile it looked as if his leg would rot off, but finally one night I was sleepy when I got up to take care of him, I put the swab into the wrong bottle and put straight carbolic acid into his leg, a big piece of flesh fell out, he was very ill but his leg started to heal. This was in the winter time. In the spring he was better and after working for Bennett we bought him out and worked to obtain a load of wool, pelts, and other articles for sale.

We decided to haul them into Albuquerque to see them. When we arrived we found that the Cleveland panic was in full force, and they laughed at us when we tried to sell or even trade off our supplies, there was wool piled up all over the flats out under the trees, anywhere, nothing was selling or moving.

Mother's Influence – Guiding Star

The next morning when we got up we were broke and discouraged, some power for good certainly had an interest in our welfare for we could have turned into gamblers, drinkers, or outlaws very easily, during these dark days of trouble the thought

of my Mother and how she had taught me to meet life like a man was the one guiding star that forced me out to hunt a job and try and make a living.

Just Drifting

Nothing appealed to me in those days, and I seemed to have no purpose in life and no ambition to make anything of myself. I just drifted and let any new idea occupy my mind for awhile or as long as it was pleasant. This is a dangerous state to get into and leads to habits that are hard to get out of. I led a lazy, trifling existence for several years, and life seemed empty and useless.

Fruitland

We finally landed in Fruitland, New Mexico. I had a freight outfit and freighted from Durango, Colorado and from Gallup, New Mexico, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. About this time Edmund came back to us, and lived with us at Fruitland.

There were many English people who had settled at Fruitland, and several had ranches of their own. Only one family, the Colliers, were married people. The rest were young bachelors, about ten or twelve young men, looking for homes. They took us into their gang, and for several years life was easy – not much work, not much money, and not much ambition to do anything.

Playing Baseball and Horse Racing

I made many friends in those days among the English gang, and also among the Mormon settlers up and down the San Juan River. It was a fine community, and an easy place to live in. I look back now to those days, and it seems that playing baseball and horse racing occupied most of our time.

In those days we had a baseball circuit of towns in Colorado and New Mexico. I was on the Fruitland nine, and was well known all over that section; for in those days we had time to play as well as work, and money was not so necessary as it is now. In those days we lived close to the earth, and did not choose the dollar. We saw no automobiles, and no picture shows. In fact, we lived out in the "sticks" and did as country folks do. We would have big ball games, one town against another. There was always a big dance after the

games, and on some trips there was an over night stay. All of Fruitland patted me on the back because I made it my special business to see that Fruitland won the baseball games or our fair share of them, and we generally were near the top. I was a bare handed catcher on the team and Clint Burnham was the pitcher.

About this time when I was near twenty-one years old, I got a job for a firm named Frank Codger and George English at Cripple Creek, Colorado. I worked there for about six months. It was hard work and small pay, delivering water, but it was better than nothing to do.

Store Business – Reservation

When I returned to Fruitland, New Mexico I decided it was time to make some line of work permanent, and have an object in life. This developed into my working into the store business on the Navajo Reservation. One who was in this business was called an Indian Trader. This meant running a store on the government owned Navajo Reservation, and called for a government license and quite a bond to be put up.

"Two Grey Hills"

There was a man in the Fruitland country named Joe Wilkins, who had traded with the Indians before as Henry Noel, my brother, and I had done. Wilkins was a gambler and horse racer. He had sold one store on the reservation some time before, and was near the end of his resources; so the three of us, J. R. Wilkins, H. R. Noel and F. L. Noel, combined our capital and started the trading post known as "Two Grey Hills" on the banks of an arroyo. This arroyo ran water for about one month in the year from the mountain two miles west of us when the snow melted in the spring. The balance of the year we used a spring in the same arroyo. Here we set up a big tent, and started business.

From that time on I was a busy man. I had two big, fine teams, and two wagons, and freighted most of our supplies in and out of Gallup, New Mexico, seventy-five miles away. We freighted in lumber to build with and goods to trade with the Indians. H. R. Noel and J. R. Wilkins, with Indian help, made sun-dried adobes eight inches by twelve inches, while I hauled rock for the foundation, lumber for floors, windows and doors, and roofing for the

building. There was plenty of work but also plenty of good food, including mutton and beef.

Dreams of a Home

After awhile we had a building of two rooms, one big room, which was the store proper, and a small room for cooking, etc. We moved in just before cold weather came. All that fall and winter my bedroom was where the bed roll landed when it came off the freight wagon, and sometimes the snow was deep and cold. What does it matter if life is rough when you are twenty-three, and have begun to have dreams – dreams of making a home of your own?

I had in my heart the desire to have a home of my own. I believe all have this desire, but in some it is greater than in others. Some like to travel more than others, and see the bright lights; they are never satisfied, and want more and more company. To me, the magic word was, is and always has been Home.

Mary Eliza Roberts Enters His Life

Sometime before the store was started I met a girl in Fruitland, named Mary Eliza Roberts, and she proved to be the greatest blessing in my life. She was able to fulfill all my desires for a home, and has made the word home even more dear to me than it had been when I first met her. She is still the sunshine of my home, and has been for fifty-six years. I was attracted to her the first time we met, but I was only a poor trader and had nothing to offer anyone. But, when the store began to prosper, the deep desire for a home began to start in my mind, and life began to take on a new meaning. This girl was a baseball player herself, and seemed to take pride in me when we won a game. We went to many games and dances together. I could see that she was working not for herself only, but to help out a large family. They all had to work and help each other. Thus, the financial state of both of us was fifty-fifty besides having our baseball interest in common. We knew each other for two years before anything serious was thought of, and we were one more year getting ready.

One day in June of 1897 I left "Two Grey Hills" riding a race mare given to me by Giles Masters. The mare was named Flaxey, and was a good size, and a splendid saddler. I left early to go to Fruitland fifty miles distance, and reached the

river in the afternoon. When I came to the river, the river was high, and quite a crowd of people were on the other side. They tried to tell me something, but due to the noise of the water I could not hear. In the crowd I could see the Roberts girl. They were quite excited when I rode up to the river bank, and called directions to me. Now I knew the river, also I knew the horse I was riding, and I knew myself. So, in we went, and as we battled that river there was not a sound; but, when I was almost over in shallow water, they yelled and came to the water's edge. When I got on the ground, Bert Dustin said, "Here," and gave me a horse he had. Mary Roberts got on Flaxey; I rode Bert Dustin's horse. We were gone. Hardly a word had I spoken, and she did not speak until we were quite out of the crowd. Well, when we came back from that ride, we knew what life would mean to us. It would mean a home somewhere. I could have crossed all the rivers in America.

Two days later I rode back to the store, and told Henry I was thinking of getting married. He was quite upset, and said I had no house, but from that day I began to build.

The "Two Grey Hills" store changed hands. J. R. Wilkins, one of the members of the three owners, sold out his interests to the Noel Brothers, and departed.

Builds a House

In the spring of 1897 I started to build a home about one hundred feet from the big store building, and put up a very nice log house made of pine logs about five inches thick with the bark pulled off while green, which left them white. They were fitted at each corner. In the end I had a nice room sixteen by sixteen. Henry and I used this little building as a kitchen and living room.

I hauled the logs down from the mountain about seven miles away; the roofing, lumber, doors and windows from Gallup, New Mexico, seventy-five miles away; and other supplies from Durango, Colorado, one hundred miles away. These were in the days of the four-horse wagon freight, which traveled over a desert country with a wagon track for a road, some parts of which were constantly being covered by wind-blown sand. It took ten days to go to Durango and back, and six days to Gallup and

back. This little house was not finished until the summer of 1898.

Visits to Fruitland – Renews His Dreams

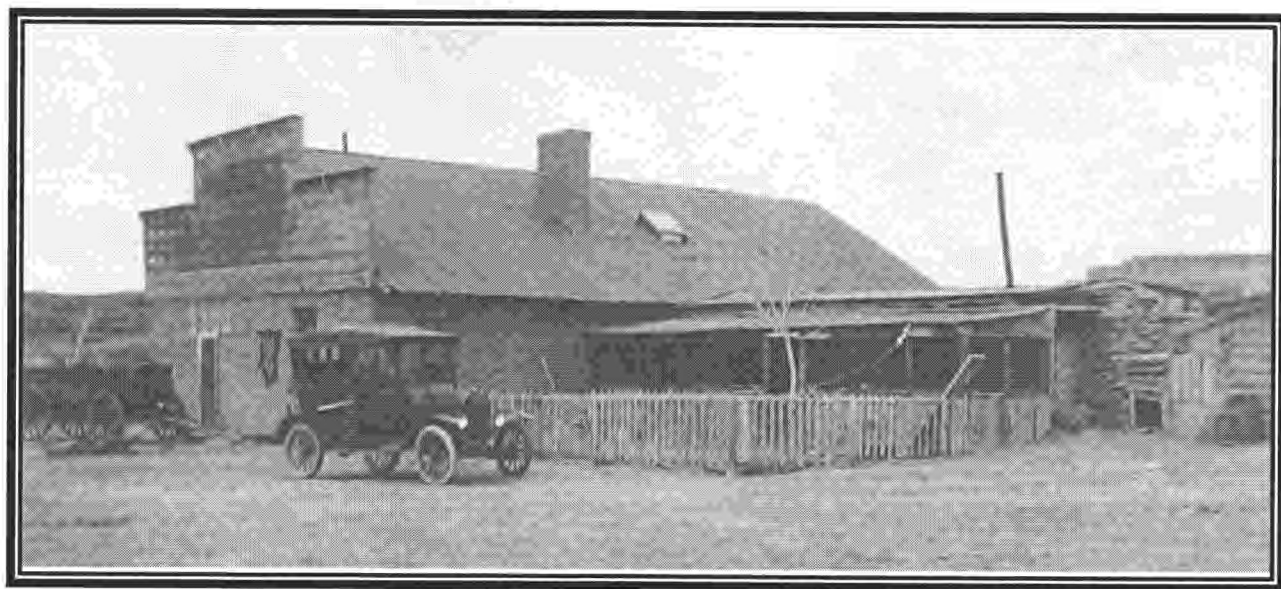
All this time I was returning to the dream that I could have a home like the one I was raised in, and that it would be mine. The store was only a way of supplying what I wanted. My big desire was to establish a home. After I had frozen in the winter or fried in the summer and had about all I could take, I would saddle a horse and pay a visit to Fruitland, New Mexico. These trips to Fruitland were all that saved me, all that made life worth living, all that kept me from joining the army or doing some other stunt just as bad. For in Fruitland lived Mary E. Roberts, and she would go horseback riding with me. When we sat down and talked about the little house, then is when I got the courage and strength to go on with my resolution – to have a home of my own.

Tribute to his Wife

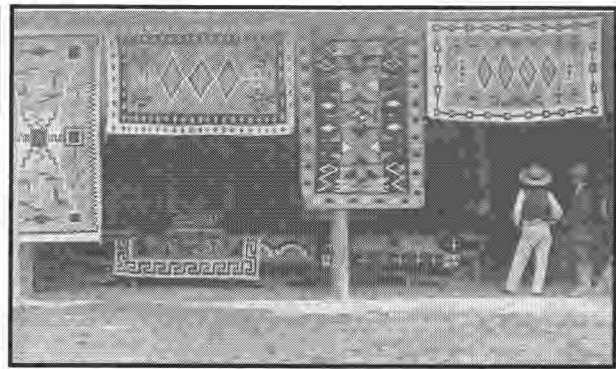
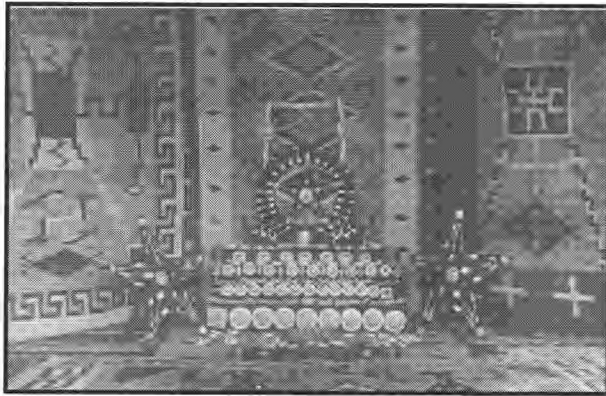
Did you ever meet anyone who had the heaven-given quality of human sympathy? If you have, then you have an idea of what Fruitland meant to me. There is where the sun shone bright in the springtime; there is where the best influences of all my life came to me. Mary Roberts had the spirit of human sympathy developed to an unusual degree. She had many friends and many admirers; and when she turned to me as I did to her, it was all that I needed to make me resolve to be a real man. It was like having a golden bank where you could go and draw what you needed to make life full and real. You can imagine what this meant to me, a man who had drifted along life's road for years. And so, the decision was made – both of us were willing to try to make a home.

We were married October 3, 1898 at Jackson, New Mexico, and now my story becomes her story and she will finish.

F. L. Noel



Frank Noel's Trading Post



Frank Noel with Navajo Blanket Display

Dear Friends and Relations,

I am 92 years old, am now living with J. Ronald Preece and Clara Preece at Bountiful, Davis County, Utah; address 479 West 400 South, RFD, Bountiful, Utah.

FIRST: I am in good health for a 92 year-old

SECOND: I am intensely Proud of all of you and accept you as you are today, no change of any kind asked for, and I have a place in my heart for each and every one of you.

My desire in life since 1898 has been to have a Home and Family that is a credit to me and to the country in which we live. I have succeeded in this desire more than my wildest dreams, and even now I am ignorant of the reason I was selected to start such a Family. I am intensely proud and thankful for my position in being responsible for such a "Wonderful Family." Then when providence calls I will pass on, a proud and contented citizen of America.

SOME OF MY THOUGHTS:

We read in some papers of the claim that they want to clear up the mess in Washington. There is no mess only in their minds. It is good for any country to have more than one party. Each party stimulates all the others to better efforts for Peace, Liberty and Advancement.

What they really found in Washington was the finest, strongest and best government in all the world. At present it is the hope and trust of the civilized world. A government that does not conquer other nations, but frees them and helps them Stay Free.

At the present time the greatest honor in all the world is to be an AMERICAN CITIZEN. In my language the big word is Friend-ship, not Money.

I ask that this letter be shown to all the two hundred of our Noel Family.

Your Friend,
Frank L. Noel

Mary Eliza Roberts and Frank Leland Noel Children and their Spouses

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Clara Noel 1900
husband – John Ronald Preece | 8. Wright Hambleton Noel 1910
wife – Marjorie Louise Dionne |
| 2. Jennie Noel 1902
husband – Otis Heber Weeks | 9. Howard Daniel Noel 1913
wife – Elna Gertrude Hunting |
| 3. Frank Leland Noel 1904
(died 22 months old) | 10. Virginia Noel 1914
husband – Beldon Heber Reynolds |
| 4. Henry Reginald Noel 1905
wife – Annie Laurie Sullivan | 11. Dorothy Noel 1916
husband – Demar Gale |
| 5. Mary Noel 1907
husband – Rowland Lavar Rigby | 12. Frank Roberts Noel 1917
1 st wife – Helen Caroline Stringham
2 nd wife – Louise Allison Marshall |
| 6. Bessie Noel 1908
husband – Newell M. Scroggins | 13. Donald Douglas Noel 1918
wife – Elizabeth Walker |
| 7. Floyd Clark Noel 1909
wife – Dorothy Clark | 14. Roane Chadwick Noel 1923
wife – Lois DeOnn Caldwell |

Child Five

MARTHA JANE ROBERTS (JENNIE) - JENS PETER NIELSON



MARTHA JANE ROBERTS



JENS PETER NIELSON

Grandmother Nicknames Her Jennie

I was born at Mona, Juab County, Utah on 15 June 1878 and a few days after my birth, my parents gave me my grandmother's name (Martha Jane.) Soon, my grandparents came to visit and feeling that I would be displeased with my name, as my grandmother had been she gave me the nickname of Jennie by which I have always been known.

Activities on Chicken Creek

My first real remembrance of Mancos was a three hundred acre farm nearby, on a small riverbed called Chicken Creek. We were very happy in our two log rooms until our new home of four rooms was completed. We would often wander to Chicken Creek to pick berries, wade in the creek, watch beavers build a dam, gather flowers and weave them into crowns, build play houses with branches and

stick, cross the creek on fallen logs and climb the beautiful hills to watch chipmunks, prairie dogs and snakes, and listen to the chirps of several different varieties of birds. I was always accompanied by our large, lovable, kind, dog named Queen.

Childhood – Happy Days

My childhood days in Mancos were the happiest days of my life until my own children came. My parents were very loving and kind. My father was always happy and was a successful stock man, farmer and miller. He built sleighs and purchased many sleigh bells and beautiful harnesses. The snow fell deep but we owned many horses to take us through it. We had many good times at home with father supervising our games. He was a splendid violinist, so we danced with our friends in our kitchen and in the dance hall in town to his music.

We all learned the arts of harvesting, farming and household duties. We all went hungry for fruit for the climate was too cold in Mancos, to raise it.

Father Saves Us from a Cow "Old Star"

When I was a child of four, my father had built his barn one-fourth mile away from our home where he intended to build a new home. He had told a neighbor that he might turn his cow into our field and get feed. She was a fierce cow but my father did not know this, neither did he know that she had yet been turned into our barnyard. We loved to play on our haystack and around our barn so father permitted my brothers and me to go to the barn to play while he plowed a field nearby. Suddenly he heard a voice calling from the barn so very distinctly that he ran to it. "Old Star" had seen us enter the barnyard and had broken a small gate to get to us just as my father, to shorten his distance, had climbed to a high fence above us. We were unaware of any harm or of father's presence until I saw the heel of his boot strike into Old Star's head and she staggered back. He was at the top of the fence

when she ducked her head and prepared to plunge for us. He sprang to his feet quickly picking up a stone and struck her a heavy blow in the jaw. We all scrambled under the fence to safety, followed by a pale and trembling father.

Herbs for Medicine

I do not ever remember a doctor entering our home but every child grew in health and vigor to rear a family of their own. While in Mancos, every fall we gathered to dry, sack and hang in our cellar, mountain sage, tansey, peppermint, sassafras, yarrow and other herbs for medicine.

Associates from the East

Our associates here were mostly of eastern people. They were highly educated and of a refined type who had moved there to start cattle ranches. We enjoyed them very much, although they were not of our faith. Afterward, there was a small settlement founded with people of our faith about three miles from our home, so then we were able to organize a branch.

School Years

When I was fourteen years of age, I had completed my grade school and one year in high

school. We were attending school in a very small school building until a larger one was finished. We all finished high school with honors.

Trade Horses for Oxen – Have Fun Working Oxen

One day, a man came by on his way to some distant place and he was getting anxious to get there. He owned three oxen which he said were too slow, so he persuaded my father to trade him a team of horses for his oxen so he could travel faster. This pleased my brothers very much and they had a great deal of fun working the oxen. Their names were Brindle, Tom and Jerry. Brindle and Jerry were so patient and gentle we girls would even ride them, but Tom always kicked up whenever anyone tried to ride him. Orville, on one occasion, attempted to ride him and break him but Tom thought differently and bucked and made such a fuss that he gave it up. After Orville was dismounted, Tom walked up to him, I thought, to hook him, but he just stood by him quietly as if he wanted him to pat him and prove that he was forgiven. To our great sorrow, Tom ate some larkspur and was poisoned.

Father Grows Ill

My father grew very ill and we were forced to move to a warmer climate. Most of our range stock had been stolen from us while he was ill. Our heart aches now began. My older brothers and sisters were soon married and had gone to homes of their own. Father bought a farm but the people above us took all of the water that came down the La Plata River. They tried an expensive reservoir but still there was no water to fill it. The fruit and crops were lost and father was forced to sell the milk cows and horses. Father grew worse and mother and May and I went to Farmington to find employment. Mother was a nurse and although she was delicate and thin, she held up fine. May and I packed fruit.

Measles Epidemic

At this time, there was an epidemic of a very bad form of measles passed over the town of Farmington. Children were seriously ill with croup and measles in nearly every home. My mother was a nurse, so she was called away to assist in caring for the suffering and she was at home only a few hours each night for rest. One night, my baby brother, Louis, of five years, was taken very ill with

membranous croup about two hours before mother's return home. I was alarmed at his condition and did all I could to help but with no avail. When she entered our house, she immediately was aware of his serious illness and she knew that all of the doctors were rushed out to other patients and help for him was impossible. She did all she could for him but he was fast getting worse and in one hour, he was badly choking, his breathing was stopped and he was turning dark.

Answer to Mother's Prayer

Wildly, mother called upon the Lord for help, when suddenly she saw a white finger pointing to a kerosene can in a corner. Immediately, she rushed to the can and poured a teaspoonful of oil from it, then holding my brother's mouth open, she poured it into his throat. Within ten seconds, the phlegm in his throat was cut loose and he vomited a cluster of membrane exactly as tough and the color of leather. He then recovered.

Good Friends -- Good Times

While we lived here, we had wonderful times. This little town of Jackson had only six families and there were two other girls who became good companions; they were Lilly Taylor and Sadie Burnham. We realized a happy life riding five miles to school, playing games, swimming, dancing, etc. When I was sixteen years of age, we returned to Mancos to finish our school. Lilly and Sadie then married and moved away from Jackson and when we returned, we also decided to move to another town called Fruitland, New Mexico. There, Frank Noel and other boys came into our lives. We rode horses to attend dances, ball games, celebrations, Indian dances, horse races, etc., in neighboring towns. Frank Noel never forgot the extra quilts and hot rocks when we rode in his buggy during the winter time. He was always very considerate and attentive.

Teaches and Attends BYU --

Frank Gets Them to Train On Time

The next year, I was a teacher and the two following years I attended school at the B.Y.U. in Provo with May. While we were there, there was a big dance that Frank came to attend. We decided to go to Mona for the dance instead. Frank could only be away from his home four days, so our trip to Mona must be rushed. We had a ride on the train

and danced until daylight. The train only went through Mona once each day. I overslept the next morning and was asleep when Frank called for us to go to the train. Into my room he came, wrapped a sheet around me, bundled up my clothes, and forced me to the station with my hair disheveled and my feet bare, just in time for the train. I managed to get my shoes and some of my clothing on before reaching Provo, but could not face the wondering people whom we met.

After May was married to Frank and had gone to the Two Grey Hills to live, I made her two visits before I was married. I had been in Denver attending school and spent several years with my sister, Daphne. There was joy in life for me again, for May and I had been inseparable. I only saw May on short visits after long intervals of time. I always found her and Frank the same jolly, playful, dear ones, always kind, thoughtful and considerate.

Frank reminded me of a time when I fought an Indian with a potato masher when he came in the night for a dog that he claimed. Frank often teased me about the time that his brother and I played chess together while we sat on bug infested sacks of wool which the Indians had brought in. For a whole day, we resorted to boilers of water, kerosene, and several cures, but still scratched while Frank only laughed at us.

Trips to Mountains with Brothers

The next year, I taught school in New Mexico but I longed for the mountains that I loved so much near the town in which I spent my teen-age life between Mancos and Durango, Colorado. They are the most beautiful mountains that one could ever wish to see anywhere. So, when summer came and I was at liberty, I often took a trip with my brothers as they freighted over the roads from Farmington, New Mexico to Durango, Colorado. The scenery was beautiful and the air cool and refreshing. It took three days to make the trip. My younger brother, Frank, was a cripple but he sat on a high seat and drove four large fine mares, Queen, Fan, Jane and Kate. They seemed to know his condition and moved with care over every jerking place and at his voice, they readily obeyed.

Broken Doubletree

On one of these trips, the sun was hanging low and we were nearing our usual camping ground near Cherry Creek and at the top of a high mountain, our doubletree broke letting the high, heavy load's weight loose to run wild down the five miles of mountain. I leaped from the wagon screaming to Frank to follow but he would not do so. Tightly, he clasped the four lines in his hands and began to call to his trusty teams to hold back. The front team did the best they could to hold back the high load, but it was the back team who straightened their legs and sank their feet into the sod as they held the load firmly on their broad hips.

Kindly, Frank conjoled them to hold back and with all of their strength, they did so. Their feet plowed the earth as they slid before their load down, down, down, the mountain. I was crying and patting the mare next to me as I walked beside her. Sometimes the road would become more level and relieved them a little, then a steepness would follow that nearly tore their hips to pieces. When we reached the end of the mountain slope, the back mares, Jane and Kate, were trembling painfully and I cried out thanks to God and caressed our mares with love and gratitude.

Jens Peter Nielson Enters Jennie's Life

When I was twenty-five years of age and Jens Peter Nielson was forty years of age, we were married; 15 June 1908. I had been teaching for two years and was pleased to leave my work. He was a big stock man and farmer and that was the life that I loved. He was six feet, six inches tall, weighed two hundred and seventy pounds and was a fine, symmetrically proportioned build. His home was in Bluff, Utah where he lived for sometime.

True Pioneers

Jens was born 9 February 1862 at Red Creek, Parowan, Iron County, Utah, the son of Jens Nielson and Kirsten Jensen who were both born in Denmark and who, separately, came across the plains in the handcart company. When Jens was about sixteen years of age, he accompanied his parents and family down through what they call the Hole-in-the-rock, to settle on the San Juan River at the place named Bluff. Previously, they had settled three other towns – Parowan, Circleville, and Panguitch. This Hole-in-

the-rock trek was once compared by Mother Nielson as being more difficult than the trip across the plains. They had many hardships and as this was a long distance from any other settlement, it was difficult to obtain food or other necessities.

Jens, with the other young men of the community, was expected to share in all of the problems of the people. One of their duties was to freight flour from Durango, Colorado, a distance of nearly 160 miles. After the town of Mancos was settled and a flour mill established, the distance became shortened to nearly 100 miles. These trips always took them several days and were filled with danger and the Indian country, through which they traveled, was populated with unfriendly Indians. Jens and his brothers and father became prosperous sheep and cattle men.

Jens' Mission

Jens filled a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints from 1899 to 1902 in the Southern States Mission. Jens spent the winter of 1909 on the La Plata River with his cattle where we met and later married.

New Life for Jennie and Jens

A few months after Jens and I were married, we were riding the range together in the beautiful Colorado mountains. They were covered with tall spruce shrubs and other trees. The climate was cool and inspiring and our hearts sang with the songs of lovely birds. It was the beginning of a new life and a beautiful one for us. I rode the range until a wild bull chased me to our gate and I was ill afterward. Jens then denied me the privilege of accompanying him on the range again, but with our beloved Keno, I often strolled around our log cabin in the quiet, soft, breezes and listened to the rumble of the town below and the murmur of the spruce and tall pines around us.

Move to Bluff

We then went to Bluff. The people there were very kind to me but as Jens rode the range most of the time, I became very lonely for my mother. Mother Nielson was a wonderful person and was very kind to me and I loved her very much. Jens also had five lovely sisters and three other brothers who were very wonderful. They were: Margaret Adams, Lucinda Hyde, Caroline Redd, Mary Jones, Annette

Johnson, and Uriah, Freeman and France.

Trip to Salt Lake for Temple Sealing

It was conference time and my husband's father (Bishop Jens Nielson) said that it was time for us to go to the temple. At that time, it was a four-day drive with team and buggy to Salt Lake from Bluff. I was happy about going and began to prepare for the trip. My mother-in-law, Kirsten Nielson, assisted me with my preparation. Jens was detained until about noon the day we were to start so Walter Lyman and his wife, Lemuel Redd and his wife, and several other couples had gone early and we were left behind. After we had trotted along to about halfway to Monticello, our horse, Dick, stopped and would not stir.

Balky Horse

It was not uncommon, at that time, to own a balky horse and Nielson Brothers owned several. Often a horse was brought to my own father to be broken of his bad habit and he used an essence from the herb that grew prolific along our canal which was called peppermint. He named the essence 'lightning' and he would put it under balky horses' noses to make them go flying when they wanted to balk. He always said, "Do not ever whip a balky horse!"

As we sat in our buckboard on our way to the temple, it was a hard ordeal for my husband for poor Tom could not pull us, buckboard and Dick, too. He tried hard but failed. Jens got out of the buckboard to find a club and I called out, "Please don't whip Dick." Jens came near and said, "Well, what will you have me do? Oh, yes, I know about your father and his lightning but I have no lightning."

Suddenly, I remembered seeing my father tie horses tails to the doubletree of his wagons. We did this and just before we loosened the doubletree, I climbed into my seat and clasped the lines, telling Jens to do the same, but he did not. Dick felt his tail and dashed forward, passing Jens who just caught the back of the buckboard in time to climb in. We had no further trouble the rest of the way.

First Baby – Unusual Experience Connected with Baby's Death

Jens took me to my mother's home in Kirtland, New Mexico for the arrival of our first baby, Mary Kirsten. He left me there and rode far away into the Durango, Colorado mountains to look for cattle that had strayed away from his herd.

During the night, I had threatening pains and twenty-four hours later, my baby slept in my mother's clothes basket near by my bed. I was very ill for six days, then my mother brought my baby to my bed and requested me to try to hold her in my arms and enjoy her. I was alarmed at her request and implored her to explain why she made it. She told me that the baby had fainted but was then all right.

She braced me with a pillow and I held her in my arms. Soon, she again fainted and again revived. My youngest brother, Louis, was summoned and went for the elders. When he returned with two elders, he seemed very excited. While one of the elders administered to my baby, he suddenly stopped for a few seconds and then continued his prayer. After she was blessed and given her name, she again fainted and died.

The elder who administered to my baby told us that while he prayed, someone struck him a heavy blow in the chest. My brother then told us that while he was on his way for the elders, a man, walking before his team, when suddenly realizing he had been seen, disappeared. At early dawn, my older brother who slept outside, came to my bed and said, "At early dawn, as I awakened, a man stood over me and peered into my face. When I showed alarm, he disappeared into the distance with long, gliding steps."

Six days passed before our messenger boy found my husband to inform him of his baby's death. He rode all night to hasten to me and was greatly exhausted so my mother gave him the outside bed that he might be cool and quiet. After the coming dawn, he came to my bedside and said, "As I awakened, a man came to my bed and stood gazing into my face. When I raised from my pillow, he took long, strides and fled away." "Could he have been Joe coming for you?" I asked. "No, I am going to remain here," Jens said. Jens' brother, Joseph, had died with typhoid fever six months after our

marriage. He had been his true guide and companion all through the years of his life. Joe was a wonderful man in stature, character, heart and mind.

Second Daughter Born – Other Children

One year after our baby, Mary Kirsten, died our baby girl, Mildred Helena, came to make us happy. When she was eighteen months old, we moved to Blanding, San Juan County, Utah, about thirty miles north of Bluff. It was first named “Grayson” but was later changed to “Blanding.”

Third Daughter

Soon after this, our little Virginia was born to us but she, also only lived a very short time. Just before May [4th child Lucinda May] was born this same little Mary and Virginia came to me and stood for about ten seconds, then passed on out through the opposite door. May was born with a heart condition that only God could have save her. The same heart condition that Mary had died with.

Fifth Daughter – Only Son Born

We then had Caroline and then our only boy, Jay. When he was born, he was a strong seven pound baby. When he was three weeks old, he weighed four pounds and as yellow as egg yolk. His eyes were yellow and he was broken out with yellow blisters. The doctor did nothing for him. He was dying and I asked God to send me help. Soon, my sister, Daphne, entered the door. She once had a baby in this same condition. Alarmed at my tears, she examined him. She had a good doctor with her baby and it recovered so she knew what to do for him. She asked for castor oil and boiled one-fourth teaspoonful and got him to slowly swallow it. She repeated the dose every two hours, four times. The following morning, a black, sticky, tar-like mucous had left him and he cried for nourishment. He was then a beautiful, white and natural baby. I know that it was God who prompted my sister to visit me that day and save my baby's life.¹

Deadly Irrigation Ditch

It was my fate to live on a large irrigation ditch. In it, my two youngest children were nearly drowned. By the help of God and their oldest sister, Helena, they were saved. Just at the moment when no one was near and Jay, who was two and one-half years old, had slipped into the water, Helena, then eight years old, was all at once inspired to go to the ditch finding him nearly drowned. She held onto a willow grown on the bank, leaped into the stream and seized his shirt holding him up until she could call for help.

Later, she was again prompted to run to the ditch just in time to see nothing above the water but the baby fingers of our little Margaret (two years old) clinging to the edge of the bridge. After even more similar experiences, my husband tightly covered the ditch with lumber slabs.

Jens' Accident

My husband and family spent a very enjoyable life in Blanding. We had many parties, Weiner roasts, dances, dinners, and many kinds of outings and entertainments. However, in the year 1924, when he and our little son, Jay, were going to Bluff, the horses ran away with him, throwing them both out of the wagon and onto the hard ground. Jay was only very shaken, but Jens' hip was badly broken. As a result of this, he walked on crutches for twelve years during which time he contacted sugar diabetes. One year prior to his death, he was bedfast as a result of a fall when his crutches slipped on the icy porch and his opposite shoulder was broken. He suffered intensely before he died on 28 December 1935. I then came to Ogden to be near my children.

My activities in the church during my life have been: Sunday School teacher in Farmington, New Mexico, two years; second counselor in Mutual in Bluff, Utah, three years; first counselor in Mutual in Blanding, Utah, two years; and Sunday School assistant to the advanced class in Blanding, Utah, two years.

¹Jennie had gone to San Diego, California to see her father who was seriously ill. While there Jay was born. When Jay was about the age of two months his life was saved from a severe case of yellow jaundice by his dear Aunt Daphne as described above.

SOME THINGS I REMEMBER ABOUT MY MOTHER - Martha Jane Roberts Nielson

By: May N. Biggs (Daughter)

Jennie Stitches Her Daughter's Nose Back On

During a stake conference one year when mother was in Blanding almost alone, while everyone was attending the meetings in Bluff, she sent Helene to the post office to get the daily mail and when she did not return, mother went after her. She found her, for Helene had run into a barbed wire fence and had cut her nose almost off. As there were no doctors or nurses in Blanding, mother took her home, sat her down on the table, covered the injury with turpentine and sewed it back on with a needle and thread. She did an excellent job, too.

Indian Experiences

On one occasion, when mother was attending the store which was, at that time, in a building which later became their granary, an Indian squaw came in to get some overalls, materials, etc. for her children. When mother had them wrapped, the Indian squaw told her she didn't have any money. Mother turned around to toss them back onto the shelf but before she could do so, the squaw had her down on the floor rolling her around and around and mother was yelling quite insistently – "You can have them, you can have them!"

The most interesting part of preparing Christmas, to me, was when mother would do the baking and cooking. The Indians would surround the walls of our large kitchen where she was working, exclaiming, "Kissmiss gibbett!" (This meant – Christmas give us.) When they had begun to get warm, the ice and snow would thaw, making puddles on the floor near them and the smell of Indians (as only Indians can smell of a nauseating mixture of dirt and burned sage) penetrated the house. Mother would prepare a plate for each one of them; if their hunger exceeded their desire for 'that rainy day,' they would stuff themselves. If they had already visited the homes of other residents, and their hunger was appeased, they would take the plateful of food and dump it into a sack which they carried for that purpose.

Jennie's Compassion

This story was told to me by the little girl involved. When Thora Black was a child and being one of many from a polygamist family, she had very little to sustain her. They had been driven out of Mexico with only the clothing they stood in and were having a very difficult time getting established in a new community. She and my oldest sister, Helena, became very close friends almost from the first time they saw each other. Late in the fall, Thora came to spend the night with Helena and mother noticed the thinly clad little girl with no coat or shoes and stockings.

As the family slept, they had the first snow storm of the year and mother's first thoughts were of the little barefoot girl in the other room. Thora said, as she opened her eyes and saw the white world outside, she felt desperate and sick. She jumped out of bed and started to the window to see how deep it was, but her first glance was immediately fixed to the bedside where she spied a pair of beautiful brand new shoes and stockings. Mother couldn't go to bed the previous night without going to the store.

Mrs. Ace Black was the mother of a large family with very little financial means. In addition to the very limited circumstances and worldly possessions, she was found to be afflicted with cancer and was slowly wasting away. Every Wednesday, mother would take a big sack of oranges or candy or some nice treat to the children and would help the family in any way she could. The children faithfully watched for her to make the turn down the road and, at their first glimpse, they would excitedly run to her demonstrating their joy. They had come in contact with her warm love for all of the young people and especially the little ones.

Always Happy – Making Others Happy

I always remember the joy Mother had in making her family happy. She enjoyed her children and loved to sit around the big stove in the evenings and joke and laugh with them. I see her yet laughing

at something said or done until the tears would run down her cheeks and she would wipe them away with the corner of her apron.

Mother's Musical Talent

Mother had quite a musical talent. She loved to chord the piano and sing and I thought she had the most beautiful voice in the world. She whistled beautifully and did so very often as she prepared our breakfast. This surely started the day off right for me. We all loved to hear her play the harmonica which she did with zest and enthusiasm.

Love of Knowledge

Mother was a queen to me. She walked with her head high. She was so proper in her actions and speech. She had a very deep respect and desire for education, but a deeper love for morals. She often said, "If ever the temptations of education get too great and are in the way of your morals, give up your education." She hated loud laughter or talking and she could not endure swearing, profanity, or shady jokes. She is refinement and culture itself.

At the age of 87, she is still studying to regain some knowledge which she may have lost over the years, and also to increase her present knowledge and keep her mind alert. She loves to study English and has written poems, stories, and articles.

MARTHA JANE ROBERTS NIELSON

(By her sister, Daphne Roberts Cooper Hartle)

Seeking Knowledge

Jennie was always an ambitious and happy girl; she never ceased to study and she would always review her studies every summer as well as read all the books she could obtain during vacation.

Loved Life

After our father became ill, the burden of supporting the family fell upon the shoulders of Jennie, May, and Mother. As wages at that time were very small, they were compelled to work at anything they could find, which, in this case, was in the orchards picking, drying and packing fruit. She and May were inseparable and they liked a good time. They would make a joke of everything, no matter how unpleasant to others it seemed to be. At night around the baskets of fruit which they would be preparing for drying, they would relate jolly circumstances and tell jokes until the tears would run down Mother's cheeks from laughter.

They seldom missed a dance and would sometimes go twelve miles to the Mormon community of Fruitland to attend one. They would always go with the crowd in a wagon and back the same night. This ride took until early morning, but they were ready for the day's work with some more jolly tales to tell.

In 1896, May and Jennie went to Provo to attend the B.Y.U. where they had to make their own way. In spite of their youth and by their own ingenuity, they succeeded in accomplishing their desires.

Transporting Chairs in Dark of Night

May was taking the kindergarten course and so, by the time summer came, they decided to teach kindergarten to obtain money for another winter of school. They rented an upstairs room, obtained a few tin dishes and prepared to keep house. Their Aunt Nellie helped them all she could. They obtained a room for their class and the loan of some small chairs. There arose the problem of transporting the chairs to their destination, so they borrowed their Aunt Nellie's buggy and piled them high. Not wishing to embarrass their city cousins, they waited until night to take them down the street to their prospective school room as they had no horse and had to pull and push the buggy themselves.

They canvassed the town for children the right age and everything was ready. But, in canvassing for children, they came in contact with the measles, so after two happy weeks, they both came down with measles and had to get a girl to take over until they were ready to come back. However, by this time, there were no children to come back to. The girl,

who was untrained for such teaching, was unable to keep the children satisfied and they had all left.

Brother Howard Dies

They received word that their beloved brother, Howard, had been drowned in the San Juan River so they decided to go home to their bereaved parents. After returning home, Jennie attempted to carry the greater load of both work and worry, until her health was almost broken. May returned to Provo to finish her course. Jennie remained at home to take care of the family while mother did home nursing. Jennie, however, passed the county examination and went to the farm to teach school for the few scattered families who still remained in Jackson.

Jennie was an active worker in the Mutual and Sunday School until her husband met with a very severe accident that made it necessary for her to give up her Church work to attend to him.

She has never lost her desire for knowledge nor her ability as a student. In the interludes when she was not busy helping one or another of her children, Jennie used her time to take home study courses in history, English and any other subject which appealed to her interest.

Margaret included this at the end of her autobiography. "Some years ago, all of Mother's children were sent a very precious document in her own handwriting, which I should like to include here."

TO MY CHILDREN

While you were yet young, your father left you to my care and influence and God has assisted me in carrying this responsibility. No hardship has ever weakened my faith in this gospel. It was the same with your father and two weeks before he died, he bore the strongest testimony of the truthfulness of this gospel that I ever heard. That, along with his long suffering, make me feel that he has been forgiven of all of his weaknesses while here and taken into the graces of God.

He had a hard life and little chance, but he was always prayerful and full of faith, as did your fine grandparents to the very end. He is the father of a wonderful, fine family and I ask God that not one of you may ever grow weak or disbelieving. Let your hardships and disappointments draw you nearer to God each day, knowing that He has done so to make you stronger.

I thank God for giving me a sense of realization that contacts my spirit with His, so that I may have an understanding of an existence, of peace, of glory, of an order in Heaven, and an organized progress that is worth living for, suffering for, doing right for, sacrificing for, and hoping for.

Martha Jane Roberts Nielson

Poem by Martha Jane Roberts Nielson

*There is a God that I can neither touch nor see,
Who hovers o'er and always watches me,
He plants a light that I may know
His real existence and that he love me so.
His spirit always speaks to mine, and from above
He says, "I am your Master and your God of love,
Who gives you understanding of my glory great,
That you may have by keeping your estate.*

MY TESTIMONY

To my Children, Children-in-law, and to all of my posterity:

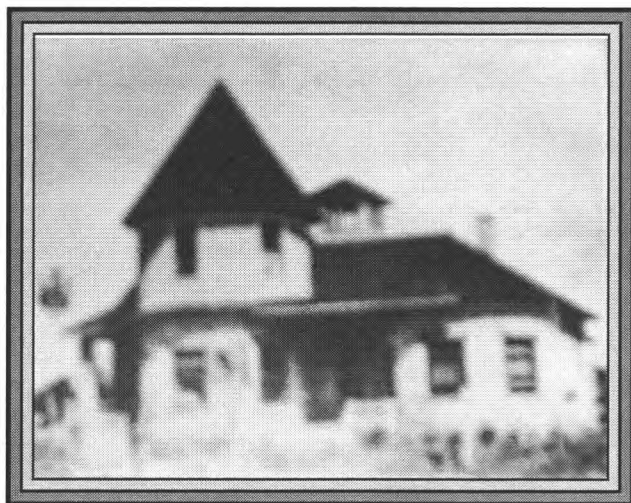
Tonight, I feel that I am growing old and must express my gratitude to God and all of you for your thoughtfulness and kindness to me; also, for the fine lives that you have lived and your faith in God and this gospel.

During all my life as a mother, my heart has been overflowing with joy and gratitude that you all came to me and that I was born a member of this church. To me, it is everything to live for. You, also, will reach the time of life before many years that you will feel life's joys are passing and then – "what will be after death?"

I know, as well as I am capable of knowing anything, that Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God and I am grateful to Him for this knowledge. God has answered my prayers by keeping you in His graces and guidance.

– Martha Jane Roberts Nielson

Nielson Home in Bluff, Utah



Martha Jane Roberts and Jens Peter Nielson
Children and their Spouses

1. Mary Kirsten Nielson (died as an infant) 1904
2. Mildred Helena Nielson 1905
husband – Clay Gabbert
3. Virginia Nielson (died as an infant) 1908
4. Lucinda May Nielson 1910
husband – Ernest Oldham Biggs
5. Caroline Nielson 1912
husband – Kimball Chase Morley Black
6. Jay Peter Nielson 1913
wife – Ruth Ann Kirkham
7. Margaret Nielson 1918
husband – Harold Barlow Watkins

Child Six

FRANK HOMER ROBERTS - EVELYN TAYLOR



FRANK HOMER ROBERTS



EVELYN TAYLOR

Written by his sisters, Harriet and Mary

Birth – Healthy Child Until Three Years Old

Frank Homer Roberts was born at Mona, Juab County, Utah, 10 April 1880. He was the sixth child and third son of Orville Clark Roberts and Mary Coray. When he was less than a year old, his parents moved from Mona, Utah to Mancos, Colorado. He was a strong, healthy child until he was three years old and then, through some unknown cause, he developed curvature of the spine which was a great sorrow to all and a cause of terrible suffering for him. At that time, the best physicians knew of nothing that could be done to check such troubles, so all that could be done was to sorrowfully watch its development and try to ease his suffering, and to pray for a miracle.

Character

However, through his affliction, Frank developed such a strong character as one seldom meets. His patience, his self control, charity, courage, faith in God, and his desire to do good to all mankind was very outstanding. His love for children and his desire to help the young people was a strong factor in his life. All who came within his influence went away a better person for having met him. He was a leader in Israel. Did it take long suffering in body and mind, humiliation, and all that he had to undergo and endure to make him what he was? No one but God can answer that.

Discover Frank Has Curvature of the Spine

We go back in memory to his babyhood, but

more especially to the morning that mother first discovered that her darling had curvature of the spine. A neighbor boy came in and as was his habit, he began to play with Frank; as he bounced him on his knee, Frank screamed. Mother had him taken to her, as she sat up in her bed (Daphne being only three days old.) She undressed him and went carefully over his body, especially his spine. The look of anguish on her face as she ran her fingers down his back bone and discovered the trouble could never be forgotten. From that moment on, he became the chief concern of everyone in the family.

The children never offered a prayer without asking for special blessings for Frank. Mother and father would kneel together and pray for him as they rubbed his back with consecrated oil. Father followed every doctor's suggestion and made all kinds of things for him to exercise with in order to stretch his back; he even wore a stiff corset until mother rebelled. She said he suffered enough without adding to it. One thing which they provided him with was a swing that he could just reach with his hands. He was to hang on this and swing himself. The children made use of it and enjoyed it also. But, in spite of everything that was done, his back continued to curve and he did very little growing until he was twelve years old, then he only got to be about five feet.

His appetite was so poor that mother had to do everything she could think of to coax him to eat. They would get the, then, scarce dainties from the store, such as canned fruit, etc. One day she was trying to get him to eat some canned white grapes; the children were standing by, never dreaming of asking for a bite, but he refused to eat any until Daphne ate with him. She was only about two years old, but she understood that was for Frank and she just took one grape and nibbled at it until he had eaten his.

Fun Times

In the winter time when the snow was deep, sometimes covering the fence posts, it would crust over so one could run over the top of it. Mother would wrap Frank up and put him on his sled, then Jennie and May would be his horses and were as wild as any horses ever were; they would run over the snow and sometimes break away, but after he called them by their horse names, they would come

back and hitch themselves back to the sled and go for another run.

Drink Only "Flora's" Milk

He did not care for milk so mother would have to coax him to even taste it. However, there was one cow that he liked and he would drink her milk. One day father sold her and after that he would have to send the boys after some of her milk before Frank would eat. He wanted Flora's milk; he knew her milk and they could not fool him.

Sensitive

Frank was very sensitive; he could not stand to hear a cross word spoken in the home. Especially when it was against the smaller children.

Loved Horses

He was always a lover of horses and as father raised horses, there were often wild horses in the corral and many times Frank was found out patting them. He would sit on the top of the fence and they would stand and let him scratch their necks with a stick. At one time our Uncle Lou stopped on his way from New Mexico to Colorado and he gave Frank a small pony they called Santafee. He was a race horse and would often run away with the larger boys, but when Frank was on his back, he was as quiet as could be. Frank could call him from across the field and he would come to him but it would take the other boys a long time to catch him. Sometimes they never caught him.

They would take Frank on their shoulders down into the pasture and then they would hide until Frank had Santafee; then they would ride him. One day, he would not come to Frank at first when he called, so he told father that he did not want to deceive him again as he was losing his confidence. Father upheld him in it and told the boys that if they rode Santafee, they would have to catch him themselves.

First Experiences of Unkindness – Forgives

When Frank started to school, he had his first experience with unkindness. There were many boys who would make cruel remarks about his condition and even laugh at him. Then there were some teachers who were not very considerate. They would intimate that a weak body accompanied a weak mind. He had to face that philosophy through life,

but there were many lawyers, business men, and even governors who learned that there was no weakness in his brain. His power for forgiveness was greater than can be comprehended by the average man.

Gains Respect Using Proper English

Frank never gave way to using uncouth language. He learned the English language so well that he could express himself with just as much meaning as he desired without adding any swear words. One time a man told Frank's sister, Daphne, of how Frank had made him feel like a worm and taught him a great lesson. He said that he had been angry because Frank had countermanded an order he had given some men while they were threshing Frank's grain. He said that he had told Frank what he thought in very strong language, even bringing in his weak condition. Then, Frank answered him in a calm voice using good plain English, never bringing in a rough word, but when he got finished, he said he saw himself in a light which he had never seen before. If he could have crawled at Frank's feet, he would have done so. Frank then continued on in as

friendly a manner as before without a sign of even remembering it. He said it was brought very forcibly to him that all of his swear words had only weakened his argument.

Proves Himself a Man

Frank never mentioned his condition and took what came in his life as it came, nor did he ever feel to blame God but tried to serve Him continually. He never flinched from what he thought was his duty but went ahead as though he were as large as anyone. When he was fourteen years old he decided that with Don's help, he could do as much as any man. Don was only nine when Frank wanted to take the big team of horses and freight. He could not be contented while mother and the two girls, May and Jennie were out working, father being an invalid with rheumatism. He talked a long time before mother gave her consent and finally gave in. It seemed impossible that those two small boys could handle that big team and do what big men considered hard work. With that stallion and big mare and a double bed wagon full of apples, they started on their way.

May wrote a poem for him one day that describes the scene very well:

We sat at a pile of apples,
As you two passed us by.
You looked like a couple of bugs
Up on your seat so high.

Don tipped his hat to us smiling,
And you said "Get-up Jumbo,"
And we waved our hands at parting,
Oh, that was so long ago.

Mother dropped her head in weeping;
Jennie and I joined her band,
And tried to comfort her saying,
Why, mother, they looked just grand.

That was your start, dear brother,
From that day you took your stand.
Though small, you were a boy no longer,
From then on, you have been a man.

That day was a sad day for mother and Jennie and May; they were not very happy, but it did not take long for mother to learn that she had some real help. It had been agreed that they were to go along with a friend who was a freighter and he was to look after the boys, but if he or any of the men thought that they were going to be bothered with them, they learned their mistake as they asked no favors.

When they got to Durango where the fruit was to be delivered, they had to have their wagons weighed in. While Frank was sitting on a log waiting his turn, two men came in and seeing Frank began to discuss his condition, never thinking that he might have any feelings about the matter. Frank listened as long as he felt was wise, so he got up and said, "Gentleman, I am not from Barnham's Circus. I am here on business and am just waiting my turn at the scale." The men were surprised and embarrassed and from then on, whenever Frank came in while they were there, they were anxious to help him.

Then, at a restaurant, where he took his meals, he asked that he might have a high chair fixed for him so he would not be so conspicuous. The manager was not understanding so Frank said, "Never mind, I can go to another eating house but as I am going to make regular trips, I would like a little consideration." The manager did as Frank asked and got a special chair for him and saw that it was placed for him whenever he came in.

Respectful and Thoughtful

He was always respectful and thoughtful of others and that trait, alone, brought him respect from everyone. Those with whom he did business forgot his affliction and soon began dealing with him as an equal.

Never Trot His Team

He would never trot his team, as he was as thoughtful of his horses as though they were human and he said that it would make them sore and stiff to trot them. Therefore, he was always longer getting home than the rest of the men, but they acknowledged that he kept his team in a better condition than they did.

Studies Bible – Bookkeeping

Frank took bookkeeping at a private school until progressing to the point where he decided he could learn it himself. He studied everything which he thought would be of use to him; the Bible was his main subject and he always carried one with him. One winter, he was freighting coal from Fruitland to Farmington, New Mexico and as there were other men doing the same thing, sometimes he had to wait for his turn. At these times, he would take out his Bible and read. On one occasion, there was a preacher who thought he could get a rise out of him and started a conversation. He told Frank where he was wrong but he found he had someone who would not back down on what he thought was right, especially when he had a Bible to prove his points.

Does Well Farming

Frank tried farming at Jackson again and did fairly well, especially the first year. When the three boys, Frank, Don, and Lou took their first load of grain to the mill, the miller was surprised and pleased with their efforts. He had them wait until he could get a picture of the outfit. Soon, they sold the Jackson place and went to Redmesa, Colorado and bought a farm on some Indian land that had just been opened up for settling.

Renews Friendship with Eva

There, he renewed his acquaintance with Eva Taylor and they were married.

Loved Children

They were disappointed in not having a family, but they were always doing something fine for other people's children. In 1917, they moved to Vernal, Utah and tried farming in Davis Ward. They were not satisfied here and so moved on to Leota where Frank was Sunday School Superintendent and Eva was teacher in the small class.

Pleasant Valley, Utah

When the water supply was taken away from the Leota people and given to the Indians, Frank and Eva moved again, this time to Pleasant Valley where he remained for the rest of his life. Again, he was an ardent worker in the church and helped to promote the building of the Myton L.D.S. chapel.

Better the Water Conditions

Wherever he lived, he was active in bettering the water conditions as though it was his special mission. His last efforts were in Pleasant Valley where he attempted to get the water for the local people instead of having it go to the Eastern Company. The last meeting he attended, he had to be carried into the meeting and back to the car, but he was thankful he lived to attend that meeting, for the men there expressed their appreciation for what he had done for them.

He was taken to the hospital soon afterward and never lived to return to his home.

Active in Politics – Never Ran for Office

Frank had always been active in politics but never ran for office. He never hesitated in going to men high up in authority, such as the governor, lawyers, legislators, or anyone whom he thought could help him in obtaining his object. He was a help and a comfort to his sister, Daphne, all of her life, especially during her widowhood and gave her

children as nearly a father's love as was possible. He gave his Uncle Will Coray a home for 25 years and when he died, he laid him away with loving care.

Very Lonely after Eva Died

His loving wife died in 1937 which was a great sorrow to him as she had been more than a wife to him. She had stood by him in everything that he did and was there to help where she could. She was a perfect helpmate and his needs were her first concern. However, he carried on alone the best he could until his work was finished.

Tributes

Lawyer Dillman said at his funeral, "In the history of the world, there are a few outstanding men who could be taken as examples by the world in their steadfastness in standing for what they thought to be right. Among them was Joseph who was sold into Egypt, who would die before he would sacrifice his virtue, and the prophets, and then there was Frank who had impressed everyone he met with his courage and faith."

Funeral Services Held at Myton for Frank Roberts

Funeral services were conducted Sunday at Myton by Bishop Musser for Frank Homer Roberts, 65, who died at Roosevelt, Thursday, following a heart attack.

Invocation was offered by H. H. Eldridge. The opening number was a duet "Unanswered Yet" by Merrill Lisonbee and Clyde Howells. Bishop Musser was the first speaker. Jennie N. Weeks read a poem written by the deceased's sister, Mary Noel, as a tribute, entitled "Our Brother." F.L. Noel was the next speaker. Frank Walker sang a solo, "Perfect Day." Benediction was by B. O. Colton.

Remains were taken to Salt Lake and burial took place by his wife. Dedication of the grave was by Hyrum Taylor, father-in-law of the deceased.

Surviving are two brothers, Don C. Roberts of Provo, and Louis D. Roberts of Vernal; four sisters, Harriet V. Steele and Mary E. Noel, of Vernal; Martha Jane Nielson of Blanding and Daphne H. Hartle of Helper.

Mr. Roberts, a former resident of Vernal was born at Mona, Utah a son of Orville Clark Roberts Sr. and Mary Knowlton Coray. He went to Farmington, N M. with his parents at an early age.

He married Eveline Taylor on July 21, 1910. Coming from New Mexico to Vernal, he drove a four-horse team 5000 miles.

He spent January, February and March of 1944 in Salt Lake doing temple work and completing the Roberts Family record.

This letter that Frank wrote to his sister Daphne is a sample of Frank's life, particularly after his wife died in 1937. Daphne spent a lot of time with her brother Frank and tried to help him until she married Frank Hartle and moved to Helper, Utah, but she kept in close contact with him through letters.

Myton, Utah
June 18th 1939

Dear sister Daphne;

Your welcome letter came to hand last night and as today is Sun. and it was my turn to stay and look after the cows and pigs and other things pertaining to farm life while Arvene and Clairon went to S. S. [Sunday School] and meeting [Sacrament]. This makes 3 Sundays straight that Clairon has had, and it is getting to be a habit with him, not to expect to take his turn. Maurice was home and made me a pie, and also helped me doctor a sick horse that came on to us unexpectedly, but it was a good thing for the horse and me that she was here with me. The baby [Marie] is as cute as she can be, she is always glad for me to pick her up. She always lays her head in my neck so sweet, it sure gives me a thrill. I am glad Garnet spoke well of me. I certainly was pleased with her. I think Robert and Arvene got a good deal – the same type of a girl. Garnet may have a little better education, but Maurice is very well read, and appears well where ever she goes.

Now as to Leota. It was nice to receive the letter from Abe Murdock. I will send it back to you so Clalude can keep it in his files to show to his son's 20 or 30 years from now. No one can tell how high up a man may climb in Murdock's position. He could get to be Governor of this State or even President of the U.S. or may fall to earth at the next election. I have a few letters from him on the Leota project that I would sell very cheap. . . . I was appointed and still am a member of the soils committee in the Duchesne River Basin Planning League and have gone into the Leota proposition quite thoroughly, and you just as well try to remove a mountain as to change the line up President Colton is working on, and I think some day something will be done more than has been done for not only Leota but all the dry country lying under this Green River Project. . . .

Now he may refer your letter to Pres. Colton or call for an interview with C. D. Cooper so in that case, Claude wants to have some good information in hand on what has been done and what should be done. I find that it takes a lot of money to swing an irrigation project.

If Claude wants to farm he better get to be Bishop and live at the top of the ditch in Pleasant Valley. Then he wants to have his wife consent to leave Idaho. And in any of these cases Abe Murdock can't help him one bit.

Since I turned 30 years old I have spent 1/3 of my time on irrigation projects, and if I had spent that time on Temple projects I would be ahead today. Now all I want is to create some kind of income that will keep me working in the temple a few years, and you can plan for others on Damn Reserviors and help from Government if you like that kind of work better than what you can really do, if you can to follow that line. But don't mention my name to Murdock or any one else as I don't want to get in to the promoting business again. I was not cut out for it. It needs a million heir first of all.

Well now I have written you a long letter. You will be owing me two more.

Give my love to Kay. When I can afford a suit of clothes I will go and see you. In the mean time you better drop in on me and we will have a few chess games.

Your loving brother

F H Roberts

Child Seven

DAPHNE HELENA ROBERTS - ROBERT POMEROY COOPER (ROY)



DAPHNE HELENA ROBERTS

Birth

I was born 3 December 1882 at Mancos, Colorado. When I was six years old, my father moved his family to San Juan County, New Mexico and settled at a little place called Jackson. Although there were few my own age living there, my home life was such that it filled my every need, and my memories of Jackson will always remain pleasant.

Five Miles to School

One winter I and my two brothers went to school over the mountain to Farmington, a distance of five miles, while our mother and older sisters were in Salt Lake City. My father was ill with rheumatism, which forced him to spend most of his time in bed. Although we children had to manage the necessary work and chores before and after school hours, we were not late one day



ROBERT POMEROY COOPER

through the school term. We took turns driving our small pony pulling the buggy while the other sat on their hands trying to keep them warm.

Jennie and Daphne Attend School in Denver

After I grew into my teens, I wanted to go to a higher school than was available then in New Mexico. My parents gave their consent and with my sister, Jennie, went to Denver where I attended college and prepared to be a teacher. I always felt grateful to my parents, to Jennie, and to the Lord for what that opportunity meant to me in later life.

Roy Cooper Comes into Her Life

Soon after I returned home in 1903, I met Robert P. Cooper and in 1906 we were married in Kirtland, New Mexico. I had taught in Jewit, Fruitland and Farmington, and had enjoyed it very much. We made our home in Jackson where we

stayed until our first child, Robert P. Jr. was a year and a half old and then we moved to Redmesa, Colorado, where some Indian land had just been opened up for settling.

Very Comfortable "Tent" Home

Robert (Roy) fixed up two large tents into three rooms so we had a comfortable place in which to live while he began clearing and planting his land for a future home. Everything seemed perfect and prosperous. Two babies were born in that tent home while snow was on the ground outside. Conrad was born 6 April 1909 and Arvene on 25 December 1910.

Move to California

When Arvene was one year old, we left to spend the winter with Roy's father in California. The tent was getting thin and the house we had started was not yet built. Robert thought it unwise to live through another winter in the tent.

The journey to Gallup was very difficult where we were to take the train to California. We crossed the San Juan River on our way Christmas morning. My brother, Orville, went with us and this proved to be most fortunate as he was of great help along the way. All were glad to board the train and even happier to reach our destination in California where we found flowers blooming and everything green and so pretty. Robert's father met us and took us to his beautiful home where I enjoyed the rest.

Jamacha, California

Robert soon bought a place in Jamacha, California, where we had a cow, some chickens and horses. While waiting for the deal to close, we lived in La Jolla by the sea and enjoyed the experience of living near the ocean. While there, my parents came to live with us, and I was very happy to have them. When the move was made to the ranch, there was a little cottage near the big house where my parents lived and all were very happy until father became ill and passed away and mother returned to Utah.

In Jamacha, a little daughter, Helena, was born on June 30, 1912. The winter, the first frost for fifty years killed all of the oranges and grapefruit, even huge limbs of trees.

This was rather discouraging to Robert for he had great hopes of making a good deal out of his

fruit. He went to see a real estate man and there put himself into the hands of a man who managed to get about everything we had for the privilege of renting a garage in San Diego.

Dream Home Built in LaJolla, California

We then moved back to LaJolla where Robert bought a lot and had a house built on it so we would have a home of our own. Although the monthly payments were only \$18.00 a month, there was no work for Robert in this little place and he went to San Diego to attend to his business. If he had stayed with it, the garage was a good investment. However, a man by the name of McCarty persuaded him to take his new car and go with him on an advertising trip back east. This was in the interest of the exposition opening in San Diego in 1915. This proved to be a bad move for Robert for he was compelled to give up his business.

Move to San Diego, California

In 1914, our son, Claude was born on December 14. We moved into San Diego so Robert could be closer to his work. He was now preparing to have a concession on the Exposition grounds for operation of transportation. This was done with small cars called chairs. They were manipulated with a lever and the power was furnished by batteries.

Greatly Enjoyed the Exposition

This was a happy year in our lives for I owned a "chair" of my own and could take the children as often as I desired spending whole days at the Exposition. We also had a pass that would admit us at any time. No one enjoyed more the beautiful flower gardens, the walks, and the educational exhibits than we did.

Roy Leaves – Daphne Moves to Vernal, Utah

When the Exposition closed after two years, Robert went to Oatman, Arizona to join his brother, Harlin, where they became interested in mining. Robert stopped his work to do assessments on his own holdings so was not able to send much to his family. He came home when Laurence was born on September 6, 1916, but left as soon as he could to return to his gold mine. As the weeks lengthened into months, I began to feel it was not wise or good to remain in a strange city with my children. Robert had told me that he could not send for us as he had planned and he would be glad if we could return to

Utah to be among friends for he was ill and out of work. With "Roy's" consent, I sold our furniture for enough to obtain tickets for the family and went to Utah to friends and safety.

Becomes a School Teacher – To Earn a Living

One year after arriving in Vernal, Utah, I learned that Robert was not ever coming home to his family; so it was now my responsibility from then on to feed, clothe and educate them, which I did by teaching school. This was made possible by my past education and experience and with the cooperative attitude of my good boys and one little girl.

Dry Fork School Teaching

We first lived in Dry Fork, a little village 14 miles northwest of Vernal, Utah. There I was principal of an eight-grade school. The children were cooperative and the parents friendly, and life-long friendships were formed. I would go sleigh riding down the hillsides – or hiking – whatever the students suggested and they were proud of my ability and endurance. My assistance in the church activities was appreciated by the parents.

Flu Epidemic

This lasted for two years during which time the flu epidemic swept the country. Schools were closed and the teachers all received a letter asking them to spend their time assisting where it was needed among the sick. I received my letter and another personal letter at the same time from the school superintendent saying, "This does not mean you, Mrs. Cooper. I am telling you to do all in your power to keep yourself and family away from this terrible disease." The assistant teacher went home and the doctors were so busy in town that they could not come out to the out-of-way places, so the ones who became ill with it or anything else had to care for themselves.

No Deaths in Dry Fork Because of the Flu

A large family near us came down with the flu; not one was able to help another nor care for themselves. A nineteen year old boy, a cousin to the father of this family, by the name of Sewell Massey, came to their aid and was doing all he could for them. I made arrangements with the grandfather to bring their laundry to my home and put it in my washer that I had taken out in the yard away from the house. Then, he would help me carry a boiler full

of hot suds to pour over the clothes. I then would take them and hang them on their line. I would then stand at the gate and give Sewell instructions as to what to do for his patients, especially the baby. I gave him some of my favorite liniment to rub him with and said that if he were no better by morning, I was going in. The father heard me and called to Sewell, "Don't let that woman in here." However, the baby was better the next morning so we were all happy. There was not a death in Dry Fork from the flu.

Teaches – Central, Ashley, Dry Fork and Leota Schools

After this assignment, I taught in Central and Ashley, then, at the request of the patrons, I returned to teach another two years at Dry Fork. As the school was so small now, I persuaded the parents to consent to having the children 'bussed' to Vernal where they had a teacher and a room for each grade. The people in Leota, hearing that I did not have a school, sent a delegation to Vernal to request my service so I went to Leota where I spent five happy years working with the people in all of their church activities, making more friends and watching my children develop.

It was from there that Robert and Arvene left for their missions and Helena was married. Claude and Laurence were ready for high school so I left the school room to do nursing so I could go with the boys and help them in their adventures. Five summers, while the children were growing up, we spent on Diamond Mountain to prove up on a section of ground; the boys got me to file on this land, thinking they would be able to do something with it to help out. During this time, they experienced real pioneer life.

After twenty-five years, I was able to look upon my family with pride and credit to their efforts; three missions for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. All were married with children of their own. Robert, Conrad, and Laurence had college training and held good positions. Arvene was in the dairy business doing well. Claude was working at Geneva Steel making a good living for his family. Helena's husband was established in his job and has been in the Bishopric of their ward for several years.

Katherine Bryant and Frank Hartle Become Part of Her Life

I had taken a baby girl, Katherine, to rear so it seemed the time had come for me to establish myself in life. I married a good man, Frank Hartle, who assisted in rearing Katherine to womanhood and together, we saw her happily married to a fine young man, Theodore Bradshaw.

Frank's Family

Frank Hartle had also experienced the loneliness of a broken home and he had tried to recapture the satisfaction which he had lost in not having the pleasure of being with his own children while they were growing up, by being with his grandchildren as often as possible for they loved him dearly.

I want to express my gratitude to them for their wonderful acceptance of me. They have always been very kind and considerate of me in every way and I have enjoyed them all very much.

In 1942 Frank was the First Councilor in the Helper Ward Bishopric serving until 1947. Frank and I have been active church workers and now have a home in Salt Lake City, Utah. We are both teaching Sunday School and are blessed with friends and families to add to our happiness. Frank is a high Priest and is highly respected as a teacher in the gospel. He has been a stake chairman in genealogy and ward chairman in genealogy; he has done a great deal of work in genealogy along his own lines.

* * * * *

"The following story of Aunt Daphne's life was prepared by Inez Cooper and her daughter, Daphne, [abridged] from a history written by Aunt Daphne. I couldn't leave out this sweet, precious story of the faith, industry, and accomplishments of our wonderful little Aunt Daphne whom we all love so much. It has been her efforts and encouragement that has completed our Roberts history." Jennie Noel Weeks

The 263 page book "Daphne" was published in 1995. It contains her complete story as she wrote it with no editing, pictures have been added. It includes a priceless appendix of memories of her written by her husband, Frank Hartle, children, sister-in-laws, nieces and a few grandchildren. Contact Irene Cooper Wayland if you do not have one of these books and have an interest in obtaining one.

DAPHNE HELENA ROBERTS COOPER HARTLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Daphne's Birth

I was very fortunate in coming to a large and loving family. It was on December 3, 1882, in a four room log house in Mancos, Colorado. There was not a doctor in reach, nor was there a neighbor woman who had had any experience in midwifery. So, when Mother's time came, she had Father give her a blessing and sent for a friend who stood beside her and did as she directed. Before she and father could have hoped, it was over and she directed the dressing of a baby girl who had come a month early and was too small to bother about weighing.

"Tots" Beloved by All Her Family

My first recollections are of being carried around by one or another of my older brothers and sisters, who called me "Tots" because I was so

small. I remember taking rides on my brother Orville's shoulder and watching my sister Hattie make pretty things for my doll. She made my favorite rag doll a bonnet that I will never forget, as I left it in my play house under a big bush and it was left behind when we moved to our new house.

Frank and Daphne – Special Relationship

I loved to run and wait on my dear brother Frank, who had curvature of the spine. I have a vivid mental picture of him, sitting in his padded high chair, or lying in his bed. He suffered so much. He had a very poor appetite so they had to get him everything they could from the limited market to encourage him to eat. When he refused to eat unless I ate with him I would just sip at the food and get him to take big bites. I depended upon him keeping

me out of trouble, or from receiving any punishment I might have earned, as he could never stand to see me punished. He would begin to cry at the first thought that I might be spanked, and he would say, "Don't spank her Mama, don't spank her," until he was sure I was safe.

Frank was my constant companion, and when he got so he could do some of the daily chores I was there to help him. As our two big brothers Orville and Howard and our sister Hattie got married while we were yet small, Frank took his place as the oldest boy in the family and led out in all the work.

Intellectual Family

But back to my babyhood. As soon as I got big enough to absorb the influences around me, I found that I was living in a very intellectual family. All my older brothers and sisters were going to school and spent a lot of time discussing their lessons with our parents. I felt great respect for the leather bound books where they went to get the answers to all their problems, and to settle their disputes. They were *Chambers Encyclopedia*. We bought an organ that had been brought from the East by one of the rich cowboys for his wife.

Learns to Play Chords on Their Organ

Mrs. Floyd gave Hattie music lessons and I soon learned to play the chords for Father while he played his violin. We were the only ones who had an organ, also the only ones who had a big front room. That was why the young folks like to come to our house to dance. Brother Will Wilden would come with his violin and he and Father would play their violins. With some of us girls at the organ we had real music. My brother Orville taught me to waltz and I felt very big about it.

Woolen Mills Provide Warm Clothing

As I remember the winters at Mancos there was always plenty of snow. Mother would prepare for the winter by making us all some very warm clothing. There would come from the Woolen Mills in Provo, in which Father has an interest, bolts of flannel cloth and woolen yarn. One bolt I remember was black and red plaid, one was black and red striped. From the cloth the girls would all get dresses and from the yarn we all got stockings and mittens. The stockings I remember best, as I can still see how May's and Jennie's looked as they ran over

the snow, pulling the sled with Frank and me on it. They were our horses, and wilder horses one seldom sees. Mother made the stockings in different patterns. I remember the prettiest were black and red striped.

Broken Doll – Broken Heart

The sleigh rides we used to have were wonderful with warm rocks for our feet and quilts to wrap up in. The sleigh bells on the horses made everything seem thrilling. One ride I can well remember was on Christmas Eve. Everyone went to Church for a program and a Christmas tree. That night Santa Claus gave me a little doll. It had a cloth body and a china head. It was just what I had wanted for a long time. On the way home Howard, the driver, got out of the road as the newly fallen snow covered everything. One of the sleigh runners went up over a stump and nearly tipped us over. When we came down with a bump we got all upset and someone got on my doll and broke it, as well as my heart.

Memorable Christmas

The last winter we spent in Mancos was more than Father thought he could stand. He decided to go to a warmer climate. Howard and Father went to Old Mexico expecting to get us a home down there. Just before Christmas we all came down with the flu. Mother was trying to plan a happy Christmas in spite of it all. Christmas Eve she sent Orville to the Post Office in hopes of getting a letter from Father. When he returned we all gathered around Mother to hear her read the letter Orville had brought from Father. She had hardly finished reading the letter which told her that Father would be away from home another month at least, when Father opened the door and walked in crying "Christmas Gift." He was perfectly white with snow so that I was sure it was Santa Claus. The excitement that followed soon told me differently. Mother never could stand surprises so she quietly fainted away.

I was only six when we moved to our new home in New Mexico to a little farming district called Jackson. Father lost his health so he could not work and Mother with the older girls had to help make the living.

Jennie and Daphne Go to School in Denver

When I was seventeen my sister May got married and I suddenly grew up. I had to be a fit companion for the sister Jennie that was left. We went to dances together, and had boyfriends come to see us, and did so many things together that I had never done before. I surely enjoyed having a sister. She even went to Denver with me when I started on my search for knowledge. We were both venturesome and got ourselves into many a pinch, but were always able to wiggle out unharmed. We will never forget those happy carefree days. As we had promised Father when he took us to the train, we never went with a boy while we were away. We waited until we got home to find our boyfriends.

The school was all that I had dreamed it would be. The teachers all seemed to feel that it was their special duty to see me safely through, and I made friends whom it was hard to leave when I had to go home. I worked with the Mormon missionaries the whole time (two years) I was in Denver, until I feel like I had filled a mission. When I was getting ready to leave, President McRae called me into the office. He said, "Daphne, I hear you are going home this week." I said, "Yes." He said, "I don't remember of giving a release." He then said, "Well, here it is," and handed me a half fare ticket home. He said that he thought I had earned the right to ride on Clergy rates.

Roy Cooper Becomes a Part of Daphne's Life

I soon met the boy I married, which made everything look differently. I had met many boys who had tried to be more than friends, but this was different. I was torn between two strong desires: One to stay with my parents and see them through their old age, and the other to go to the boy who had given up his family to join the church and was building a home for me. After my marriage 8 August 1906 my happiness was equal to any young married woman who finds herself the mistress of her own home.

When I married Roy, I had been teaching Primary in Kirtland, New Mexico, but when I went with him to his ranch I had to give up my class and never saw them for seven months, when I went to Kirtland to attend Conference with my parents. My father was going to be reinstated into the Church

and have all his former blessings restored to him that day, which made it a very important day for us.

Tearful Reunion of Dear Friends

As we stood there wondering where we should sit, Apostle John Henry Smith came in with Apostle David O. McKay. Father said, "Oh, Mary, it is John Henry." He went down the aisle to meet him, and they went into each other's arms and kissed, and tears just rolled down their cheeks. These two white haired men who had fought Indians together and lain out on their saddle blankets under the stars together and gone through the hardships of pioneer life with all its suffering. Every one in the room stood spellbound, while they, oblivious to what was going on around them, hugged each other with a love some folks never know. John Henry took Father up to sit beside him on the stand.

Daphne Helps the Little Children Perform

As the program progressed it came time for my Primary class to give their little bit. The Primary president and her counselor came to me several times to get me to go up and take the children through something. I was afraid they had forgotten all I had taught them, and I could not force myself to get up before that audience looking like I did as I was expecting my first baby. When the time came for them to go out onto the stand they went not knowing what they were to do or say. The President then came to me and said, "Now will you come?" I said, "Yes, give me five minutes more and I will be there." I guess brother McKay had noticed me refusing to do what the women wanted me to do and made up his mind what the matter was.

Special Promise Given by David O'McKay

I went up behind the stage and asked the children if they remembered some songs I had taught them and if they remembered how to march. They were glad to do it for me. I got my old organist to play the piano and the children marched out with their heads up turning sharp corners until they were lined up along the front of the stage. I followed them out and stood behind Brother Dean's chair. After they sang they marched off obeying my orders like soldiers. I could see the shocked looks on the faces of some of my friends. I could not face them again so I missed conference and stayed out and kept the children quiet. When I came down to go home,

several of the women said, "Don't you feel good now after what Brother McKay said about you?" Finally I asked one of them what they meant and she was surprised that I had not heard it. She said that Brother McKay started his remarks with "I love the little woman who, for the love of the children, braved the disapproval of her friends." Then he gave a sharp reprimand for letting their false modesty make a woman feel like an outcast until five minutes after the baby is born.

The Promise

He said he wanted to pronounce a blessing upon the head of that little woman who had just helped those little bewildered children to show us what little soldiers they really were. He said if she continues to put her love of the children above her own feelings and continues to work in the work of the Lord, he would promise her the Lord would send her His choicest spirits.

Living in Redmesa

We next moved to Redmesa, Colorado, where we lived in a tent for two years. We lived in a big tent 16 by 24 feet which was divided into two rooms. A tent 12 by 16 feet was attached to the end of it which we used for a kitchen and dining room. It was all up on a foundation with a board floor and the walls were built up so a man could stand erect at the edge. There were windows on all sides. The bedroom had a carpet and a nice set of furniture. There was linoleum on the rest of the floors. We were more comfortably fixed than many of our neighbors. As this was a new piece of Indian land that had been opened up for settling, the people rushed in to get a holding then threw up any kind of a shelter to do until they could get their crops to growing.

Arvene is Born Christmas Morning

The night that Arvene came to us was a night to be remembered. It was Christmas Eve and we had a house full of young folks getting ready for a big Christmas. We had sent to Montgomery Ward's in Denver for a lot of things that had not come yet and we were in hopes to find them in Durango at the freight office. Night came and they still had not come. The hired girls had baked up a lot of cookie and gingerbread men to put in the stockings if we did not get the box. There were four young men

with us and we had sent for something for everyone of them as well. About ten o'clock we heard the creaking of wagon wheels on the frozen ground. When the wagon drove into the yard we all called out, "Did Santa Claus come?" and heard the answer, "Yes, I have him in the wagon." Robert heard him and we couldn't get him to sleep after that.

At four o'clock the next morning we heard the first welcome cry of our dear little Arvene. One could never dream that a tent could hold so much happiness as that tent did that day.

Arvene Almost Dies of Whooping Cough

With Spring, came the excavation for the basement of which was to have been my new house. We had all the plans made and the blue prints ready to begin work, but the work on the house never started. Arvene contracted whooping cough and nearly left us. I always try to forget that part of the summer. Roy was busy with the sheep so I was alone most of the time, until neighbors began coming to see if they could not relieve me so I could get some sleep. But I never dared to leave him with anyone, as he would cough until he was black in the face and I was the only one that could get him out of it. For six weeks I scarcely got any sleep as I had to hold him most of the time. He could not sleep only when kneeling beside me with his head on my breast. As soon as he lay down he would begin coughing. One day I knew that the crisis had come. I knew that that day would decide whether we kept our baby or not.

That night several came to offer their help. I chose my sister Hattie. Don [my brother] came and gave Arvene a blessing. I put him in the hands of the Lord to do as He wanted. I never felt to go against the will of the Lord. I told Hattie to sit by my bed so she could awaken me if his coughing did not. The baby and I went to sleep. The Lord was with us and we slept all night. My baby was better.

Roy's Brothers Have a "Get Rich Scheme"

That summer Roy's brothers came with a scheme where they could all get rich quick and coaxed Roy into mortgaging his sheep to help them go into a deal that was only gotten up by crooks to catch suckers. I felt like we were going to loose everything we had and held off signing the papers as long as I could. Every time Roy's brothers saw him

they told him how I was keeping them from making thousands of dollars every day. So, I decided that a crust of bread in peace was worth more than a mansion in discord. So I signed.

Disaster Hits

Then our cattle began to die without any known cause and the sheep we had left after the banker took his share for the mortgage were poisoned on the dip the government made us use to dip them before we took them across the line into New Mexico for their winter range. Poor Roy was bewildered and blue. He felt like the best way was to get away from it all. His father, although he blamed Roy for what had happened, still had faith in him if he could get him away from his brothers, so he got him to go to California.

Go with Roy Wherever He Wished

Roy began to get things ready to leave. He did this by disposing of everything he had in every direction, without any hopes of getting any pay. I felt that I could not give up so easily, and see things vanish out of our hands that we had worked so hard to obtain, and to see all our dreams go for naught was more than I could stand. Well, my mother left her folks to go with my father, so likewise I would go with my husband where he wished. But, there was a fear in my heart that there was something in California that would hurt. Orville, [my brother] decided to go with us, and I don't know what we would have done without him.

Trip to California

It took us three days to get from Fruitland to Gallup. The roads were so bad that the little team gave out and the last day Orville and Roy had to walk in about a foot of snow and push on the wheels or we could not have made it at all. At Gallup we boarded the train in a very untidy condition. At last in California, Mr. Cooper met us and took us out to his beautiful home where we could rest and enjoy the beauties of flowers and a garden in December. Roy had a spell of stomach trouble and had to go to the Sanitarium. Orville found work with a neighbor and I stayed with Mr. Cooper.

Roy soon took us to LaJolla to stay until he returned from a trip he had to make back home. My mother and father came to live with me; also

Orville's family came to him. I knew that would make him happy. I shall never forget the walks Mother and I took up and down the beach. Mr. Cooper came to get us to move out to Jamacha where he had helped Roy make a deal for a place. I felt misgivings, but as I was to have a cow and some chickens it sounded pretty good.

Jamacha Place

This was a beautiful place. The big house was on the top of a cone shaped hill. The road approaching it ran up and around the house and back to the main road again. Just below the house where the roads joined there was a retaining wall where a hedge of yellow roses grew. They happened to be in bloom when we got there, which helped to welcome us to our new home. The orange grove covered the hillside between the big house and the cottage where my parents were to live, and the whole place was bordered with palm and olive trees.

Fasting and Praying for Roy

I could not see these beauties nor could I smell the flowers that bloomed that year. I did not know whether or not my husband would be able to come to us. He was in trouble in Colorado. His dealings with his brothers had put him in such a position that he had to take the blame for their actions, and I did not know how it would turn out. The day before he was to meet his accusers, I asked Mother if she would fast and pray with me the next day. I did not know how much she knew but learned that she knew all about it and was wondering just how much I knew. It was a comfort to have Mother to talk to as well as God.

Roy is Cleared and Returns Home –

The Birds Begin to Sing

Thanks to my brother Frank, Roy was cleared and he did not take the time to write, but took the next train home to his family. That was the happiest day I had known for some time, and I want to always remember it. The birds began to sing for me at last, and the flowers took on brighter hues. Roy's father had bought him out and Roy could hardly wait for him to leave so he and I could walk over the place. It all looked so grand to him, that I thought, "At last we have something that will last."

Decorating Their Home

After Roy came we went to San Diego and bought furniture until every room was perfect. The living room with its bookcase, long library table and chairs and rug. My bedroom with its birdseye furniture and baby bed. The boys room the same. Then the dining room with everything it needed to make it perfect. There was a small room at the head of the stairs that we called the quiet room. There was nothing in it but a cot to rest on and a picture of Jesus Christ blessing little children. There is where we all went when we had been bad or wanted to be alone.

Helena Is Born

That summer would have had no blot if I had felt better. June 30, 1912, however, brought an end to my suffering, for that night the Lord sent me my precious little daughter. When I cuddled that tiny bundle to my heart I felt that I could never ask the Lord for another favor, as he had blessed me more than I deserved. He even blessed me with intuition to know what to do for her to save her life, when at three days she was slowly passing away. But I kept her to be a comfort to me through our lives. I felt that the Lord was good to me when he sent me such a sweet spirit that will never be contaminated by the filth of the world. Never has she thought a thought that she could not share with her mother.

Orville Clark Roberts' Final Illness

My Father became ill. At first we thought it was just neuralgia. He suffered greatly from pains in his face. I could hear him walking the floor groaning. I would go down and take turns with Mother putting hot cloths on his face. It seemed that nothing agave him relief, until he was tired of life. Lou came to spend a few days with us before going on his mission. It seemed that that was all Father was waiting for. He took down at once with his last sickness. We could hear him scream clear up to our house. Roy and Lou would lay hands on him. He would say, "Ask that I don't suffer so much, but don't ask for me to live." He felt that he was of no more use on Earth and had just as well go to the other side. He was not afraid to die.

Mary Witnesses a Very Touching Moment – Her Husband and Youngest Son, Lou

They finally operated on him, but he never

gained strength. Mother and Lou rented a room in La Mesa and one or the other was with him all the time. Mother said that one night she could not sleep so got up and went to the hospital. She could never forget the scene that met her eyes. Lou was sitting on the side of the bed holding Papa in his arms trying to help him rest. She said that to see Papa's white head lying on Lou's breast and the tears running down Lou's face was a sight that touched her heart. It breaks my heart that when Roy was in the same trouble, he had no son there to hold him to his heart.

Mary Moves to Utah

Mother began at once to prepare to go to Father. Their last days together had been like a honeymoon. She could talk of nothing else for days. Mother soon left us and went to her folks in Salt Lake. I hated to see her go but knew she would enjoy seeing them again, as she had not visited them for many years.

Orange Groves Freeze

Bad luck soon struck again. It had not frosted in that part of the country for fifty years, but a killing frost struck and took our crop of oranges, even killing the trees; so it looked like we were ruined. Roy felt that he could do better in town. It was hard to give up undeveloped dreams again and see someone else take over.

Very Hard Business Lesson Learned

Here I had another experience with business men. The man who had bought the place sent his wife and a man out to see that I did not take anything that they might use, so I had them to cook for along with being watched every minute. I sent a protest to Roy, as he had stopped in town to take care of the new business. He went to the real estate company to see if we had to stand that kind of treatment. They read over the contract that Roy had signed, and told him that they could do nothing for him. He had been induced to sit down and make a list of everything that did not go with the place. Of course, he was thinking about Mother's things that he did not want them to take and forgot to mention our personal property. They told him that the woman who had gone out to watch me pack could take my clothes out of the closet if she wanted to. Well, Roy learned a lesson and so did I. She took our fruit and what dishes she wanted even after I

told her they were wedding presents. She had her own bedroom set so let me keep mine, with the baby bed. I felt badly about giving her the drapes and rugs, but could not help myself. We had home-cured our olives and they were delicious. I have never been able to buy olives that tasted like they did. I was glad to get away from there and get into a house that Roy had rented in town until we could move into a house we were having built on our lot in LaJolla.

Another Opportunity “?”

One day Roy came home with the news that he was going to take a trip with a man who knew how to make money. They were to go to Washington, D.C., and on the way they were to get money from business men for ads they were going to put in a book they were going to publish. A guide book to help people find their way across the desert when they came to the Fair that was going to be held in California, 1915. It was a good idea as several people were lost trying to cross the desert at that time, and many lost their lives. They really worked hard to place guide posts along the way. It was an idea that another company made use of, along with their guide posts and printed a book called the *Blue Book* and made money out of it. I guess it was the fact that Roy had a car all paid for and looked like easy material that made this man choose him for a partner in his scheme. They soon left, taking our car that we had just finished paying for.

Jens was to run the business until Roy got back. As Roy's father had also put money into it he took over the running of the business. He tried to get Jens to put more money in to it, which Jens would not do, so he traded off the business for a farm in Mission Valley. He came to LaJolla and told me what he had done and wanted me to move out on the farm at once. Roy had sent him some money and told him to give me what was left after he had made a payment on our furniture and the rent for the garage. I did not know anything about the money so when the furniture man came and told me that Mr. Cooper had told them to come and get it, thinking they meant Roy, I let them have it. We had had to get more furniture after we had lost all we had in Jamacha, and we only owed two more payments on it, but I did not have any money and did not know when I would have so I let them take it. That left me without a chair to sit in, but a rocker that Mama had

left me. I was glad to have the two bedroom sets that the woman was kind enough to let me keep.

Roy Returns Home From the East

At last I got the good news that my husband was coming home from the East. I had persuaded his mother to come and live with us for awhile. She was with us when Roy came home, and was as glad as I was to see him. He had learned what he should have known before he left, that Mac was the kind of man who lives off the money that other men make.

Exposition

The 1915 Exposition soon opened, Roy bought a motor chair concession and gave me a chair for my own. We could go to the Fair as often as we wished as we had a pass for the whole time. We moved into San Diego at this time. During the two years of the exposition we had not saved any money, as we had planned. Roy had promised me that he would save enough to move to Utah. We could then buy a team and maybe a place, but there was no need of going empty handed. During the last few months of the Exposition there were worries that I had never had before. I felt that Roy was not attending church as often as he could. He let too many little things interfere.

Roy Goes to Arizona

Then Roy's brothers came and were working with him again. Harley had a big idea of how they could get rich in the gold fields of Oatman, Arizona. It did no good to remind Roy that he had made a promise to go to Utah as soon as the Fair closed. He could just see the gold pouring out of those mountains. He left me and went to Harley and the mines. He came home to be with me when Laurence was born and was still hopeful. He could not give up the idea of getting rich, so as soon as Laurence was three weeks old he went back to the mines.

Daphne Leaves California

I began planning on facing the future alone. I knew that I had to come to Utah, and began planning to that end. I wrote to Roy for his consent for us to come. He said he would be very happy for us to come, but he could not see how I could make the trip alone with the children, even if he could send me the money. He was sick and out of work. After I read the letter I began to pack my trunks. The Lord would provide. That was the only thing I could do.

After I had gotten all the money I could out of my furniture I got Grandma Cooper to stay with the children while I went down to see what it would cost me to come on the train. I found that I lacked twenty dollars. It did not discourage me. I knew something would turn up. As I went to the corner to catch the car home, President Bjarnsen came running across the street. He said, "Your car is coming, so say quickly, how much do you need." I said, "Twenty dollars." He paid the conductor and helped me on the car, saying that he would come to see me the next day. I never learned how he knew that I needed money, as I did not know it myself until two minutes before and I had told no one that I was going to Utah.

Trip to Utah

The trip to Utah was a lonely tiresome journey, but I felt that I was going to friends and safety, so there was peace in my heart. When we got to Salt Lake my dear sister Jennie met us at the train. I was glad to be taken into her home and to see my children warmed and fed. I stayed there one week while I was waiting for a letter from Roy. The letter came with fifty dollars to take me on my way to Vernal.

On to Vernal

We had a hard trip from Salt Lake to Vernal. To begin with there was a hard snow when we left. However, we had no trouble coming through the mountains as we feared and landed in Helper at two in the morning. We stayed in the depot the rest of the night. The next day we took a stage to Castle Gate and there changed to a bob sled. It took us all day to get over the mountain to Duchesne. Some of the way we went through tunnels of snow twelve feet high. There was a horse blanket over all of us who were sitting in the wagon box all cramped up on top of each other. Claude would not put his head under the blanket, but stood by me with his arm around my neck thereby putting a draft around my neck that gave me the worst stiff neck I ever had. All the children were as good as gold. Not a word was heard out of them.

When I got to Vernal we were taken to Clabby Brimhall's who took me into his home and made me acquainted with his wife who put me to bed while she cleaned up my children and cooked us the best

meal I ever tasted. As soon as Clabby could get away from his work he took us down to my brother's. Frank had a house all ready for me and got me settled as soon as we could find enough furniture to get along. A stove, a cupboard, a table, a bed and some chairs, all home made, were all we had. I was in heaven. I had enough to pay for them and they were mine. As it was March, Frank ploughed my little spot of ground and I began to plant.

Very Little Food But Not Sad

We all worked at the little garden, as we wanted it to look nice when Papa came. But Papa did not come nor did he send any money. I looked around to see what we could use for food until the garden came on. I tried alfalfa, as I had heard that people ate that in the early days. If they did I don't know how they served it. It is not good cooked, it is not good in a salad, nor is it good mixed with other greens. There was a weed that resembled what we called pig weed, so I tried that. It was not so bad but what we could eat it. I was getting two quarts of separated milk a day from a neighbor.

That was a busy summer and we did not spend any time feeling sorry for ourselves. One day a letter came from Roy in which he said he was getting tired of restaurant food. Robert was ten years old then. He looked rather sour and said, "Maybe if Papa lived with us a while he would be glad to go back to his restaurant food."

Now that sounds like we were awfully hard up and sad, but we were not. There were so many things to learn and we could still sing as well as ever.

Plenty of Food for Winter

Fall came and we moved into a little house near the river so the children could be near enough to walk to school. We were still looking for Roy to come to us, as he had promised to do. We were so well prepared for the winter that we did not worry over the cold weather. Our little garden had filled our cellar with vegetables, and dried fruit I had prepared. The children had warm clothes. The only thing that marred our complete happiness was that Roy had not come yet. He said he thought he had better work through the winter there where he was and come in the spring.

Spring came but Roy did not come. His job had not helped his family much but he was still in hopes of finding a gold mine. I borrowed the price of a ticket and set it to Roy. Finally a letter came and Roy said he had decided to not come home at all. He told me to sue him for a divorce on the grounds of desertion.

Divorce

Don B. Colton was my lawyer, and it was a comfort to talk to him as he never sympathized with me. He thought it was the strangest case he had ever handled and wanted to talk to Roy. I asked Roy to come and see the children and talk to my lawyer as it would hurry up the divorce. He came one morning before we were up. I talked to Roy and asked him why he had done this. He had never given a reason to the lawyer or me. He said, "Just because it is for the best of all concerned and some day you will thank me." The children came and he told Robert that he must always do the hard work as he was a big boy now and that mama could not do it. I never said anything but I wondered if cutting wood was the biggest job he was leaving me.

It was a little hard to explain things to the children and not say something that would cause them to disrespect their father. I felt that they must respect the blood that ran in their veins in order to keep their heads up and become the men I wanted them to become.

Begins Teaching School at Dry Fork

I had six children to feed and clothe and to educate. I was not very strong so I could not think of supporting them by taking in washing as some poor widows have to do. The superintendent of schools was kind to me. When I told him what training I had had and of my responsibilities he gave me a school at Dry Fork where there was a house across the street in which we could live. I could watch out the window and see what was going on at home. The people there were very nice to me and each one became a good friend. I soon began to receive real enjoyment from my work.

My friends here liked to come and talk to me about their troubles. I guess they thought that I had had trouble so would have an understanding heart. I tried to give them words of comfort and never passed on the things they told me. It helped me to

forget my own troubles that might have kept me awake if I had let them.

Trying Experience with the Devil

It was in this house that I had a very trying experience. I felt at different times that the Devil was trying to stop any good that I could do in the Cooper family. Roy had told me of the trying things that happened to him when he was investigating into Mormonism. After he was baptized he never felt these things any more. This winter in Dry Fork I felt that same bad influence that had tried to destroy Roy. I thought it was trying to destroy me or the children and it worried me. I was bothered every night with this dark depressing spirit. I wondered where I could go for help. I said to myself finally, "You were stronger than those spirits before you came here or else you would not be here on Earth at all, so now with a body you should be stronger than ever." The next time that I felt there was someone with a bad influence coming into my room and coming towards my bed I did not wait but raised up and faced him. I could tell you just how he looked every feature, but for the first time I was not afraid. I looked into his eyes and told him to go and never come back. He began backing towards the door that was opened out against the boys' bed. The thought came to me that he might attack them as he passed. Then I was afraid, but I kept watching him as he went out the door still backwards. As he stepped onto the step he took the form of a snapping dog. I was never bothered with evil spirits again.

Flu Epidemic

The next winter at Dry Fork was a great deal like the first. Soon the flu broke out which caused the schools to be closed. All the teaching had to be done in private classes. There were so many down with the flu and some of the doctors were dying. The doctors could not come out to the small places so we had to get along the best we could.

Home of Own in Vernal

The next winter we did not go back to Dry Fork. I had bought a small place of my own, so when school was out I moved into it. It was a wonderful feeling when I drove into the yard. I felt like we had really come home. The children asked if they could dig a hole anywhere they liked and no one say a thing about it. I told them that they

certainly could so long as the family agreed. They were a very cooperative family. Everyone had his job and did it. Robert and Conrad were determined to be the men of the family and do everything that a man should do. All they wanted me to do was to tell them what was to be done and how to do it. I was often glad I was raised on a farm and had helped my brothers. I found that I knew more than I thought I did and it came in handy many times. We loved our little home and made many plans for the future. I began teaching at Central School where we could walk from home and I was really happy.

I always felt more lonely when I was in company than when I was at home. Therefore, I did not go any more than I had to. There were men who had the courage to ask me to go with them, but I could not make up my mind that it would be proper for me to accept of their attentions. I certainly had enough to think about to keep me out of mischief. I never got a very high salary so I had to figure closely to make it cover necessities. Then, also there was sickness in my family.

Diamond Mountain

The spring of 1923 Conrad went up on Diamond Mountain to work and the boys wanted some bum lambs to raise, so I got the use of some cows and the use of a cabin and went with them. As we passed May's place we went in to say goodby to Mother and then went on our way. It was so early in the spring that the snow was not gone yet and the whole mountain was boggy. It was late when we finally found our cabin. We were glad to get there but it was rather discouraging when we went into the cabin as the animals had used it for a shelter during the winter. We were so tired we were content to let it rest through the night, so I got the children something to eat and a place to rest until morning.

The next day I had just finished cleaning out the worst and getting a good meal for us when I was sent for to go to the bedside of my dying Mother. She had had a stroke and had begged the doctor to do something for her that would help her live to see Lou and me once more. I was glad to find Mother still able to talk to me. We had the pleasure of her company for three days longer, but it was bought

with much pain on her part. She seemed happy to be with as many of her children as she could and was conscious to the last.

Homesteading

Conrad soon had a plan to present to the family. He wanted me to file on some land, which we could stock with cattle or sheep, or sell for a lot of money. The other boys liked the idea so I caught a ride down to Vernal and filed on 320 acres of range land. It was afterward extended to 640 acres. As it was in a dry farm area I had to file on it as Homestead. In taking this step we started something that lasted a long time and brought many changes that were far reaching.

As soon as we had collected as many orphan lambs as we could, we went up to begin our residence on our little piece of that big mountain. For five long years every summer found us there. We had to turn primitive as there were only a small shanty for shelter and a tent, but we spent so much time walking over the place, getting acquainted with all the land marks, as well as the wild life and flowers, that we did not mind.

The next year we began to build our home. I had bought some logs intending to add to our house in Vernal. We borrowed a wagon and team and hauled them up the mountain. After we got our house built so we could live in it and the furniture made, Robert went to work on the Manila Highway and Conrad found work at the saw mill. The years were quite the same. As soon as school was out in the spring we would go to our mountain to live and fulfill the law by living on the place the required time and to make the required improvements. Then down in the fall to begin school.

After we thought we had filled all the required laws and lived on the land the required time the Land Inspector figured we lacked twenty one days, and told me we would have to live there three more months to make it good. I had promised the children that they would not have to go back there again and I would not break my promise. I found work for the larger boys and Helena and sent Laurence and Claude to Frank and Eva at Leota and went back to spend it alone.

Whooping Cough

In 1924 while we were living in Vernal and I was teaching in Ashley, whooping cough was going through the country. I held my breath hoping that my children would not get it until school was out in the spring. When spring came without them getting it I thought I had better not run the risk of them going through the summer without getting it and then get it in the fall after school started. I talked it over with my neighbor who said to go ahead as she thought all her children had had it. I put my children in the buggy and went to my sister's who had seven coughing their heads off. When I opened the door and walked in she was in an awful mess and needed me to help her, but she could not understand how I could have nerve to walk into such a mess with my children. I told her that I had the summer to get them over it and I did not want them to get it after school started. I was surprised at myself as the experience I had had with Arvene had given me a dread of whooping cough. However they did not have it hard and it did break out in the fall as I had feared.

The Lord knew when it was time for us to move and allowed the School Superintendent to send me out of Vernal to the out-of-the-way places where I could teach some very nice people and help in other ways. I taught again in Dry Fork for two years. There was a committee of men came and asked for me especially so I went, and by doing so lost the chance of ever teaching in Vernal again. Then they began bussing the Dry Fork children into town. The next year I went to Deep Creek. Then I told the Superintendent that I could not breakup my family again.

Leota School

I began nursing, trying to make a living that way, but my brothers Lou and Frank and Bishop Eklund came from Leota and asked for me to go and take the place of a teacher who had had to stop teaching. When they came for me I asked the Superintendent if he would let me take the school. He said I would have to finish out the other teacher's contract which was only \$113.00 a month. I taught for five years without a raise.

Leota Home

While in Leota I built a little house which was a happy home and lived an active life among congenial people. We had sickness and trouble to keep us humble, but I believe I felt happier there than any place I had lived since I had been left alone.

When Robert went on a mission he had to leave the sheep his grandfather had given us and the younger boys had to take over. They did the best they could to save all the lambs and keep the sheep eating. I felt that I could not stand to have them miss so much school and be so exposed to the weather, but their uncles thought that was the way to make men of them. They stayed out with the sheep all winter until Robert and Claude both came down with Rheumatic Fever and we turned the sheep over to Uncle Frank Roberts.

Midwife

When Laurence and Claude finished the grades and were ready for high school I thought there was no need for me to stay in Leota alone and send them money, so I prepared to give up teaching and go with them when school ended early in February of 1933. With my last check I went to Salt Lake and took a course in obstetrics and prepared to be a midwife and nurse. After a six weeks course I took the State Examination along with the young men who were graduating from medical school.

Birth of Kay Bryant

After this I went home to be at the beside of Erma Bryant, on 28 March 1933. The neighbors all tried to get her to go to a doctor, but she would not. She said she was waiting for me. This was not a normal case, but the Lord helped us through and the baby came alive. This baby, my first case, was my little Kay that the Lord gave me the privilege of rearing. When at the age of one and a half years, her parents gave her to me because of the illness and poverty that burdened their home of seven children. I always felt that the Lord had just let me help Him, answer my prayer, as I not only asked Him to spare the baby's life, but that she might be raised up to be a good and useful woman in the Church.

I delivered five babies in a few weeks and the women liked me. By this time the depression had struck in earnest. Everyone was getting help from the government. The government would pay the doctors but not the nurses. As I was classed as a nurse, I could not support my family unless I received pay for my service, so I went to Provo and nursed the women who were able to pay me.

I went back to Leota to spend Christmas in 1934 and it was while I was there that Erma and Floyd Bryant gave me Kay to raise.

My home was certainly broken up now. Laurence was the only one not married, except for our little Kay. Soon Laurence too was married.

Frank Hartle

Then Frank Hartle came to see me. We had not seen each other for fifteen years. He took Kay and me to a show at Roosevelt. Then he wanted to know if I did not want to go to Vernal to see Arvene. Of course I did, so Kay and I had a good ride and a visit. I felt guilty in letting a man spend his money on me, but he put it in such a way that I did not feel like turning down his kind offer. Then he thought of other places that I would like to go, and was always so nice about taking Kay along. He took us to Salt Lake to see Robert on the 24 of July. On the way home I told him I was going to California, so the next day he did not take Kay along, but wanted me to go to a show. We did not go to the show, however, we sat outside and talked instead.

In all the years that I was rearing my children I had not thought for one moment that I would ever marry again. It seemed so far from me that when a good man asked me to share his life with him and the life to come I was bewildered. The boys came to Vernal and we had a family discussion. They were very understanding, and seemed pleased that I was getting a good man to care for me. They seemed to be of the opinion that it is not good for a man to be alone – or a woman either.

Daphne and Frank Marry – Move to Helper

I went to California with Conrad to be with Helena when Clark was born. Then said goodbye to

them all and came back to my new life. Frank Hartle met me in Salt Lake and we were married in the Salt Lake Temple just before I turned sixty years of age.

Our first home was in Helper, Utah. Soon I was set apart as a home missionary. I also taught a class of twelve year olds in Sunday School. I was the Era agent in MIA. It was quite natural to be doing things in Church as I had always done, so I was quite at home. The thing that gave me the most satisfaction was my missionary work.

Kay was nine years old when I married Frank. He has always treated her as though she belonged to him and has taken a great deal of pride in her achievements.

Move to Salt Lake City

After ten years in Helper and Price where Kay went through high school and found her life's companion, and Frank and I helped in any way we could in the Third Ward and Carbon Stake, I teaching in Sunday School and primary, and Frank as Stake Genealogy Supervisor. The time came when we felt a desire to move to Salt Lake where we would be able to go to the Temple and work in the Genealogical Library.

We had not been here long until we were both teaching in Sunday School, I with the eleven/twelve year olds, and Frank in Genealogy.

62 Years Teaching in the Church

When I turned eighty-two years of age I decided I had taught long enough so asked my Superintendent to release me. I had taught in different capacities in the Church, mostly with the eleven/twelve year old boys for sixty-two years so it was time to give some one else a chance.

I don't want time to stop now, I am ready to see it through, even into Eternity. I am grateful for my family and proud of the good lives they are living. I am sure that David O. McKay's predictions have been fulfilled – *that if I continued to serve God, His choicest spirits would be sent to me.* I believe that promise goes on to the future generations. I am thankful for every one of my descendants.

Following is a letter that Daphne wrote to her son Robert. Some understanding of Daphne's life may be gained as one reads and ponders her Dreams and her own interpretation of them.

Dear Robert:

Two Dreams

Last night I had two dreams. They were so real and impressive, and after awakening they came back to me so vividly in every detail that I decided to write them before they fade from my memory.

First, I was standing on the bank of a big river, watching it flow passed. Frank said to me, "If you like this view you can move your house and put it here, there is room."

I looked out over the river and saw how wide and shallow it was and there were small streams breaking away and finding their way thru the rocks and brush. I said, "No, that would not be safe, I have seen this river on a rampage, should a storm come it would spread and wash the house away." Then I noticed how many had built their homes – too near for safety.

This dream faded and I found myself in a school room, there were other women there. We were busy, but I can not remember what we were doing.

On the table stood a beautiful cake. It seemed to be for me. – The other women faded out and I stood admiring the cake, but putting off cutting it and enjoying it, as I gazed it turned to crumbs before my eyes; I reached out and gathered up as many as I could hold in my two hands and pressed them into a ball, thinking I could still eat them and enjoy them. But, I laid the ball down upon the table and stepped back towards the door, (not the door thru which I entered) as it seemed to be time for me to go; as I neared the door I looked back to the table upon which still lay my ball of crumbs, but there was a railing or fence between me and the table, I could not reach it. —

Then I awoke and began to ponder upon whether or not there could be any significance in such peculiar dreams.

It seemed quite clear to me then that the river (which must have been the San Juan River, as I have seen it on the rampage, and know what it can do) stood for the river of life and it (as some lives do) had failed to dig a main channel deep enough to hold or guide the flood waters when the storms came, so they were turned loose over the land to cause trouble and tears.

The second dream placed me in a school room, where I have spent many days of my life, the cake stood for my life, that was so full of promise, for happiness, or things to enjoy. But thru some wrong planning or too long hesitancy, my friends left me and any cake turned to crumbs, which represent my memories, that is all I had left, and even they became unattainable.

After seeing so clearly the two pictures these two dreams impressed upon my mind, I was surprised and filled with wonder to find tears streaming from my eyes. I could not remember when I shed tears of self-pity before, and why now lament, because I had failed to dig my channel (which stood for love, security & service) deeply enough to weather the storms, and if I had been so blind that I could not recognize a happy future when it stood before my eyes, waiting for me to enjoy, and let it turn to crumbs, I should not have expected the crumbs to fill the place of a beautiful cake, or memories of happy days to take the place of a natural normal life.

I did not tell my husband at first, as I was afraid he would not understand, but upon second thought he might as it – typifies his life as well as mine, but anyway we are both too near the exit door to do anything about it now, but if I have made it plain enough to convey the thought I want it to **it might help some young person to stop and consider soberly before it is too late.**

If you think it is worth it, you can put it with my history.

Hoping all is well with you and yours. Love — Mother

Draper, Utah July 19, 1948

Dear Daphne,

It is four o'clock in the morning my usual time for waking up so I am going to write to my little sister, the grandest little sister any one ever had, as I say this my mind goes back and back to when she was really a little sister, when we use to take her to the dances in order to have enough girls to dance, to when we would leave her to take care of Papa and the little boys, to when she was such a comfort to me in Durango, to the times she helped me entertain my children, to the times she has been my soul comfort and has stood by me through thick and thin.

I have seen her face troubles that I never could have stood but did she ever falter, no with God for her only comfort and support she faced this bitter world alone and raised one of the grandest families that any one could, I am so proud of them all, they are all true and faithful. . . as far as eternity is concerned you have made a place where they can gather you have made it possible for them to go on, if their future is messed up it was not you that messed it up, on this earth or the other, it was some one else and all they

have they owe to you. . . don't be grudge me the love your children have for me that I have worked so hard to get. I love them all as I know what they have gone through . . . as I remember you did as much for mine as I did for yours. It seems that we were together in it all. . . if there was ever a grand spirit sent to this earth it was yours, you have not only done for your family with a smile but you have been a help, a blessing to every one you met and the children that you have helped on the right road are many.

I am thankful that in your last years you have found a companion that loves God more than money – that has helped to make a home for you that is yours – that is working with you to prepare a home on the other side – you don't realize what that means.

Daphne you have been tried and proven – you have no worries for the future, your trials came here – mine are here after – which is the worst? . . . sister not for one moment don't ever depreciate what you have done for your children, or any one else. . .

God bless you always. Love to Frank and Kay. Your devoted sis, May

Rough draft of a poem May wrote about Daphne. December 3, 1923, Daphne's Birthday!

Here's to my baby sister
That is older than I they say,
But oh the times I have rocked her
And tend her in her play.

Little Tots we always called her
So tiny and shy was she,
And oh my how we love her,
For she was as sweet as she could be.

I often think of her dollies
She would make out of wooden spools
Of how she would dance and frolic
The biggest one in the pool

Today she is – well I can't remember
But her gray hairs are shining through
Her children are six in number
And she's teaching a district school.

She commands in tones of thunder,
As though she was six foot high
And the children all quake and shiver,
Can it be its our little Tots so shy.

I am proud of the record she's making
Of courage, bravery and love,
And it does my heart good to think,
Of the stars she will wear up above.

Think of the hands that will take her's
And thank her for what she has done
In helping them to look upward
And on sin to always look down.

To her children she has been father &
mother
Could a little Tot ever do more?
They will ever love and praise her,
When they meet on that other shore.

Well this is my baby sister
That I love cherish and adore
Just as much now believe me
As the day she lashed me on the cellar
door.

May the Lord ever guide and protect
her
Daphne Helena is her name
May her life be filled with sun shine
And her blessings come just the same.
May Noel

On the side May wrote the following:
*Please accept this little piece as a
birthday token and don't loose it as I
want a copy. I haven't time to copy it
and I am patting myself on the back
over it. I think it is pretty good, May*

*Daphne Helena Roberts and
Robert Pomeroy Cooper
Children and their Spouses*

1. Robert Pomeroy Cooper 1907 – 1981
wife – Garnet Green
2. Conrad Clair Cooper 1909 – 1994
wife – Evelyn Steers
3. Harlin Arvene Cooper 1910 – 1999
wife – Maurice Nielsen
4. Helena Cooper 1912 – 1982
husband – Max Fredrick Jenkins
5. Claude DeLavan Cooper 1914 – 1992
wife – Bertha Leona Hadley
6. Laurence Clark Cooper 1916 – 1977
wife – Inez Ruth Stevens

*Child raised by Daphne R. Cooper Hartle
and Frank Hartle*

1. Katherine Bryant 1933
husband – Theodore Richard Bradshaw

Child Eight

DON CARLOS ROBERTS - CLAIRE POYER



DON CARLOS ROBERTS



CLAIRE POYER

Birth – Burns

I was born the 12th of June 1885 in Mancos, Colorado in a little four room log house. I was blessed by my father, Orville Clark Roberts, on 20 June 1885. I was the eighth child of a loving family and was joyfully received by all. My first memories are of Mancos. I remember crawling up and down over the floor joist with Daphne while the new house was being built. One day after we had moved into the house, Hattie was mopping the floor and had a pail of hot water sitting in the middle of the room. I was running from Daphne, showing her how fast I could run backwards and I sat right down in that hot water. I was in bed for several days with the burns.

Vaccinated

We were all vaccinated by a traveling doctor and we all had what they called Cow Pox which was a result of the vaccination. We were all kept in the

house and our playmates came around looking for us. All from Jennie down broke out like we had small pox.

Brother Howard's Wedding

I remember my brother, Howard's, wedding in Mancos when he married May Young. Her little brother, Ray was there and we took a notion to ride the burros. Frank claimed the mother burro so I rode the colt. I put Ray on the big burro. We came out onto the highway just as Will Young and a group of young people on horseback hit the bridge. The noise frightened the burros and they threw us off and ran away. The people picked us up and put us on behind them and took us to the wedding. Later in the day, Ray and I were climbing a ladder. I climbed up on one side and down on the other side. When Ray tried to follow me, he was too fat to go through and got stuck, so they had to come out and help him.

Colt Frank Would Not Ride

Orville traded for a mare and colt. I don't remember them being brought home, but later, Frank wanted to ride the colt as we thought he was so very gentle. When the saddle was put on him he bucked so hard that we were frightened and Frank would not ride him.

Baptized La Plata River

In 1891 we left Mancos. I was frightened when we crossed the Mancos River as it was very high and the wagons were heavily loaded. I went with my family to a small settlement on the LaPlata River in San Juan County, New Mexico, to a place they called Jackson. I was baptized in the LaPlata River on 12 June 1893 by Elder John Rogers and confirmed by Archie Young.

On the forty acres that Pa bought, there was a house that we moved in to. Mother filed on another forty acres, that had a house on also, right across the street. Pa gave Mr. Swan \$150.00 for his place and \$100.00 for George Burnham's place which was at that time the Adams place.

Pa Cared for Younger Children

Pa was crippled with rheumatism and could do very little work. The summer water had dried up and the farm was an expense with no returns. Since the older boys were married, it left my two sisters, May and Jennie with mother to be the bread winners. I was one of the four younger children who were left at home with Pa.

School

When we first went there, it was quite a settlement. The men all took their teams and wagons and went up in the mountains after logs to build a church which was also used for a school and dances from the second winter on. The first winter mother taught school in our kitchen. As I remember it, there were six families represented in that school. These were Will and Marcia Smith, Earl and Jesse Steele, Eva, Jesse, and Pearl Biggs, Mamie and Ruby Hadden, Frank, Daphne and Don. Lou was a baby of three.

School was held in the log house until I was about twelve years old. The teachers were, respectively, mother, Dora Burnham, Jennie Roberts.

Don Works with Frank

Frank had been a cripple from an early age but he was a very ambitious boy and felt that he should help out and do things which he was not able to do. As soon as I was old enough to follow him and help with the heavy things, I was constantly by his side to do the lifting and anything that I could do to help him. I would use the shovel which I could hardly lift and try to dig post holes and set posts and dig ditches.

Freighting with Frank

In 1894, when Frank was fourteen and I was only nine, we decided that we were big enough to freight and help bring in some money, so Frank coaxed mother to let him try. He had a big team of horses as he would not have a horse that was average size, but always the largest in the country. The first load of apples we started off with from Coe's orchard nearly broke mother's heart. We were to go with some men who were freighting fruit to Durango and we were ready as soon as anyone. We looked so small sitting up on a double bed wagon behind that big team. Frank was driving and I was sitting beside him. Mother could only hold her smile until we were out of sight and then she gave way to a flood of tears. Frank called goodbye to mother and the girls who were picking apples nearby and I raised my hat and smiled.

From this time on, we were right there to do our part. If the men thought that we were going to be a bother on the trip, they soon were set right as we never asked any help from anyone. I would climb onto the horses' back, then Frank would hand me up the harness so while I pulled Frank would push until we got the harness where it should be.

Frank loved his horses and would not ever trot them. When the men came home, mother asked where we boys were and they told her not to worry about those boys for they would be along soon for they would not trot the team. We finally came home the proudest boys one ever could find as we handed mother the money.

Play – Pretending to Be Miners or Freighters

I remember we boys built ourselves some wagons, lead and trailer, and we would hitch four or five kids on for horses and haul rocks playing it was coal. We made our own dug-way up the side of the

hill to the hole where we dug our coal. Frank and I and Roy Burnham, who lived near us owned the mine, but we got help from our visitors sometimes. Only the boys could do the digging. Daphne used to want to dig but she was a girl. We would let her be a horse when ever she wished. One day Tommy and Ray Young were playing with us, Ray and I were hitched to the wagon and Tommy was the driver. Ray decided to be a balky horse so Tom said he would be treated like one and began whipping him. This started a terrible fight and it was the first time I had ever seen two brothers fight. I will never forget that day. The last time I went past that way, the dug-way could still be seen leading to the hole in the side of the hill.

Celebrations

Our main holidays were the Fourth and Twenty-fourth of July and the County Fair. We went to Fruitland for the Fourth and Twenty-fourth but the County Fair was always held in Farmington. Pa would put us all into the wagon and take us to these fairs which were always topped off with a big dance.

There was always a ball game with the Fruitland, or Mormon, boys against the Farmington boys. Sometimes boys would come from Durango or Mancos to play. There were horse races and pulling matches in which anyone could enter. One race I well remember was one where A. Williams from Mancos brought his horse, Silver Dick, to run against Dough Boy which was owned by Jackson. There was \$200.00 as the prize on this race. Silver Dick won.

Always on Time to School in Spite of Cold

In 1897, Frank, Lou, Daphne and I were alone with Pa in Jackson. We went to school over the hill to Farmington, five miles away. The weather was so cold that winter that we almost had to give up going to school but we kept on and made a perfect record of attendance. The teacher said he could have set his watch by the prompt arrival of our buggy as it came in sight. We took turns driving, while one was driving the others would sit on their hands to get them warm.

Frank & Don Give Support to Family Income

Finally, the time came when the girls left home – May to get married, and Daphne and Jennie to go to school in Denver. We boys persuaded mother that

she didn't need to work away from home so she made a home for the family and we did the work. Water began to be more plentiful so we tried farming again. The first time we took our wagons loaded with grain to market, the miller had us wait until he had taken a picture of the outfit. Three big teams with three wagon loads of grain, with a small boy driving each team – we had surely been blessed in our harvest that year.

When we left, we sold out to a big outfit that bought up all the land and put in the reservoir. We went to Redmesa where we got another farm of newly opened land that had been taken from the Indians.

Log Milling and Mill Tending

In 1902, I went with my sister, May, and her husband, Frank Noel, up to the Animas River to get work. Neither of us had logged before so Mr. Williams, the manager, said he would let his mill hand, Marion Craig, go out and teach us how to log if one of us would tend the mill. I took the first turn at the mill, being only a boy and not strong enough for this work. It proved to be the hardest work I can remember, but I tried and stayed with it three or four days until the men came in and Mr. Williams said Frank had learned how to get out logs, so Frank and I could trade jobs. I asked if Frank could show me and I would work with him. I helped cut and did the skidding, getting the logs ready to haul and then we would load up the wagon and Frank would drive the logs into the mill.

The logs were rolled up with a chain onto the skidding dogs. One time they let loose and the log came rolling right at me. I bounded out of the way just in time. We laughed about the experience afterward, but my sister did not think it was a laughing matter and worried about me after this. This lasted until fall when I was supposed to go down to haul apples. Frank Noel had a wonderful horse named Moss one fiery horse so I didn't think he could load without me. However, he said for me to go and haul the apples and he stayed with the logging for a few weeks longer.

Hauling Apples

This was a great freighting period and Frank and I, with a four-horse team, would haul apples from Farmington, New Mexico to Durango,

Colorado to the railroad. It took five days for each trip.

Seriously Close Call for Horses

From our previous logging experience, Frank Noel and I got the job at Shiprock, New Mexico. We hauled the first load of lumber and logs in for the Indian School. On one trip, the brakes broke on Frank's wagon while going down a steep pitch; the logs pushed forward so fast that it stripped part of the harness from the horses. The tongue hit the horse, Moss. They would have gone over a ledge but Frank pulled them onto a level place and circled until the team was stopped. I watched from my wagon thinking that he might not be able to stop them. After this experience, I handled lumber until April.

Best Job – Learned the Most

My best job, where I learned more than in any of the short terms I had been able to go to school, was in the spring of 1903; I had just turned 18 when the Government started a reclamation project in San Juan County, New Mexico and LaPlata County, Colorado, to bring water from the Animas to the LaPlata Basin for irrigation purposes. (The project was never finished.) Mr. Hinderlighter, the supervisor was in town to start the project when I approached him and asked for a job as "ax man." He asked first how much schooling I had. I told him that it was not very much and no special training of any kind. He seemed to take a special interest in me and said he would start me as an "ax man." This means driving all the pegs and clearing out the trees and brush before the survey crew and instrument men came with their line.

While working here, I obtained permission of the cook to work in the kitchen in the evenings, thus avoiding the bunk house gossip. After the work was finished, I could stay in and read. The cook was a friend of Mr. Hinderlighter so he would always stay in this camp when on the job. This gave me a chance to visit with him and after a trip or two, he took me to Mr. Tobish, one of the engineers, and told him to teach me arithmetic and help me learn to handle the instruments. After Mr. Tobish left, Mr. Chapin, a very fine young man, took his place and opened up for me a wonderful year of study and work, giving me the full use of the books in the office and

assisting me with my studies. Mr. Chapin told me about the Agricultural College at Colorado Springs and encouraged me to attend it.

The winter shut in and I had to leave. I went home intending to return in the spring but as we had such a big crop to plant, I could not leave Frank to do all the work so I stayed on the farm. I shall always regret this decision.

Should Have Been an Engineer

In later years, about 1937, when I was helping Byron Colton build a water flume for the Uintah Basin Irrigation Company, I was left alone for three weeks. When the engineer returned to the work, he praised my work and said I certainly should have been an engineer. Then I remembered the lost opportunity and yet felt thankful for the best ten months of my young years. **I learned, by experience, the lesson that one person must never influence others – they must choose their life's occupation for themselves.**

When I was about twenty, we raised a good crop of grain in Jackson and we hauled it to the mill at Farmington during my Christmas vacation. I had been out on the Navajo Indian Reservation with Joe Wilkins, where I had been logging and hauling lumber to Shiprock for the Indian School contract by Hopper and During from Nebraska. I left this work in April of 1906 and Frank, Lou and I moved to Redmesa. My parents had moved to Kirtland and we boys lived alone hiring cooks only during the rush season of ditch building and harvesting.

In connection with the farm, we had sheep that we ran on the school section that was leased for range. A tight fence was put around this and used for early range before going up to Silver Mesa range. We usually lambled at the school section and would bring the sheep down in the fall. It was good for our horses and young stock. We had twelve head of work stock and yearlings and two year olds.

Church Activity

We started a Sunday School and M.I.A. and the few families there would meet together. Joseph Dean, William Wildon, William Devenport and Jim Slade, John Evans, Hyrum Taylor and our family were the most active. Hyrum Taylor was in charge of the Sunday School; Pearl Evans was the most

active in the M.I.A. We had some parties, but I remember the work days and how hard we tried to build up a home and community.

In 1908, at the age of 23, I was set apart as second councilor in the Bishopric of Redmesa. Hyrum M. Taylor was the Bishop.

Don Meets Claire Poyer

I met Claire Poyer, a beautiful girl who had moved into Redmesa in 1909 from Hastings, Nebraska. All the young folks from Redmesa went up to Silver Mesa for a summer outing. We enjoyed climbing the mountains and riding on the lake on rafts made of poles tied together and guided with other poles or sticks. It was a wonderful trip. On this trip I got to know Claire better and decided she was the girl I wanted.

Family of Six Children – Later a Seventh

Claire and I were married 26 October 1910 and moved onto a homestead filing that was owned by John Avery Poyer, my father-in-law. After his sudden death in 1909, Claire had come out to complete the filing requirements and had been in Colorado about one year at this time. We lived here until 1921 and had six children – four boys and two lovely little girls who came to gladden our home. Geneva, our baby, was very delicate for years. It was here that we lost our little Harold Clark when he was two years old.

These were hard years working and trying to improve the property. We did diversified farming – sheep, cows for a dairy, garden and crops. We were building up and going ahead when World War I tore the world to pieces and the drought and panic that followed closed us out and we were forced to leave our home and memories and move into a new land and a new life.

Bishopric Service

While in Redmesa, I had been in the Bishopric for seven years and this experience, I feel, broadened my thinking and understanding of life. I was in the Superintendency of the Stake Sunday School for three years and helped establish classes for all to learn of the gospel that had brought my parents into this western country.

Tries Dairy and Chicken Business

After leaving our farm, we lived in Durango, Colorado for two years where we started a dairy with 25 cows which we had purchased the year before. Now, they were worth less, with their calves, than we had paid for them. We rented a place and built a dairy near a small spring. I had put up the building on the farm and found that I liked to do carpentry work. I built a dairy house, barns and corrals. We tried to sell milk but soon found that this would not pay off. Claire raised chickens and this did not pay, so we turned the cows back and left our second effort feeling discouraged.

Works Railroad

I then got a job on the railroad and with good wages, was able to pick up all of our debts and we could start anew, as so many Americans did at that time. Each new job brought new interests and developments into my life.

In the summer of 1919-1920, our grain was short but the kernels developed. We put our hogs in but it was not enough to finish them off. I went to see Graden Mercantile Company, Arthur Ayers and Mr. Bear, the head men of Slaughter business, to get them to take the hogs as stockers. They refused. On the way home, I saw Joe Carpenter who told us he had to take sheep off the acorns as they were getting so fat they began losing their wool. We then decided to put the hogs on the acorns so we leased the land with oak brush and used the acorns to fatten our 350 head of hogs. This saved us from total loss.

Black Face Sheep

Black face sheep suddenly came into great demand. Joe Carpenter bought some from Jack Real. He wanted us to take them but we knew nothing about handling this kind of sheep, as we were used to herding on the mountain. We tried to drive them up the mountains but soon learned that they wouldn't flock and we lost the greater percent of the lambs from straying and coyotes. We gave up farming and moved to Vernal, Utah in October 1924.

Several Moves – Claire Started a Laundry

Here, I jobbed around Gilsonite Mines as timberman but found this was too strenuous. After this, I worked with Bishop Hyrum Calder at the creamery and Claire started a laundry. During this

time, I got out logs for lumber and built a three bedroom home. We then went to Pleasant Valley in 1936 and I worked as a ditch rider for four years. After this experience, we moved to Provo where we lived for six years; during this time, we remodeled and made a lovely home. My occupation here was carpentry. I spent one year in Hawaii as Army carpenter. We moved to Salt Lake City in the fall of 1946 where we bought a large house, remodeled it and now rent it for apartments.

Church Service –

Primary Children's Hospital Organist

Since moving to Salt Lake City, we have lived

in the Ensign Ward and we have enjoyed the association of the members here very much. Claire has been Relief Society block teacher since moving here and for the last six years, has been the Relief Society organist. She is now serving under the Stake Board as an organist in the Primary Children's Hospital.

Retirement and Temple Work

I worked in the L.D.S. Hospital as maintenance engineer for fifteen years and during that time met with two severe accidents which left me crippled. Since retiring, I have done a great deal of temple work.

Wife of Don Carlos Roberts *Claire Poyer Roberts*

Poyer Family

My father, John Avery Poyer, and my mother, Emma Barbara Fogel, homesteaded in Webster County, Nebraska. Father was a good farmer and mother an exceptionally good housekeeper; both were economical and thrifty. There were three children: my sister, Bessie Irean, my brother, Myron Earl, and myself. Mother and Father were both well educated and Mother's square piano was the first piano brought to Red Cloud, Nebraska.

Rheumatic Fever – Schooling

I had rheumatic fever when I was 6 and 7 years of age which kept me out of school until I was 8 years old, then I graduated at the head of my class at 18 years.

Piano Lessons

We had about every third year a drought in Nebraska, those days, so we never could get ahead very much. Mother thought they couldn't afford to send me away to college, but I felt I should do something, so I took piano lessons.

Father Homesteads in Colorado – Mother moves to Hastings, Nebraska

Father left us about that time and went to Colorado where he homesteaded new land which

had just been opened up. Mother then sold the stock and machinery and we moved to Hastings, Nebraska. My sister was married; my brother was away working; so there was just Mother and me.

Working Years

In Hastings, I got a job in a department store where I worked for 2 ½ years and then in a music store where I sold sheet music and did part of the bookkeeping. I enjoyed this work very much for another 2 ½ years.

Father Dies

Then Father died in Redmesa, Colorado where he had acquired another farm and my brother thought I should go and take care of it. So, Mother and I went to secure a title to the new farm and while here, I soon met a group of people that were new to me. I can't say they were strangers, as they were so friendly and accepting me so wholeheartedly that I soon felt I was one of them.

Meets Don Carlos Roberts

Here I met Don Carlos Roberts and after keeping company with him for about 1 ½ years, we were married. About the same time, I was baptized into his church, which is the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and this has brought me much

joy, satisfaction, and comfort. Here, I made lasting friends whom I have enjoyed throughout the years.

Lost a Son at Age Two

Our early married years were filled with problems, disappointments, and heartaches for we had seven children and our third son was drowned in the cistern at 2 years of age.

Several Moves and Jobs – 16 Years in Vernal

In 1921, we moved to Durango and lived for 3 ½ years where we tried dairying. However, we were going in debt so we quit this business and Don worked on the railroad for nearly two years; and we managed to pay our debts. We then moved to Vernal, Utah – I won't say 'moved' because we took nothing with us. This was during the depression and Don couldn't work so we started a laundry which was our means of livelihood for the 16 years we lived in Vernal. We lived in a log cabin but Don got the lumber and built a very nice home for us; the cash needed was saved from our laundry work.

Live in Provo – Then Salt Lake City

In 1939, we traded our home for one in Provo; we remodeled it and in 1945 sold it and bought a home in Salt Lake City which we remodeled and are living in at the present time.

We have worked hard, both of us being willing to sacrifice for our children's education and for their welfare. Don has had work ever since we left Vernal until he was retired three years ago.

Church Service

I was asked to be the organist in various organizations: in Vernal, I helped in both Sacrament Meeting and Relief Society; while organist in the Primary in Vernal, I missed only one meeting in six years. I was Relief Society instructor for the Teacher Topic lessons in Provo and have been organist in the Ensign Ward Relief Society for the last eight years. One of my most interesting assignments is being organist in the Primary Children's Hospital for the past two years.

Don Carlos Roberts and Claire Poyer Children and their Spouses

1. Louis Avery Roberts 1911
wife – Ethelyn Larson
2. Don Carlos Roberts, Jr. 1912
wife – Dona June Peatross
3. Harold Clark Roberts 1914
(died 2 years old)
4. Gwendolyn Roberts 1916
1st husband – John Jacob Kocherhans
2nd husband – John Manning
5. Paul Darrell Roberts 1918
6. Geneva Roberts 1920
husband – Joseph Keith Peatross
7. Donna Claire Roberts 1930
husband – Ralph Lloyd Engstrom

Child Nine

LOUIS DERMONT ROBERTS - WINIFRED LOUISE DEAN



LOUIS DERMONT ROBERTS



LOUISE DEAN

Childhood Memories

I was born 17 September 1889 at Mancos, Montezuma County, Colorado, in the first lumber house built in that county. The rest of the houses were made of logs, my folks having recently moved into it from a four room log house. I do not remember anything about my life in this place as when I was nineteen months old, my father moved his family to Jackson, New Mexico. My earliest recollections are of my father owning three houses. One was where my brother Howard lived when his first baby girl, Mary (Mamie), was born; when she was three months old, her mother (my sister-in-law, May,) took her to Mexico to see her mother, and she, Mamie, was killed on the way back, so we never saw her again. One of these houses were made into a blacksmith shop, where I watched my father do things with red hot irons.

Spent a Lot of Time with His Father

As I look back, it seems like I lived a long time between the ages of 8 to 20. My life at Jackson, New Mexico was interesting and I spent a great deal of time with my father. I could ask questions, and he would always take time to answer, especially he would tell me stories about his early life, how he would deal with the Indians, how (because he could speak their language) he could talk them out of some of their mean plans. In several instances, he acted as interpreter for President Brigham Young.

Stories About Indian Dealings

The story I liked best was when he carried a message to Chief Walker for Governor Young and was shot at on his way home, being wounded in his left shoulder. I would rub the scar and listen to him talk. He told me of the trips he took back to his home town in Lancaster, Schuyler County, Missouri.

He would let me ride behind him on his big grey horse. I was small and it seemed to me that my legs stuck out straight across his wide back. He told me several stories about his father, also, some of which are told elsewhere in this book. Many miles I have walked, holding onto his hand while hunting the cows.

Father had rheumatism for years. I have seen his face turn white when he would make a sudden movement. I guess he suffered more than anyone knew, as he never complained. He did all he could to care for us younger children and keep the farm going so mother and the older girls could go to Farmington to find work. Then, he would stay alone when in the winter mother would take us with her so we could go to school.

I was always happy when I could get away from school in the spring to leave Farmington and go back to Jackson and sleep between my two brothers, Frank and Don.

Two Homes – Farmington and the Ranch

Farmington became my home as well as the ranch. I ran back and forth those five miles a good many times. The fastest time I made was generally on a stick horse. I kept a string of stick horses that were very long winded and were able to lope those five miles without stopping.

Schooling – Good and Bad

I began my schooling at this place (Farmington) and as I remember it, most of the time I was the only one of the family that was going to school. I knew I had a sister and two brothers but they were in different rooms so I saw very little of them. Work in the first grade was easy for me so I was soon put in the second grade.

By the time I was twelve years of age, my mother took me out of school, the main reason being some of the experiences I had. At one time, I saw a boy break a slate over the teacher's head. At this time, New Mexico was a territory and the best we could do was to get six months of schooling from the county. Then mother would send us to a private school where we had to pay tuition for the remainder of the summer, and then she taught us at home. There was a good Mormon community at Fruitland about twelve miles from there, but it was

worse there as they only got three months of school. We never lived there because we could not make a living but we, being the only Mormon family, then living in Farmington, were not very popular in school. Many times I had to defend myself, sometimes with my fist, and when I began to swear, mother thought it was time to try Fruitland.

Most of the education I obtained was from books given me by my mother to read while I was away at camp. I have read many good books, some of which held my attention until morning.

Sunday School

I believe I have attended Sunday School in every Protestant church in existence, as mother was anxious to have us go to Sunday School and church, even if we could not go to our own. So, all I know about my religion, I have learned from my parents and brothers and sisters.

Trip with Frank – Indian Dealings or Trouble

Frank and Don used to work very closely together, all through their youth, as Frank was never strong and needed someone to do the heavy work. The first trip I remember going with Frank, we stopped at what was called "The Four Crossings." This was on the LaPlata River. We had stopped for the night, and had just become settled in our camp when a Navajo Indian came up and decided to camp with us. We did not like this very well, but had to stand it.

I was awakened from a sound sleep by Frank's shouting. The Indian was trying to take the top quilt off our bed. We were pretty well frightened, but he said he needed another quilt to keep him warm. Frank gave him one from under our bed and he was quiet the remainder of the night. On the return trip, Frank's back began to bother him from using the brake so much and the rough roads. When his back started hurting, he really did suffer, so I handled the brake until the trip was over.

Traits Learned from Brothers

In working with my brothers, I learned how a clean, honest upright man should live and I honor their memories. My brothers decided to go into Southern Colorado and file on some land that had just been taken from the Indians and opened up for filing. There were others of the same notion, both

Mormons and Non-Mormons, and they named the little settlement Redmesa. Redmesa to me was a very pretty place located just under the LaPlata Mountains high enough in elevation to furnish young people many a fine sleigh ride in winter and not uncomfortably warm in the summer.

Nephew, Clark – More Like a Brother

After that, we went into the sheep business and I spent part of my unmarried life on the LaPlata, running sheep and farming. With us was my nephew, Clark, a son of my brother, Howard. Clark Roberts. He and I became bosom companions. We had the experience of partly growing up in that place where there were very excellent people. My brother, Don, was four years older than I so Clark seemed more like a brother than a nephew.

After his father, my brother Howard, was drowned, my brothers, as well as the whole family, did all we could to assist his widow (Mary) in her struggle to rear her family of four small children.

Death of Father –

Leaves a Big Vacancy in His Life

During the depression of 1912, I was called on a mission to the western states, for the L.D.S. Church. My parents had gone to San Diego to live with my sister, Daphne, so I went there first to bid them goodbye, and have a little visit before starting on my mission. I was always very grateful that I did this for, while I was there, I had the privilege of spending my father's last days with him and sitting beside him as he drew his last breath. He was conscious to the last, he playfully pulled me down beside his bed and reached for my mother, speaking his old pet name, "Matty" to her. He then quietly breathed his last. I still feel that I witnessed the passing of a great man. It left a big vacancy in my life. I hated to leave my mother alone, but I had to report for my mission and she was soon to leave for Salt Lake City, Utah to spend a while with her folks

Missionary Work.

I began my missionary work in Denver, Colorado. I did tracting in Denver for one month and then was sent to Seward, Nebraska in a cold February. We rode the railroad from one town to another and did tracting in Beatrice, Wahoo, and Seward, Nebraska, and on to Omaha, Nebraska.

During the next summer, I walked all the way to Grand Forks, North Dakota. At first, I was with Elder Eakens from Provo, and also with Elder Layton. We covered two Indian reservations, Fort Totten and Grovans.

Fed Cooked Duck – Feathers and All

At Fort Totton, we were fed ducks, cooked feathers and all, but we were pretty hungry and we had to pick at what we could. The Indian agent objected to our tracting but we received permission from Reed Smoot, through the Secretary of Interior, for us to have the same rights as any other minister and we went right ahead tracting – Indians, employees and all.

The next winter, we went to Grand Forks. My companion was released and I was made president of the North Dakota Branch. During this summer, we made trips south near the South Dakota line. Here I met for the first time Sidney Call from Burley, Idaho. He was a wonderful missionary and we worked together through North Dakota, the west portion of the state, walking through the summer months. In Jamestown, they were holding revival meetings and we distributed a lot of literature. In Fargo, North Dakota, we were in the same town as Frank Q. Cannon, who was giving lectures every evening against the Mormons. We just about ran him out of the city.

Soon after that, I was very ill from eating rutabaga and we had to stop tracting for a time. Elder Call and I worked in the wheat field for about a month, during the day, and held meetings at night. In the fall, we returned to Grand Forks, North Dakota, and worked together most of the winter.

Receives Word of Clark's Accident

I was in Grand Forks, North Dakota where I spent a good part of my mission when, about the first of December, I heard that my nephew, Clark, had been severely injured by a runaway team of horses. He was breaking a colt. He had his young bride in the seat beside him when he saw that he could not prevent the team from going across a ditch where there was no bridge. In trying to save his wife, he was thrown out onto the doubletrees where he was dragged and kicked.

Returns Home From Mission

I sent a wire to the Mission President in Denver, Colorado. He asked me to stay until he came to North Dakota and he would talk to me about a mission release, as I was to get my release in the spring. I was just one day late for Clark had passed away.

Serious Accident with an Ax

I began selling insurance for Beneficial Life Insurance Company but I did not like that work, so I went to Redmesa and farmed with my brothers. In the fall of 1918, we leased sheep from Joe Cappinger, and ran them out on the dry side of LaPlata River through the winter. While alone in camp, I was chopping wood one day. My ax hit a limb of a tree over my head and came down and cut the artery on the instep of my right foot.

I nearly bled to death but managed to stop the bleeding by putting flour and rags over the cut. I went unconscious but came to in the morning, managed to crawl outside for wood and I made a fire. My Uncle Will Coray came with a Mexican herder and as soon as possible, moved me to Redmesa where my brother, Don, took me to a doctor.

Thoughts of Louise Dean – Marriage

In 1918 I leased sheep from Joe Cappinger and ran them on the dry side of the La Plata River through the winter and in the Rico Mountains in the summer. While working with the sheep in the mountains that winter, I thought a great deal of the sweet girl, Louise Dean, with whom I was in love and who lived at Redmesa. She had changed her mind about giving me the cold shoulder and by December 1918, we were engaged. We had gone together now and then for more than a year. This was the winter that war broke out and influenza was raging. I had the disease on the dry farm and Uncle Will Coray cared for me. The school at which Louise was teaching was closed and she went to Idaho the first of May to see her father. We met again in Salt Lake City on the 2nd of June and were married 4 June 1919, in the Salt Lake Temple.

Marriage – Honeymoon

My Uncle Howard Coray and his lovely daughter, Edna, helped us with our temple clothing. Louise had her own dress which she had made

herself. Stella Dean Taylor went through the temple with us and my father-in-law, Joseph H. Dean. He always treated me with consideration. We spent a short honeymoon in Vernal with my folks, May and Frank Noel, and Frank and Eva Roberts and Daphne Cooper, who lived there.

First Summer in Rico Mountains

We returned to Redmesa and spent our first summer in the Rico Mountains. Louise enjoyed the mountains very much, not having been in the mountains before. We had some nice horses to ride and a mule which Louise rode at times for safety. She did not like the mule as he seemed to always want to go his own way – a very typical mule.

We had some good times on trips away from camp looking for sheep. One trip we took was quite a distance to an old mine near LaPlata City and it rained torrents. My wife did not put on her raincoat as she like the rain. We were really soaked and it was dark when we arrived; some old miners let us into their cabin. The next morning we moved into a nice spot of ground and dried out our camp things and Louise washed out our clothes. We took two trips to Rico, and stayed with some friends, Mr. and Mrs. Reed. They were very good to both of us and she gave us her best guest room and a lovely dinner.

First Child Born – Son, Frank Homer Roberts

That fall, we were at Don Roberts' for a while and Louise taught school at Kline, Colorado for about three months. We then moved onto the dry farm and Uncle Will and I raised a fine crop of corn and oats. I took Louise into Redmesa to Sister Burnham's where our first child, a boy, was born on the 24th of May 1920. We named him Frank Homer [Roberts] and he was blessed when he was thirteen days old in the Redmesa Ward. We returned to our nice home on the dry farm the day he was two weeks old.

We were happy with our little family. We had at least four neighbor families who were very good to us those first years. Whenever it was possible, we drove into Redmesa on Sunday and went to Sunday School and Sacrament Meeting.

We had a large place on the dry farm. We had some good neighbors and used to trade work at harvest time. We had dinners, parties, and a lot of

fun with each other, but we were the only Mormons.

Florence Louise Is Born

Our second child and first daughter, Florence Louise, was born 9 December 1921. Uncle Will and I stayed alone on the dry farm, except when I was in Durango at Don's where Florence was born. We preferred to be more to ourselves, as Don and Claire had five children of their own to care for, so we rented two rooms from Mr. and Mrs. Vance in Durango and I moved Louise there with our little son and baby daughter. Louise stayed there for two months while I was on the dry farm, feeding about fifty steers, which we had bought.

Terrible Tragedy

About the middle of February, I brought my family home in a bob sleigh and just a few days after that, we were called upon to face the most terrible tragedy of our married life. Our beautiful little son, Homer, only twenty-two months of age, fell into a small hole in the ice of a pond which the cows had broken. Louise had put on his wraps and let him go out to play with his kitten while she bathed the baby. He followed the cows down to the pond and was drowned.

Mother Passes Away

After that, the dry farm was never so attractive to us and we rented a farm on Cherry Creek and lived there for a year. That spring, I was worrying about my mother who was not well, and decided to go to Vernal to see her and shear sheep. My mother passed away the 18th of May 1923 at my sister, May Noel's home in Vernal, and I was so glad that I was able to see her and enjoy her company before her last sickness and that I had the means to help pay for her funeral and see her peacefully laid to rest.

I got homesick but decided to finish the shearing season. I then left for home but it seemed like the train would never reach my destination.

Rhea is Born – Moved to Vernal

We farmed there that summer and stayed through the winter, but in the spring of 1924, we went back onto our dry farm where our third child, another daughter, was born in 4 July 1924. Louise's mother was with us and she wanted us to name her Rhea which we did. We have always loved that name. When Rhea was five months old, we moved

to Vernal where my two brothers, Don and Frank, had decided to settle in Uintah Basin, so by the next spring, we were all located close together again.

Support and Help from Frank and May Noel

From the first of December until the first of March, I worked for Frank Noel and we lived in a small house by the side of May and Frank's home but we ate in with the family. They were very good to us, even though they had nine children at home of their own and at Christmas time, May and Frank invited in all the relatives and they made cake, puddings, turkey and all the trimmings for nearly fifty people. No one could ask for a bigger hearted couple than they. Louise and I had no parents to help us rear our children, but May and Frank were all the help anyone could ask for.

Move to Reader Place

After another year and some financial distress due to the depression I moved to the Uintah Basin. In the early spring of 1925, I left the sheep camp and leased the Reader farm, sheep and a few cows and did quite well. Our fourth child and second son was born in that little three-roomed house on the 28 May 1926. We named him Louis Clark. He was a curly headed little boy, and very good natured. We were very happy with another little boy. After two seasons I sold the lease and crop for a model T Ford and \$600 and moved to Leota where my brother Frank had settled.

Paradise Park and a Fun Picnic

Our first summer was spent at Paradise Park on Mosby Mountain, cutting logs to build a house, but we decided to rent a home so I turned the logs in on my ditch assessment and Louise lived down in the Park. One day we walked about seven miles to a spot where we could fish, Louise carrying Clark and I carrying Rhea and little Florence walked. We had a picnic and a good deal of fun.

Lived in Leota

We moved back to Leota where we tried to improve a new farm, but water was scarce and we had trouble with the sandy soil. A nice ward was built up there and we helped build a new chapel. We increased in the sheep business.

Dangerous Conditions

I was running sheep out on the desert in the

winter at this time and on Diamond Mountain in the summer. It was rather risky at times. The roads were bad and conditions dangerous. One night, I broke the radiator and drove ten miles without water in the radiator of the car to get home with Clark and Dean on a below zero night. When Clark was five years old, I left him by a fire while I went around the sheep in the deep snow. He decided I had been gone long enough and tried to follow me. I found his tracks and hurried to find him before dark. Luckily, he had been picked up by one of the herders and was in camp when I reached there.

Birth of Lowell – 30 Degrees Below Zero

The night Lowell, our fourth son in a row, was born in Leota, on 9 December 1932 with only a midwife whom Louise had gone for in an old car on the icy roads, to attend her. However, they arrived home safely and in time for the arrival of another son, Lowell.

On this night, I was on the desert driving a herd of bucks to camp. I was on foot because my truck was stuck in the ice on one side of the river. That night, I had to lie out with only two quilts, no horse, and very little to eat. I built a fire and managed to keep from freezing to death. I later learned that it was nearly 30 below zero that night. Louis Roberts, my nephew, was working for me and met me the next day. I had no water except a little snow as it fell and by the time I reached home, I had a good spell of flu.

Changes – Move to Vernal – Reader Home

As a family, we nearly always went to church together and it was a happy time. We planted trees and had a lovely little five room home but the conditions became dryer every year, and we were forced to leave Leota. We spent two summers as a family on Diamond Mountain, and the second winter we moved to Vernal and rented a cabin at a motel until the Reader home was vacant and then moved into the big fifteen room house. We had been here about two months when Bill (Wilford) was born.

David started school that year in Vernal, 1936, Dean was in the third grade, Clark was in the fifth grade, and Rhea was in the ninth grade; Florence, was in the tenth. Rhea was small but very quick to learn. She had jumped two grades at Leota. She did the studies but socially it was very difficult for her.

Children's Horses – Welch Pony, Blaze, Rocket

When David was about seven years of age, I bought him a little Welch pony that we called Peggy. She was almost as small as a Shetland and very full of life and somewhat spoiled. David was really a good horseman and had her tamed, at least to some extent, before very long. Clark and Dean had their favorite horses also. Clark broke and rode Blaze who was a wild little mare. However, she liked children but would try to dump a man. She is the mother of a fine saddle horse we call Rocket which we still have and the grandchildren all love to ride him for he is wonderful with the children, smart and gentle, even though full of life. Dean is one of the best horsemen I have seen and one of his favorite horses he called Lightning.

Three Youngest Children Born

Joyce was born in Vernal. She was born in the big northeast room. We used the fireplace for warmth as well as the furnace in the hall. Edna was born three years later and then Ruth. This gave us six boys and six girls – eleven living. As they grew older, we filled all of the five bedrooms upstairs and one downstairs. We raised a lot of hay and grain on our farm and we used a lot of Navajos to help on the place. One man and his wife lived in the little house next to us. His name was Earnest. His wife was very good help for Louise and she took care of the children while Edna was small.

Trip to Tuba City

Louise and I took a trip to Tuba City in 1942 with my nephew, Howard Roberts, to get some herders and farmers, one being Sherman Clinton who was a wonderful Navajo boy. He joined the L.D.S. Church while he was working for us. He was one of the best and hardest workers I have ever seen. He was also an excellent student at Uintah High School. He died in an accident at Hill Field.

Sheep Business – From 16 to 75 Years of Age

Ever since I was sixteen, I have in some way been connected with the sheep business and am still working with sheep at the age of seventy-five. With my son, David's, help I run five herds of two thousand each winter and summer.

In May of 1931 Mr. N. J. Meagher offered me a long term lease agreement. This was a hard

decision as many friends and family advised me against it. After careful consideration of the alternatives, which were bleak to say the least due to the terrible depression, I signed the lease and began a career which lasted nearly 40 years.

Gratitude

I can say that in our struggle to live we have never felt any great depression. The children have been such a comfort that our lives seem to be mostly forgotten and taken up with them and their interests. Our little boys grew to be men and our little girls to women and we are proud of every one. When the boys began to talk about going on missions, I felt that now was the chance for me to make it up to the Lord in a small way, for all my negligence but I realize that we have to go on our own merits. I freely acknowledge that I have been helped in all my undertakings since I reached the State of Utah.

Tribute to Sister Daphne and His Nephews

In connection with my life in Utah I will make mention of some of my sister, Daphne's boys that have been so closely associated with me and grown to be so noble in their characters. I feel that they are as near to my living and making of history as my own family. We grow more by being forced into circumstances than what we might think we could do for ourselves in normal circumstances. My sister, Daphne, has reared a large family with very little help and with some of the greatest adversities that ever came into a woman's life; yet by this, she seems to have been made strong and it was somewhat passed on to her boys.

Tribute to Nephews Robert and Arvene

Robert, the oldest, being very closely associated with me, showed more determination, patience and energy than any boy I ever knew. Also his brother, Arvene, seemed to fall into his shoes and came to me and worked as a companion and helper for years. They go to make up part of my family life. I was very happy when both were able to fill missions, especially Spanish speaking missions, which planted in the hearts of my boys the desire to labor among the people who are so much spoken of and loved as the inhabitants of this the American Continent, as shown forth in the Book of Mormon.

Missionary Work

I was called on a Stake mission in 1956 and 1957 and enjoyed it very much.

Love for the Lamanite People

I added four to their number that have filled wonderful missions among the Lamanites. This made me very happy. I have always had a deep sympathy for the American Indian. Although not being called to a Lamanite mission, I had the privilege of baptizing twenty full blooded Grovan Indians, a branch of the Sioux tribe, and confirming them members of the L.D.S. Church. I saw while in this work, a marked difference between the Indian and the Whites. **They seem to possess a softness and sweetness of character that I have discovered no place other than among the Jews. While on my mission and since in my business, I have been closely associated with Jews and it has been made evident to me that they are very similar in their love of truth.**

EXPERIENCE OF LOUIS ROBERTS AND HIS NEPHEW, CLAUDE ROBERTS

Written by Lou's mother, Mary C. Roberts

After a hard day's tramp in the missionary field in Nebraska, and not having had met with a very friendly response to my earnest appeal, I went to bed early and began to think of home – natural, wasn't it? Well, a little adventure came to my mind that I thought might give our scouts an idea of how we boys in Colorado scouted sometimes.

My brothers and I were the proud possessors of about a thousand head of pure blood Rambouillet sheep which were offensive to our neighbors, as early each spring, we had to take them to our mountain range which necessitated traveling past their homes. So, this spring the Forester decided to change our trail in order to avoid worrying the

farmers. He gave us a map (that meant very little to us) to guide us through the labyrinth of forest, mountains and deep canyons.

My nephew, Claude, a boy of about fifteen years who was large for his age, and I packed our Jacks, said goodbye to the folks and started off. I dared not look back for mother was still watching. She had clung to my hand and looked pleadingly into my face with an expression I could easily interpret. Oh! the power of that look; how it is riveted upon my memory and heart.

The bucks were to follow up with a trusty Mexican the next day. The sun was warm and we had little trouble except in crossing the first stream. Our dogs were in fine condition and did the work. They seemed to think we were out on an excursion and were anxious to have their part of the fun. The sheep moved up lively and the invigorating spirit of spring was in the air. As we did not know what was in store for us, we felt fine and sang and chatted and planned for the good time we would have when we got to the ranch and the lake.

The river ran quite rapidly here and as it leaped and rippled and danced over the rocks, it seemed to laugh and talk with the singing and chattering birds in the branches of the tall pines, that also gave back answer in a low murmuring welcome to this mighty awakening of all nature – “Spring.” The grass was fresh and tender and the sheep stopped to nibble at every few steps with apparent relish, keeping up their incessant bleating for their lambs, who were skipping, running races back and forth, then stopping for a moment to form in circles, then rush all to the right, then all to the left, then all hands up for a bucking stampede.

Tribute to Claude

Claude¹ would stop, and listen and watch, then look up at me with that sweet child-like smile and twinkle in his bright blue eyes. I may as well tell you

¹Claude is one year younger than his brother, Clark Roberts, who was more like a brother than a nephew to Lou. Lou being three and a half years older than Clark. Claude contracted typhoid fever and died in September of the same year this story took place 1909.

now I was completely captivated by this boy; there was something so gentle and angelic about him and yet, he had the greatest power of endurance and patience in suffering I ever saw in man or boy.

The sheep had done but little traveling for some time, so tired early. The country had opened up considerable making a pleasant camping ground, smooth and grassy. The sheep lay down saying, “Here is the place,” and we knew better than to urge the point with them.

We unpacked the burrows and burros and told Snyder to watch them. He knew what that meant perfectly and so did they. We built a fire and cooked supper. The burros insisted on eating with us but our brave dog, Snyder, convinced them that they had better give it up. The moon came out full and clear. The little frogs and ground people came to see us and ask questions about our business. One was rather serious about it, and now and again a hoot owl would ask in very solemn tones, “Whoo, whoo, who?” We tried to explain in a satisfactory manner who we were and what our business was and that we meant no harm, that the lambs and sheep that were keeping up such a noise were perfectly harmless.

The dogs, after making about a hundred rounds of the herd and finally had them all settled for the night had come for their supper. Snyder also, as the burros were quietly resting. We fixed our camp and made our bed and were ready for our rest. I love the woods, the grass, the flowers, the birds, and the sparkling rippling water, but there is always a strange lonely feeling the first night out from home. The dear faces come up before me and I hear again the kind cheery words of encouragement from the boys, father’s words of caution, and feel sister’s tender kiss and her gentle arms around me and mother’s searching eyes looking into my very soul with mute entreaty and solemn warning. I turned suddenly on my pillow to break the spell and put my arm around my precious boy. In doing so, I felt something hard in my pillow. I took it out and what do you think it was? Yes, my little bible. Mother had slipped it into my pillow. She had given it to me the first time I left home. I was a child again and cried. I kissed the name that her dear hand had written, and then with the book in my hand, I promised her that

I would do right and guard from evil the dear boy I had in my care.

The morning was bright and clear and everything was awake and full of joy. The dogs would have a romp and Claude and I gave them a great chase, then moved on.

Encounter with an Old Man and His Daughter

The timber, for a few miles, was so thick that we had to walk. I took the burro and Snyder and tried to find a trail. There was not one thing to guide me. I am sure that the Forester had never seen the route that he expected me to follow. Towards evening, we came to a little clearing where an old man and his daughter had a little piece of ground put into spuds and wheat. They saw us coming and the old man ran for his gun. The girl came to meet us. She was a fine buxom lass, about eighteen. She wore a scant duck dress that came just below her knees and a sun bonnet that looped down over one eye. This, she held out when she wanted to be impressive, with a hand as brown as a berry and calloused with hard work.

She pointed to the sheep that were laboring up the hill, and said, "Them yourn?" I said as politely as I could, as I saw the old man coming with his gun, that they were. She said, "Well, you just get as far as you can out of here or there will be something doing. We came up here, dad and me, to raise a little truck² and keep some cows and things, an' we been pestered with sheep till there is nothing for the cows to eat." I said, "Well, miss, I am going as fast as I can. I don't want the sheep to eat your grass but the Forester . . ." Just then, the old man came up.

"The Forester, be d- -. I don't want that excuse any more. You get out of here in fifteen minutes, or I will shoot your sheep as fast as I can load my gun." "I'll do my best," said I, "but I think you will have to give me a little more time than fifteen minutes."

"Yes," said the girl. "There was a man went by here with a hundred thousand sheep and just bragged that he had gone thirty miles in thirty days." I was willing for her to talk as long as she wanted to

for the feed was fine and the sheep and Claude needed some rest. So I enquired all about the man and tried to excuse him but this was a mistake as it only angered them both. I told them that I knew that I could do better than that, but the trail was hard. I asked to buy some milk and bread and after a while got them pacified so they consented to let me camp one mile down farther on and told me where I could find water.

As soon as we got out of hearing, Claude began to joke me about the damsel and accused me of turning white when the old man came up with his gun. It did me good to hear him joke and laugh. The poor boy was tired and footsore and the sheep contrary, so it took us both and the three dogs to get them started. But, there was not a word of complaint from him. We ate our bread and milk and all turned in early, boys, dogs, sheep, and burros – tired enough to sleep sound.

Troubles Ahead and Troubles Behind

The next day, we got along fine until in the afternoon when we came across a wide sheep trail with fresh tracks. I knew then that I was in for a job. There was that trail without a live thing on it for the sheep to eat. A precipice was on one side, fallen dead timber and large boulders on the other so thick and large that it was impossible to put sheep and lambs through it. It was a dead certainty that there were thousands of sheep ahead of us that should they mix with ours, it would cause us days of hard work and delay on our trip and more than likely a great loss.

I was sorry for Claude. It had been dangerous to ride and his feet were very sore but something had to be done. We took the dogs and went several times around the sheep to bunch them. I took off one pack and rolled out the bed for Claude to rest and then got on the horse and struck out to find the sheep. I soon heard them and to my delight, the country opened out considerably. I rushed on and found the boss and told him we were behind him and that the sheep were hungry and tired and must have water that night. He said his sheep had come over a H- l of a country but he would push them on as fast as he could.

Before I got back to our camp, I heard a great fuss going on with dogs and sheep and found Claude

²Truck is a word that refers to various kinds of vegetables.

with the dogs and a half dozen men trying to head off another big herd of sheep that had come onto us around a turn in the trail before they saw us. The lambs were running in all directions, their mothers after them, both as crazy as bed-bugs. They would jump a log and land between them, well chucked in as though they had been pounded down, all bleating to beat the band and the dogs barking which made quite a disturbance. The men finally succeeded to hold theirs back and we pushed ours a short distance then went back to gather what had fallen by the wayside with broken legs and others that were fast between the logs. When we had gotten out of the narrow passage so the other sheep could pass us and had found a stream of water we were glad to camp.

Tries to Doctor Claude's Feet

We had not eaten one bite since morning. Claude gathered up some wood while I unpacked and made a fire, then dropped down on the roll of bedding and took off his shoes and socks. I was sick at heart when I saw the condition of his feet. Large bag blisters were under every toe and we had hardly gone a third of the distance. He only said, "Look, Pard, what can you do for a case like this?" He just smiled as if it were a joke but it was no joke. I was sick when I saw his condition.

I warmed some water as soon as I could in which to soak his feet, then cooked a good hot supper. After it was eaten, we both felt better. The sky looked brighter and the little stream babbled more cheerfully, the birds sang sweeter and we contemplated a different sort of world.

After resting a bit, I hunted up my little broken legged lambs. Claude fixed some splints and tore up my dish towel for bandages and we went to work on the poor little fellows. You see, I had done so much of this kind of thing, I thought myself an expert surgeon. The only medicine we had in camp was turpentine; we always carried some in case the sheep got their skin torn by the brush and snags and the raw place got fly blowed. Many sheep die from not being taken care of from flies. Well, we put some of this on these little lambs' legs for experiment and for the want of something else, we tried it on Claude's feet. There is a feeling of remorse every time I think of this ridiculous and heartless piece of folly of mine. It caused him such intense pain that he hardly slept

that night. If I could have found anyone to have picked a fuss with, who would have thrashed me within an inch of my life, I would have felt better but it was bitter punishment to listen to him moan when he would drop off to sleep for a minute.

I did not try to move camp the next day. I thought it better for Claude and also for the lambs that were frisking around on three legs as lively as you please. Then, there was another reason – I wanted the herd that was behind us to move on. They did not seem to be in any hurry. They moved off leisurely to the left, pitched a tent and some went to washing while others began cooking, while others went to fixing up camp in the most approved style. They drove nails into the trunk of a large spreading tree to hang cups, towels, hats, and buckets, then put up a shelf on which to wash dishes. Others brought in a lot of small branches and put them in the tent. I suppose this was to lift their beds from the ground.

I watched their movements with some interest and along in the afternoon, I got tired of reading so I left Claude asleep and went over. They met me very cordially. "You boys act like you were going to spend the summer here," I said. The boss, who also owned the sheep, came up and said, "Well, the fact is we don't know just where we are and this is a h--l of a country to drive sheep through. It would be a hard proposition for a rabbit, so we have to go slow or we would have to go to splicing legs as you had to do."

I said, "How far do you drive in a day?" "Well, that's a hard question to answer. When a feller don't know half the time the points of the compass and is picking his way most of the time, through trees so thick and so high he can't see the sun, he can't measure distance very well. We strike a ravine and travel along it until we get tired then we make a break for the top and up we go. When we get there, we are tired and we don't know that we are making any headway. So, you see, it's discouraging, so we just rest for a while and that's the way it's been."

To pass over the rest of that terrible trip, I will just say that my brother met us and helped us on into Hermosa Park and we got Claude's feet fixed up and were all happy.

Howard DeLavan Roberts' Addition to the Story about Lou Roberts and Claude Roberts' experience with the sheep.

I shall add to the story, as I was there during the latter part of that eventful trip of taking the little herd of registered Rambouillet ewes to the mountain range. This trip terminated at the Hermosa Park in the LaPlata mountains. I was about eight years of age and was very much disappointed in having to ride right on through that beautiful park after a hard and tiring trip through the rugged mountains. But Uncle Frank had a date with a very charming girl in Redmesa and it wasn't in his plans to miss it. Therefore, he and I rode right on through the Park toward Redmesa, while Uncle Lou and Claude stayed to look after the sheep.

Hazardous Trip – Unknown Trail

I, Howard, also became involved in the hazardous trip of taking the sheep to the mountain summer range over the unknown trail, and I shall now endeavor to relate my involvement in the trip as I remember it.

Loss of Horse – Food Supply

Uncle Don Roberts was also involved as a member of the party in the first part of the trip, and because of the poorly marked trail and the steepness of one of the mountain climbs, one of the pack horses which was carrying the kitchen, lost his footing and rolled down the mountain. This resulted in the death of the horse and the loss of a goodly portion of the food supply. They were faced with a problem.

Don Goes Home – Frank Takes His Place

Uncle Don had recently filled a mission in the southern states and the southern food menu had caused him to have stomach troubles. The camp life diet was causing his stomach to act up. Therefore, it was decided to let Uncle Don go home to the ranch in Redmesa and let Uncle Frank take his place on the mountain trip. He was also to bring back a couple of burros to replace the pack horse which had rolled down the mountain, and a new supply of food.

Mama and I happened to be visiting our folks there at the Roberts Brothers' ranch, and Uncle Frank asked Mama if I might go with him to help finish the trip. Of course, I was all for the idea, and

Mama consented for me to go along.

Howard Comes with Uncle Frank

I was young, but Uncle Frank liked children it was his nature to give children responsibilities at an early age. He sent me to Kline to try and find a burro or two, and he went to Cherry Creek for the same purpose. I succeeded in finding a jenny which we named Lizzie and Uncle Frank found a jack which we named Caesar. Uncle Frank made me feel quite proud of what I had done by praising me for having purchased a much better burro than he did. Lizzie turned out to be an exceptionally good pack burro.

When we reached camp with the burros and necessary supplies, it was decided that uncle Frank and Claude would drive the sheep and Uncle Lou and I would do the moving of camp. Claude was exceptionally good with the sheep, and Uncle Lou had learned to tie a pack on a horse, mule, or burro so that it would stay. Uncle Frank was handicapped by his physical condition for doing physical labor, but he was patient and long suffering in whatever he had to do so that he was surprisingly successful in performing any task he was confronted with.

Poorly Marked Trail –

Trouble Keeping Directions Straight

The going was slow as the proposed trail had been very poorly marked, and we encountered much fallen timber which made it difficult to get the sheep, and especially the lambs, over the fallen trees. We also had the trouble of keeping straight of our directions. One of the main topics of conversation between Uncle Frank and Uncle Lou was in arguing about the directions.

Delayed – Return for Turpentine – Rain

After about an hour's travel Uncle Lou discovered that we had neglected to put the can of turpentine in the pack. Inasmuch as that was a very important article Uncle Lou left me to watch the pack animals while he rode back to get the can of turpentine. This put us far behind in our schedule and we didn't catch up with the sheep by evening as we expected. The rain had started to fall which made the footing slick for the pack animals, and so when

we came to a mountain descent and the evening was upon us, we decided to play it safe and wait until morning to tackle the mountain descent. We unpacked the animals and hobbled the leaders. We then went to bed without eating any supper, as we expected to get up by daylight and catch up with Uncle Frank, Claude and the sheep in time to have breakfast with them. Our plans didn't work out as we planned as Uncle Frank and Claude had not waited for us, but had gone on with the sheep. We hurried on, hoping to catch them soon as we realized that neither they nor we had had any nourishment since noon the day before.

Pony Falls – Plans Frustrated

That was our plan, but again our plan was frustrated by an unexpected occurrence. My pony Dot, which was carrying a pack, lost her footing and fell, with her back downhill and in between some quaking aspen. Our only chance of getting her up was to cut down two of the trees and then roll her over. To make things worse, the only tools we had for cutting down the trees was a hatchet without a handle and our pocket knives. We used both, but it was a hard and time-consuming job. We finally succeeded and were happy when we rolled her over that she managed to stand on her feet. We were afraid that she might roll on down the mountain when we rolled her over with the hopes that she would get onto her feet.

One and Half Day – No sleep – Nothing to Eat

It was the middle of the afternoon before we caught up with Uncle Frank, Claude and the sheep. We had all gone about a day and a half without food, and for Claude and Uncle Frank it had been without sleep. We camped there for the night and the next morning it was decided that I should go with Uncle Frank to drive the sheep and let Claude help uncle Lou with the pack animals as his feet

were in a terrible condition. This change in work made it so that Claude could ride a horse and to add to his pleasure in the trade, the horse he rode was his own loved riding mare, Bess.

Frank and Howard Head the Sheep

Uncle Frank and I had trouble galore in getting the ewes and the lambs over the fallen, dead timber, but with Uncle Frank's patience and my willingness to help as best I knew how, we were successful. We also spent a restful night that night as we were all tired, and we knew that we were near our journey's end.

Claude Sick with Typhoid Fever

Claude stayed with the sheep during the summer of 1909 and came home the latter part of September to be ready for the starting of school. He was sick when he arrived home. Dr. Simmons of Farmington was called, and he pronounced his sickness as typhoid fever. He did everything in his power to save him, but his Father [Howard drown in the San Juan River, 1897] must have been needing his help beyond the veil.

Grateful for the Gospel

This was indeed a hard blow for our dear mother and her nerves were taxed almost beyond the breaking point. She was not able to attend the funeral services, but I feel sure that our Father in Heaven looked down on her with compassion and let his comforting influence be with her to help her to see that she was still blessed in having three children with her while the children's father had only two with him in Heaven. How blessed we are in having the Gospel of Jesus Christ which gives us assurance that if we live its commandments that it will be only a short time until we can be united with our loved ones who have been called to the other side.

One of Robert Eugene Cooper's Rambouillet

Rams with Robert's grandchild,

Claire Cooper on it.

Price \$200.00

Weight 235 pounds



WINIFRED LOUISE DEAN ROBERTS - DISTRICT MOTHER OF YEAR

From The Uintah Basin Standard – February 4, 1965

Mrs. Louise Dean Roberts, wife of Louis D. Roberts of Vernal, has been selected to represent the Uintah Basin as District Mother of the Year for 1965.

The Federated Women's Clubs of the Vernal area are sponsoring this very outstanding and remarkable mother of twelve children, eleven of whom are still living, the oldest having been drowned at an early age.

Mrs. Roberts came from stalwart pioneer parents so was well prepared to happily accept her own pioneer life in the early years of her marriage.

Her father, Joseph H. Dean, filled four missions in the Pacific Islands for the LDS Church and translated the LDS hymn book into the Samoan and Hawaiian languages.

Her mother was a daughter of Joseph Ridges, builder of the famous tabernacle organ in Salt Lake City; and also, a granddaughter of Parley P. Pratt, one of the early day apostles of the LDS Church and a guest student, writer and scientist.

This strong heritage in music, education and religion has carried down to the children. During the pioneer period of her life, Mrs. Roberts had four of her children with the aid of a midwife and only one was born in a hospital. The Roberts home has been filled with happiness because of their great love of music and all are musically inclined having contributed much to their communities in this regard. Six of them have obtained college degrees and four are now working on their Masters. All have been active in the fields of education and civic affairs and two sons served in the armed forces of their country.

The father of this family who is a rancher and stockman, has also contributed greatly to the success and industry of his family. He worked closely with his family and taught them to love the great out of doors, also honesty and integrity.

Mr. Roberts has filled two missions and his wife one for the LDS Church. Four of their sons and one daughter, also one grandson, have also filled missions.

Nine of their children have married in LDS Temples. All of this family have held highly responsible positions in their church, in the areas of music, teaching and executive positions.

Along with their own unusually large family of happy, industrious children, the Roberts brought two Indian children into their home to care for, for several years.

This splendid family has followed the fine example of their mother and father. Mrs. Roberts attributes the success of their family to faith and divine guidance they have received. There are now 64 members in this family.

The children are as follows: Florence R. Dennis, Rhea R. Goodrich, L. Clark Roberts, Dean D. Roberts, K. David Roberts, Lowell Pratt Roberts, Mary Lou R. Blackham, Wilford H. Roberts, Joyce R. Caldwell, Edna R. Gilbert and Ruth Roberts.

Mrs. Roberts will go to Salt Lake City in April accompanied by her family and friends where she will be honored along with the other nominated mothers from throughout the State. From these outstanding mothers, one will be selected to go to New York City to represent the State of Utah in the national event. At New York one State Mother will be named America's Mother of the Year. (NOTE: Mrs. Roberts won third place in State)

The President of the Utah Mothers Association, Mrs. Albert H. Belliston of Salt Lake City, appointed Mrs. Ralph A. Bryson, Mrs. D.G. Mantyla of Roosevelt and Mrs. H. LeRoy Morrill of Tridell on the District Selection Committee for the Uintah Basin. Mrs. George H. Wilcken of Duchesne and Mrs. Joseph L. Kitchen of Tridell are on the Young Mothers Counsel Service Committee in this same program.

*Louis Dermont Roberts and
Winifred Louise Dean
Children and their Spouses*

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Frank Homer 1920
(died 22 months old) | 7. Lowell Pratt Roberts 1932
wife – Elaine Manwaring |
| 2. Florence Louise Roberts 1921
1 st husband – Jack L. Morgan
2 nd husband –
Joseph William Faherty
3 rd husband – John Doran Dennis
4 th husband –
Curtis Alfred Stadstad | 8. Mary Lou Roberts 1934
husband – Max Allen Blackham |
| 3. Rhea Roberts 1924
husband – Lowe Goodrich | 9. Wilford Harry (Bill) Roberts 1937
wife – Katherine Luana Gunn |
| 4. Louis Clark Roberts 1926
wife – Barbara Jean Russon | 10. Margaret Joyce Roberts 1938
husband – Conrad Lee Caldwell |
| 5. Dean Dermont Roberts 1928
wife – Marlene Elva Lennstrom | 11. Edna May Roberts (Eddi) 1941
1 st husband – Allen Lewis Gilbert
2 nd husband – Ronald Bingham |
| 6. Karl David Roberts 1930
wife – Nadene Ottosen | 12. Ruth Roberts 1943
husband – Brent Petersen |

Part VI

William DeWitt Roberts and Julia Maria Lusk Family

8th Generation

Zelena Maria Roberts

Lillian Aldula Roberts

William DeWitt Roberts, Jr.

Don Carlos Roberts

Dermont Homer Roberts

Josie May Roberts

Orpha Zulema Roberts

Roy Clarence Roberts

Ralph Edison Roberts

Eugene Lusk Roberts

Teressa Louise Roberts

William DeWitt Roberts and Julia Maria Lusk Children and their Spouses

1. Zelena Maria Roberts (died as a child) 1863
2. Lillian Aldula Roberts 1864
husband – Volney Bonnette deLoery
3. William DeWitt Roberts, Jr. 1867
wife – Mary Ann Taylor (Polly)
4. Don Carlos Roberts (died as a child) 1869
5. Dermont Homer Roberts
wife – Emma Jane Bennett
6. Josie May Roberts (died as a child)
7. Orpha Zulema Roberts 1873
husband – James Merriweather Walker
8. Roy Clarence Roberts (died as a child) 1877
9. Ralph Edison Roberts (died as a child) 1884
10. Eugene Lusk Roberts 1880
wife – Sytha Brown
11. Teressa Louise Roberts (Bessie) (died as a child) 1886

Child Two

LILLIAN ALDULA ROBERTS - VOLNEY BONNET deLOERY

(By her daughter Vivianne)

My mother did not go abroad but was sent to 'The College of Music' in Cincinnati, Ohio where she studied piano and voice. While there, she met my father, Volney Bonnet deLoery, a Frenchman and they were married in Cincinnati, Ohio in 1894.

Three Children

Three children, two boys and a girl, were born to them. The **first child** named Vivianne was born in Provo, Utah in 1897. Vivianne deLoery studied violin giving concerts and radio work. Vivianne married Arnold Hillis, an Englishman, who fought in World War I. One child was born to Vivianne and Arnold, a son named Raymond, who was in the Air Force in World War II in India. He married Patricia Lendway, a woman of English and Hungarian extraction, and they have a son, Jerry, and a daughter, Mary Jean.

The **second child** born to Lillian and Volney was a stillborn baby boy. In February 1902 their **third child** Victor deLoery was born and he was a very talented child in music. He went on the stage at the age of 16 with a traveling show. Later, he became a string bass player. He played in all the leading popular bands, also worked in the recording department of Warner Brothers Studios in Los Angeles. Victor married Hazel Duvall who is of French and English extraction and they have two children, Alfred and Diane. Alfred is married and has three children, Lolene, Allen, and Donna.

Gifted Musicians

Our family was a musical one. My mother, as a pianist and voice teacher, my father also played and sang, and our trio – violin, piano, and cello – gave many concerts. My grandfather Roberts loved music and he is the one who bought my first little violin. My mother had such a beautiful voice but grandfather was very disappointed in her marriage to my father, although he became reconciled later when he realized how much they loved each other. They did not have much security financially but from an intellectual standpoint, our life was one interesting experience, enjoying good books, beautiful music, and stimulating conversation. Our grandparents were always there to lend a helping hand, "God bless them."

Grandpa Roberts Loved Music

This is a little side line to show you how much Grandpa Roberts cared for us: When he had his stroke, we were living in Boise, Idaho. Grandpa Roberts was lying in the folding bed. I immediately took my violin out of its case and played Arkansas Traveler. You should have seen his smile and his legs started to move; he wanted to dance. He was a very gruff man but I always loved him. We all sang and played at his funeral.

Child Three

WILLIAM DEWITT ROBERTS, JR. - MARY ANN TAYLOR (POLLY)

(By his son, Lawrence Paul Roberts)

Built and Managed Hotel Roberts in Provo

William DeWitt Roberts was born January 6, 1867, in Salt Lake City, Utah, the son of William DeWitt, Sr., and Maria Lusk Roberts of Provo, Utah. He was educated in Provo and later taught in the public schools there. After purchasing the building from his father, he built and managed the Hotel Roberts of Provo for 21 years. Married Mary Ann (Polly) Taylor on June 20, 1894 and they were parents of three children: Geneve, Lawrence Paul, and Mary.

Newhouse Hotel Assistant Manager

He moved to Salt Lake City in 1920 where he was an assistant manager of the Newhouse Hotel in Salt Lake from 1920 to 1922. He leased the Hotel Roberts but managed it from 1922 to 1923; he then managed the Cullen Hotel in Salt Lake from 1934 to 1936; and the Pollyanna Apartments in Salt Lake from 1929 until his death in October 1947.

He was a member of the Provo Commercial Club, the Provo City Council, and at one time a candidate for mayor of Provo. He was also a member of the Salt Lake Exchange Club; he was a member of the L.D.S. Church; a democratic leader and speaker; and an accomplished story teller. He was a member of the singing quartet and also a soloist.

Natural Athletic Ability – Horse-riding Standing Up

Perhaps a few little incidents in his life will serve to illustrate his character. Although not a big man physically, he had natural athletic ability. He was a good amateur baseball player and an excellent horseman. He could, and often did, ride a horse standing on its back, down the main street of Provo at full gallop. Being a person of considerable

courage, he saved an older companion from drowning when he was only 14 years old. His profession was school teacher when, in his early years, by quick and courageous thinking he saved the life of one of his young girl students when her dress caught on fire, by rolling her in the snow to quench it.

Helped His Community

After a twelve-hour day in the hotel, he would don hip-boots and spend hours at night with pick and shovel flooding Provo's pasture to create a good and safe pond on which the boys and girls of Provo would skate. He was also instrumental in establishing the municipal ball park in Provo. By his prevailing efforts upon the local carpenters to contribute their labors to build the bleachers and the high fence around the diamond, the city now enjoys the games as well and the view of the beautiful Mt. Timpanogos, as the city fathers had planned.

"Will Roberts" of Utah

He was a great story teller and was known as the "Will Rogers" of Utah. He had the gift of making an adventure of the commonplace. This was a joy to his children, who remember him as being very sympathetic with them in their problems. They learned to share with him his great love for nature and the beautiful mountains of his home.

Love of People – Tremendous Capacity for Friendship

He was a diligent worker and planner, as proved by so many extra services he strove for in the hotel. He maintained two gardens of fine vegetables, one in his back yard and one a block away. These supplied fresh produce for his dining room, which was noted for its fine food. He also purchased choice meats from Chicago. In the evenings he

treated his guests in the lobby with a warm, apple-wood fire in the fireplace, and a large bowl of polished apples, or cherries from his trees or popped corn. He made the Hotel Roberts a home away from home, and it was unique among hotels in the country. Because of his genuine interest in his

guests, and his property, his hotel had a nation-wide reputation for wonderful food, service and hospitality. He was wise and successful in his selection of real estate he acquired. But his outstanding characteristics were surely his love of people and his tremendous capacity for friendship.

Wife of William DeWitt Roberts

OBITUARY OF MRS. MARY ANN (POLLY) TAYLOR ROBERTS

1870-1950

Funeral services for Mrs. Mary Ann (Polly) Taylor Roberts, 80, prominent Salt Lake and Provo businesswoman, will be conducted Wednesday at 4 p.m. at 574 East First South St. by Bishop W.E. Stoker of the South Twentieth Ward, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Mrs. Roberts died Saturday afternoon at her residence, 35 F St., of causes incident to age. [Died 3 Jun 1950.]

She was in the hotel business most of her life, associated with her husband in the operation of the Roberts Hotel in Provo from 1898 to 1919. The couple operated the Hotel Roberts in Salt Lake City, now New Ute Hotel, [1964] from 1923 to 1933, when Mrs. Roberts took over the management of the old Cullen Hotel fountain until 1936.

Also in the grocery business, Mrs. Roberts operated her own grocery store in Provo. She managed Hal's Market in Los Angeles after leaving the Cullen Hotel.

At the time of her death she was co-manager of the Pollyanna Apartments where she resided.

A daughter of George and Henrietta Sawyer Taylor, she was born February 14, 1870 in Provo. She was married to William D. Roberts in the Salt Lake Temple June 20, 1894. He died in 1947.

She was a member of the South Twentieth Ward and the Ladies Literary Club.

Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Geneve Dunn, [Paul H. Dunn's mother] Hollywood, [California] and Mrs. Mary Warnock, Farmington; a son, L. Paul Roberts, Salt Lake City; a sister, Mrs. Ella T. Wesphal, California; a brother, John T. Taylor, Provo; a half-sister and three half-brothers, Mrs. Hattie McClellan, Walter, Ashted and T.N. Taylor, Provo, and eight grandchildren.

Child Five

DERMONT HOMER ROBERTS - EMMA JANE BENNETT

(By his son, Dermont Homer Roberts Jr).

My father, who was also known as 'Mont' was educated at Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah. He married in 1894 to Miss Emma Jane Bennett, in the Mormon temple, Salt Lake City, Utah

Shortly after finishing his schooling, he started his career as a public stenographer and was the official district court stenographer in Provo, Utah for many years. He was co-owner of the Roberts Hotel in Provo until it was sold approximately 1917.

From about 1906 to 1924, he practiced his profession in various courts in Salt Lake City and Pocatello, Idaho. He also maintained an office as public stenographer and notary public. He was recognized by various members of the legal profession as an expert contract writer.

In 1924, he moved to Long Beach, California where he resumed his profession and also maintained an office.

Early in November, 1927, he suffered a stroke in the court room from which he did not recover and succumbed one week later. He was a member of the Pacific Coast Club, Long Beach, California. He was a very kind man and well loved by everyone who knew him.

Besides myself, Dermont Homer Roberts, Jr., there are three other children, namely; Zola LaMarche, Frank A. Roberts, and Harry Leroy Roberts.



Provo Historic Hotel Roberts Built in 1883

Child Eight

ORPHA ZULEMA ROBERTS - JAMES MERRIWEATHER WALKER

(By her cousin Daphne Roberts Cooper Hartle)

Orpha was born and reared in Provo where she obtained her education in the Provo schools. Her father managed the Roberts Hotel. As Orpha grew up, she helped her mother in her home duties. She had many friends for she was a very friendly disposition.

When she was about seventeen, the town was holding a fair and for a drawing card, they were to choose the best looking girl in the State. Orpha never gave it a second thought, but the day of the contest, she said to her friend, "This is the day they choose the nicest looking girl in the State. Let's go over and see what she looks like". So, with out any extra grooming, they went to the fair.

They saw so many girls who seemed to be on dress parade and who were overly-made-up, they became interested and decided to watch the choosing. Orpha, who was not extra well groomed, was very surprised when the judge came up to her

and pinned the badge of approval upon her. Her father was very much pleased about it and felt that they had demonstrated very good judgment.

Orpha always said that this was the worst thing that could have happened to her for it caused her to become so very self conscious that her life was almost ruined. She said that she knew there were other girls much prettier than she and she could imagine hearing, "Was that the best they could do to find a beauty?"

Orpha was a devoted wife and mother and still found time to work in the Church. She spent much time in the temple after her family grew into independence. She has inherited her mother's sense of humor which helped her through many trying circumstances. She was never heard to complain although she suffered greatly all of her life with migraine headaches.

Child Ten

EUGENE LUSK ROBERTS - SYTHA BROWN

(By Leo J. Muir, Editor and publisher of 'A Century of Mormon Activities in California.')

Eugene L. Roberts was born on May 13, 1880 in Provo, Utah. He was the tenth child in a family of eleven, six of whom died in early life. His father was William DeWitt Roberts, an early Utah and California pioneer, and his mother was Julia Maria Lusk of Lancaster, Missouri, whom his father married on February 6, 1862 and brought to Utah in 1863.

Professor and Educator

Destiny marked Eugene L. Roberts for the profession of the educator. Provo was, and is, a college town and Brigham Young University has been the 'mother of teachers.' In this village and at this university, he received his preparation to the point of an A.B. degree. Meanwhile, he also studied at the University of Utah, Yale University, and the University of Wisconsin.

These steps in scholastic training were interrupted by years of faithful and efficient service in the field of public education; he taught extensively in elementary, secondary, and collegiate institutions. At the age of 20, he became a member of Brigham Young Academy Scientific Exploring Expedition into Mexico, Central America, and South America. (He was among the young men called back by the Church from Mexico.)

At 21, he was an assistant instructor in the B.Y.U. gymnasium; later, in sequence; assistant instructor in Yale gymnasium; instructor in the University of Utah summer school; Director of physical education and athletics at Brigham Young University from 1911, to and including the school year 1927-28, with leave of one year, when he directed the Weber gymnasium at Ogden, Utah establishing that institution.

During the summer of 1910, he was a member of the Student Army Training Corps at Presidio of San Francisco, receiving the officer's training for military service.

Born of Mormon parentage, he was afforded the training and experience accorded the youth of Mormondom.

He started his teaching career at the Franklin elementary school where he taught three and one-half years before going on his mission. After returning from the mission, he spent a year studying and instructing at Yale University. In the fall of 1909, he took over at B.Y.U. where he served for 17 years. He also coached the B.Y.U. basketball team that finished second in the national AAU championships in Chicago in 1917.

Mission Work

Between the age of 26 and 29, he filled a mission for his church in Germany and Switzerland. He was president of the Zurich conference with headquarters at Zurich for nearly two years. In 1909, he, in collaboration with Elder G. Aentker, published in the German language, a tract entitled "Alcohol and Human Life," which was distributed widely by missionaries. Returning from his mission, he became active in ward MIA and soon became a member of the Utah Stake MIA Board and first scoutmaster in Provo.

Gene Marries Sytha Brown

Gene was married June 20, 1906 in the Salt Lake Temple to Sytha Brown, daughter of Professor J. L. Brown of the B.Y.U. faculty and Mrs. Selena Curtis Brown. Immediately after the temple ceremony, Gene and Sytha left for a mission to Europe. They were together doing missionary work

for one and one-half years when Mrs. Roberts returned to Provo taking with her an infant daughter, Selena, born at Luzern, Switzerland on April 7 1907. The Roberts family was blessed with seven more children, three of whom were boys, and have since become doctors, two ophthalmologists and one dentist.

Instituted the Timpanogos Hike

“Shortly after his return from a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to Switzerland and Germany, Roberts instituted the Timpanogos Hike, a hike which was to become famous as the largest mass hike in the United States.

“Gene” envisioned the annual mountain climb as a “pilgrimage” to a rapturously wild shrine built through the battering of the elements guided by the hand of a Master Architect.

Something of the new outlook men could know from the summit view on life would be added to by a “pilgrimage” hike, he was convinced. Likewise the pre-hike program, organized the second year of the hike, would set her mood. The best of music and pageantry would make the hikers ready for the beauties which the morning sunrise would bring. And beautiful music, resounding from the peaks, would spur the group up.

To begin with, that was the Timpanogos Hike. With Gene Roberts setting the pace and the rest of the hikers falling into a long serpentine line moving rhythmically up the mountain side. Next Saturday, the thirty-seventh hike will be made to the mountain top. It’s grown in volume and scope but “Gene” hopes it won’t lose the flavor of its founder’s dream, “a pilgrimage to a mountain peak with the program the night before – a mountain pageant.”

“It was never intended as just a canyon outing,” he said, “it is more like a sacred ceremony encouraging lofty appreciation of God’s out-of-doors.”

The founder of the famous hike deplores the current practice of night hiking, preceding the regular group of hikers. “Unsupervised night hiking,” he declared, “is an abomination. The dangers are both physical and moral.”

Sunset Hikes

The Timp Hike is not the only thing Roberts is remembered for at the B.Y.U. The educational leader also started sunset hikes to Maple Flat and Provo Lake. One of his hikes, in 1924, was attended by the most famous of all football coaches, Knute Rockne of Notre Dame.

BYU International Meet and Relay

Roberts founded the annual B.Y.U. Invitational Meet and Relay carnival and started summer school caravans to scenic features. And with the help of able assistants laid the groundwork for a department of professional training for teachers of physical education, recreation leaders, and scout leaders at B.Y.U.

The modest Roberts credits Dell Webb with proposing courses in Scoutcraft and Mrs. Algie E. Ballif for making the initial courses in recreation leadership a success. Dr. Carl F. Eyring, now dean of the B.Y.U. College of Arts and Sciences, started pioneer work in the training of Scout leaders, he added.

Excellent Coach

Hiking and educational administration in physical education, however, were not his only gifts to BYU. He was an excellent coach. If you ask him about it, he asserts that during his coaching days he was “luckily associated” with several basketball championships. But other observers say he was “marvelous” as a coach.

While he was at the Provo school he also had what he calls “three or four wonderful natural athletes, two of whom became world champions, Alma Richards and Clinton Larsen.” Roberts will claim no credit for their performance. “Their ancestors made them, not I,” he declared.

Roberts Administration at BYU

Throughout the Roberts administration at Brigham Young University the school had unusual success in basketball, and fair success in track and field competition, tennis, swimming, baseball, wrestling, and football. Roberts gives much credit for this success to his able assistants, some of whom worked for nothing and others for meager compensation.

Among those who helped Roberts build up a men's department of athletics at Brigham Young were Henry Rose, Dell Webb, Theodore Raile, T. Earle Pardoe, John Cummar, Paul Miner, "Phil" Jackson, Alvin Twitchell, and C.J. Hart. Claud Leaf of the Provo High School swimming department also rendered valuable assistance in promoting competition in aquatics and in coaching the BYU swimming teams.

Develops Community Center in San Diego

While on leave from BYU, he was asked to develop a community center as an experimental recreation project by the San Diego Board of Education. This project began in the summer of 1928. Using the Woodrow Wilson Junior High School and the playground of East San Diego as the center he set up the program. Activities included wood-work, handicraft, aircraft modeling, physical education classes for men and women, dramatics, social dancing, sunset hikes, music and community evenings in the auditorium.

The experiment was a great success and later the activities were incorporated in the school and community programs for recreation under the leadership of W.A. Kearns.

Southern California

After the San Diego experiment Roberts went to the University of Southern California, first for graduate work and then to take over the professional training of men in physical education.

Besides his teaching, he has done numerous articles and given many radio talks on subjects of physical education and recreation. A recognized authority, he has been invited to speak at many conferences and conventions on the coast and in the Inter-mountain States.

Other Notable Activities

There have been many other things to fill in the niches of a busy life. As a young man he boxed preliminaries for prize fights, trained three fighters and was "baton twirler" and drum major for the Democratic Drum Corps of Provo. There were numerous parades to conduct for BYU and July 4th and July 24th celebrations to handle for Provo City.

As president of the BYU Alumni he staged the first official homecoming, a three-day affair in 1920.

Then there were "kid" circuses and exhibition stunts like walking the slackwire, performed in Provo, at the Deseret Gym in Salt Lake City, and the Yale University Gym.

On June 20, 1906 Roberts married Sytha Brown of Provo. Their sons and daughters are Selena R. Adams, Ruth R. Lusk, Dr. Walter L. Roberts, Mrs. Dorothy R. Fletcher, Dr. William D. Roberts, Dr. James E. Roberts, Gertrude R. Cash, and Jean R. Berkey.

That's the story of a full life, predominated by an overwhelming desire to share the beauties one man found in God's great out-of-doors with all he could contact.

Editor, Cartoonist, Satires

In writing and journalism, this man, Roberts, found pleasure in writing. In this, he acted as class editor, then Local Editor, and finally Managing Editor of the college paper, "The White and Blue." He was the paper's first and one of its best cartoonists. He also wrote satires on college life, college students and even leading professors which created considerable interest on the campus. These fables he wrote under the pseudonym, "OWL."

Writing Under Many Pseudonyms

After taking a position on the BYU faculty in 1910, Mr. Roberts carried on his hobby of writing. For several years he was a regular sports columnist for the Deseret News and other papers. During a quarter of a century, he wrote stores, fables, sermons, in fable style, and satires under such pseudonyms as Strebor L. Euegue, Strebor, Dee Scribner, Laon McDuff and others. He created the character Harry Davidson Kemp, a noted Eastern journalist presumed to be camping among the Utah mountains for his health. Mr. Kemp's articles directed toward civic improvement and appreciation of Utah scenery and culture, helped to bring about extensive street paving and beautification programs in Provo. It was months before even the editor of the Daily Herald, in which Kemp's articles were front-page features, learned that Provo's appreciative and sympathetic critic was none other than Eugene L. Roberts.

Author of "Indian Legend of Timpanogos"

He was also author of the Indian Legend of Timpanogos, the story of Utahna and Red Eagle, which was published by the BYU. Later this legend was dramatized and an opera written around it entitled "Bleeding Heart," which received favorable mention in the March 1945 issue of the Opera News, organ of the Metropolitan Opera Guild of New York City.

Writes Poems

Mr. Roberts has written several poems of surpassing excellence which have appeared in various papers and poetry magazines. One of these, a sonnet, entitled "Good-by Provo" written when he left his beloved Provo to take up residence in Los Angeles brought forth from the late President George H. Brimhall of the BYU the comment: "The swan song of an eagle."

Biography and History Stories

In 1946 he turned his attention to biography and early Western history. In collaboration with Mrs. Eldon Reed Cluff he wrote the story of the life and work of Benjamin Cluff, second principal of Brigham Young Academy and first President of Brigham Young University. This writing is followed by a history of the great march of the Mormon Battalion which is published in "A Century of Mormon Activities in California."

Honors

The most recent honors shown to Eugene L. Roberts came from the University of Southern California department of physical education; the promoters of the National College invitational Basketball Tournament held the last week of December 1948 in Los Angeles; and the Helms Athletic Foundation. The first affair was banquet honoring coaches Jeff Cravath, Dean Dromwell, and Roberts, which took place in late November 1948. The second recognition accorded Roberts was the dedication of the Brigham Young University-Wyoming basket ball game to him. The game was played on December 29.

Finally, Roberts was awarded the much-coveted Helms Athletic Foundation medal for "noteworthy contributions to basketball." Director Al Duer, Dean of Men and Director of Athletics at

the Pepperdine college, made the presentation after being introduced by William Schroeder, head of the Foundation. Dean Duer spoke in highest terms of the pioneer work done by Eugene L. Roberts, both in Utah and in California, in the field of athletics, physical education, and social recreation.

"Timpanogos Roberts"

From the Deseret Newspaper, the following was taken; – "Timpanogos Roberts" – If a man left no monument behind other than having once got clear air into the lungs and clear thoughts into the minds of a few men, his life must be counted as well-lived.

Eugene L. Roberts, who died in Provo Thursday at the age of 73 did that and more.

He was one of those rare men of vision. Back in the days when Brigham Young University was a small, little-known school, he dreamed great dreams. The thousands of people who have urged their weary legs up beautiful Mt. Timpanogos and who have stood at last on that lofty summit are better men and women because of his dreams. They are better because they saw and felt the beauty of mountain meadows and waterfalls and bare, wind-swept crags. They are better for having seen the world below as it should be seen – not as the noisy, confused habitation of hurrying and anxious men, but as the quiet, orderly and eternal creation of God. They are better not so much for having seen these things, but for having made the effort to see them. They are better because of the aching muscles and gasping lungs and great tiredness that went with the climb – and the accomplishment.

Those who have not climbed Mt. Timpanogos will not know what this means, but Gene Roberts knew. He knew what it meant 41 years ago when he started the great annual hike. There will be those next week end, when the climb begins again, who will find out for themselves. And there will be others, through many, many years to come who will also find out.

And then there are the annual Brigham Young University Relays which he also started 40-odd years ago. They have attracted some of the greatest athletes of two generations.

What great things can grow from the dreams of one man, — 1953

Eugene L. Roberts died July 9, 1953 in Provo. Quoted from the Deseret News is the following:

E.L. ROBERTS SERVICES SET IN PROVO –

Funeral services for Eugene L. Roberts, originator of the Brigham Young university invitational track and field meet and co-organizer of the Timpanogos hike, will be conducted Monday at 1 P.M. in the Berg Mortuary Chapel.

Mr. Roberts, who was regarded as the father of physical education of the Provo University, died Thursday morning at his temporary home in Provo, 1271 N. 9th East, of a heart ailment. He had resided in Los Angeles since 1928.

Besides his widow he is survived by three sons and five daughters, Mrs. F. M. (Selena) Adams, Mrs. Edward N. (Ruth) Lusk, Dr. Walter Roberts, Dr. William D. Roberts, Dr. James Eugene Roberts and Mrs. Harvey (Jean) Berkey, Los Angeles; Mrs., Stephen H. (Dorothy) Fletcher, Washington, D.C.; Mrs. Layard (Gertrude) Cash, Oxnard, Cal.; 20 grandchildren and one sister, Mrs. Orpha Walker, Los Angeles

THE STORM

By Eugene L. Roberts

I love the great drama of the storm,
Nature's play at anger or perhaps at war;
Quarreling elements strutting heaven's stage
As if bent upon destruction.

The ruffled voice of thunder, scolding;
The angry blush of lightning, such fine acting;
Great black clouds rushing about in mock concern,
Infectious fighting, cosmic comedy.

Slanting spears of rain, descending
Piercing puddles of liquid silver;
Wet leaves scurrying in half serious flight
Before blustering winds with cheeks extended.

Gutters wallowing in flowing litter,
Growling at the greed of sewers;

Shadows hiding under blinking lamp posts,
While drenched light slips upon the pavement.

Trees tossing about in an ecstasy of anger,
Gesturing every mood of delightful rage;
Hoot-owls buried deep within their feathers
Silent in their philosophic wondering.

Children peering through filmed window panes;
Old women teasing grumbling stoves with wood;
Old men brooding over departed summers,
And through it all, The Prompter's whispered lines.

Why this noisy drama in the heavens,
This fool skirmish of competing powers?
Do they seek in the fun of playful combat,
The peace of action and forgetfulness?

Part VII

SIDNEY ALGERNON KNOWLTON and HARRIET BURNHAM FAMILY

Ruhamah B. Knowlton

Harriet Virginia Knowlton

Martha Jane Knowlton

Julia Ann Knowlton

Ephraim Knowlton

Mary Ann Knowlton

George Washington Knowlton

John Quincy Knowlton

Benjamin Franklin Knowlton

Marcia Eliza Knowlton

Sidney Algernon Knowlton and Harriet Burnham Children and their Spouses

1. Ruhamah B. Knowlton 1817-1896
husband – Erastus H. Derby
2. Harriet Virginia Knowlton (died 15 months old) 1820-1821
3. Martha Jane Knowlton 1822-1881
husband – Howard Coray
4. Julia Ann Knowlton (died 23 months old) 1824-1826
5. Ephraim Knowlton (died 18 years old) 1827-1845
6. Mary Ann Knowlton 1829-1887
husband – Captain William Henry Hooper
7. George Washington Knowlton (died 29 years old) 1823-1861
8. John Quincy Knowlton 1835-1886
1st wife Maryette Vanderhoff
2nd wife Ellen Wadley Smith
3rd wife Mary Newton
9. Benjamin Franklin Knowlton 1838-1901
1st wife – Rhoda Ann Jennetta Richards
2nd wife – Minerva Edmeresa Richards
3rd wife – Catherine Aurelia Hinman
10. Marcia Eliza Knowlton 1841-1851
(died 9 years and five months old)

Sidney Algernon and Charlotte Regina Artegren Child and Spouse

1. Abraham B. Knowlton 1863-1944
wife – Nettie Dorcas Horsley

History of Sidney Algernon Knowlton and Harriet Burnham

(Taken from the Book: *THE UTAH KNOWLTONS*)

Ancestry and Marriage of Sidney

Sidney Algernon Knowlton was born at Ashford, Connecticut, May 24, 1792. He was the oldest of six children born to Ephraim Knowlton and Jemima Farnham. Ephraim was the son of Lieutenant Daniel Knowlton of Revolutionary war fame. The early part of his life was spent at Ashford. The last reference in the Ashford Town records to Ephraim is his sale, on May 5, 1802, to Joshua Farnham of "land mill and buildings."¹ At that time the practice of living on rented property was practically unknown. Ephraim and family doubtless moved away. Sidney was the oldest, and Ephraim, Jr., the youngest of this family. Authentic records of the lives of these two brothers have been found beginning with their activities near Cincinnati, Ohio, in the 1820's. This association will be treated later. The interim of about a score of years in the lives of Ephraim's family is one of those gaps in family history during which only the barest of details are as yet discovered. It is known that Sidney married Harriet Burnham, the locality undetermined, on June 30, 1816.² Harriet was born March 7, 1797, in Dunbarton, Merrimack County, New Hampshire, of a long line of New England Burnham progenitors extending back to the seventeenth century. Her father was John Burnham, born at Old Hopkinton, Norfolk, Massachusetts,



**SIDNEY ALGERNON
KNOWLTON**

December 22, 1745. Her mother was Sarah Andrews, born April 29, 1755, at Gloucester, Essex, Massachusetts.

Parents of Ten children

They were parents of ten children. Their places of residence during the first ten years of their married life is at present only known by the record of the places and dates of the birth of their children. In 1820, at the birth of their second child, they were residing in Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania. The next two were born in Boone County, Kentucky, and by the birth of the fifth child, March 22, 1827, they had established themselves at Cumminsville, a suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio, where Ephraim, Sidney's younger brother, had settled in 1822.³ After 1827 the important events in the lives of the family of Sidney and Harriet are quite well established.⁴

Sidney and His Brother Ephraim

The following information was copied by this writer from an excerpt of city history at the main public library in Cincinnati:

During the period 1825-1827 under supervision of Ephraim Knowlton, the Miami Canal

³George Henry Knowlton, *Errata and Addenda to Dr. Stocking's History and Genealogy of the Knowltons of England and America, Together With a Complete Index to Both Books* (Boston: Everett Press Company, 1903), pp. 105-106.

⁴Reverend Charles Henry Wright Stocking, *The History and Genealogy of the Knowltons of England and America* (New York: Knickerbocker Press, 1897), pp. 334-335.

¹*Ashford Town Record* No. 13-549.

²From Sidney's family Bible. Also Frank Esshom, *Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah* 1847-1868, (1913), p. 992.

was built through the settlement of Cumminsville, along the bank of Mill Creek. Ephraim and brother Sidney owned the first boat, Hannibal of Carthage, plying the canal at Cumminsville. At about this time Knowlton established his famous store at what is now Knowlton's Corner. (Located at the north east corner of Spring Grove and Hamilton Avenue) . . . It was built in 1834, Ephraim maintained it until 1844. In early days it was the most famous road house north of Cincinnati. In 1838 it housed the first post office. Knowlton was the first postmaster. On the third floor of the store building were held many social and religious functions in early days. More than two generations of thirsty travelers refreshed themselves at the old wooden pump, with a trough made of logs. The original building burned down in 1847, was rebuilt and later, converted into a comfort station. The great Ohio flood of 1847 created a back water which reached up to the front door of the store . . . Sidney and Ephraim for a time were pork merchants, afterwards they were in the canal business. In 1845 Ephraim subdivided his holdings into village lots and called the settlement Cumminsville, in honor of David Cummins, a tanner.

Sidney moved from Cumminsville prior to the birth of his eighth child, John Quincy, who was born July 9, 1835, in Hancock County, Illinois. Ephraim, however, at least maintained his headquarters at Cumminsville where he died February 1, 1880, at the age of 84.⁵

Ephraim Remains in Cumminsville, Ohio

Newspaper obituaries at the time of his death, published probably in Cincinnati, recount this record in glowing terms: *That the community (Cumminsville) loses its foremost citizen . . . coming to the unnamed community two generations ago, he at once engaged in the business which was continued to the time of his death . . .*⁶

The record of Ephraim, Sidney's brother, has

⁵He is buried in Spring Grove Cemetery in Section 35, Lot 80, as is his wife, Mary Ann Burgoyne Knowlton, who preceded him in death January 6, 1873.

⁶These unidentified notices were sent to me by an unknown family member.

been included here for two reasons: First, I believe that he exercised a stabilizing influence on Sidney; secondly, as will be mentioned later, he was doubtless of help to Sidney in assisting him to dispose of his property when in 1846 he was forced from Illinois by mob violence; and still later, his home was doubtless a point of call on at least one journey of some of Sidney's family to Washington D.C. These included Sidney's youngest son, Benjamin F. Knowlton.⁷

Knowlton's Move from Ohio to Illinois

The move of Sidney, Harriet and their family from Cumminsville, Ohio, to Hancock County, Illinois, proved to be of fateful consequence for it was here that they were converted to Mormonism. Deed records at Hancock include many entries covering his buying and selling transaction beginning August 19, 1836, and ending April 19, 1846. Most of these relate to land known as the Bear Creek area of that county. The last two sales to Nelson and James Ball⁸ and to his brother, Ephraim,⁹ were, no doubt, the closing out of what Sidney could dispose of before being driven from Hancock County. Inasmuch as Sidney was able to take with him substantial numbers of livestock on his westward journey, it is a pretty safe assumption that Ephraim, his brother, still residing at Cumminsville, might have been able to protect Sidney from at least some of the indignities perpetrated upon the Mormons while being driven by mobs from Hancock County.

Mormonism Enters Their Lives

The conversion of Sidney's family to Mormonism was not attended by the desperate soul-

⁷The Cincinnati Post, October 15, 1954, carried a prominent article emphasizing the Knowlton Corner was still an important reference point in the modern street and highway changes being made in that area. In 1942 this writer visited this area, a suburb of Cincinnati, and a building was yet in place on the front of which was a prominent sign reading "Knowlton's Corner."

⁸Part of "Section 19 Twp. 4N R 7W — Book C, p. 108."

⁹Part of "Section 36 Twp. 7N 8W — Book P, p 241."

stirring stresses and strains which so often resulted when only parts of well-knit families took this fateful step. This painful breaking of family ties was especially acute when children of a family were converted against their parents' wishes. Fortunately for the family record, this event, in some detail, is well authenticated:

*"We learn verbally from Elder John E. Page, that within a few weeks past, he has baptized nine in the lower part of this county, about 8 miles south west from Carthage, and twenty from this place. Among those who embraced the gospel in that place is Mr. Sidney Knowlton and family, who have for several years been zealous members of the Campbellite society, and are personally acquainted with all the principles of that doctrine; they are of the opinion that if Messrs. Campbell, Scott, and others, had been attentive hearers to the lectures which had been delivered in their place, they would have become Mormons also. Br. Knowlton is one of the first citizens of Hancock Co. and ranks with the first class of scientific farmers. Elder Page, by the voice of that branch of the church, ordained John J. DeGraw to the office of an Elder."*¹⁰

The frequent moves of Sidney through several states, from Connecticut to Illinois, reflect a period of ferment and change, especially along the western frontier. Not only was the Great Revival in religion taking place throughout western America, but the population growth was crowding that frontier rapidly westward. Mormonism entered the lives of Sidney's family during the Missouri-Nauvoo period, certainly the most stirring and exciting period in all of its stirring history. If indecision had characterized Sidney's movements in the past, from then on, while many moves of greater distance were in store, there was to be in them a real sense of purpose. Indeed, this branch of the Knowlton family now found itself on the threshold of a new and meaningful adventure.

¹⁰*Times and Seasons*, Vol. I, No. 4, February, 1840. Martha Jane first member of family baptized. Ruhamah was baptized in February – their parents and three children eight years and older soon afterwards. (Two children had died as infants.)

Sidney Known to Be a Successful Farmer

It was not long after Sidney joined the church that his reputation as a successful farmer reached its leaders. Under the sponsorship of the church the Nauvoo Agricultural and Manufacturing Association was officially established by an act of the Illinois legislature and approved by Governor Carlin on February 27, 1841. Sidney A. Knowlton was included as one of its incorporators. The purpose of this association, as defined in the act, was as follows: *For the promotion of agriculture and husbandry in all its branches, and for the manufacture of flour, lumber, and such other useful articles as are necessary for the ordinary purposes of life.*¹¹

Missionary Work

Howard Coray, who married Sidney's daughter Martha Jane on February 6, 1841, includes the following interesting missionary experience in his scholarly, well-written autobiography:

I was called to go on a mission; my father in law was called at the same time. We got ready and started about the first of November (1842) and went as far east as the Alleghany Mountains in Pennsylvania.

We were gone six months without accomplishing much; as it was a time of heavy persecution – the time when John C. Bennett apostatized and published his expose of the spiritual wife doctrine, as he call it. While on this mission, we were turned out of doors, late in the evening by a man by the name of Brown; and had to lay out on a cold, frosty night; on account of which I took cold in my eyes and the effects of which lasted me many years.

As far as I am aware that vigorous six months mission was the only foreign one performed by Sidney A. Knowlton.

Call from Church Leaders

As the terrible days of late 1845 approached, as a measure of the confidence the church leaders had

¹¹*Journal History*, January 14, 1841. See also *History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, edited by B. H. Roberts, 7 Vol. (Salt Lake City: 1949), Vol IV, pp. 303-305, hereinafter to be abbreviated: *Doc. Hist. Of Ch.*

in Sidney, he was appointed as one of a committee of three to *sell houses, farms, lots, etc. that they can be referred to for sale*,¹² *Sidney's brother, Ephraim, may have helped him in the sale of his lands and the protection of his livestock. In any event, Sidney did not suffer the fate of so many for Howard Coray records that he spent the winter of 1846-47 on the banks of the Missouri River assisting my father in law (Sidney) in taking care of his stock.*

Son, Benjamin Describes Their Journey West to Great Basin

The most complete description of the one-thousand-mile journey of Sidney and family from Missouri River to the Great Basin available is furnished in a short excerpt from the brief autobiography of the youngest son Benjamin Franklin Knowlton, which follows: *I remember very distinctly the Prophet Joseph Smith and his associates, also the mobbings and burnings when the people broke up and left their homes. We came with them as far as the Bonio, a stream near the Missouri River, at Winter Quarters. In 1848, my parents with their family, came on west as far as Grand Island, where now stands Fort Kearney. My father built the first house that was built at Ft. Kearney. Our folks boarded the officers and father took care of the Government beef cattle and got out much of the timber used in building the Fort.*

On the 6th of July, 1849, he left there to come to Utah. Arriving on the 11 of Sept. 1849.

*My Father built the first lime kiln and burnt the first lime in Utah. . .*¹³

In looking back through the hundred years and more since those Mormon pioneer journeys, one cannot escape the deep feelings of regret at not having a first-hand written account of the tremendous hardships and difficulties encountered by representatives of his own progenitors, which not only characterized the journeys themselves, but also those associated with establishing themselves in this uninviting natural environment. As far as is known there is not extant even a line of history written by Sidney himself, and only the foregoing brief account

of the pioneer journey written by his son, Benjamin. It seems to be a safe assumption that this family was better off than most. Their journey was more deliberate for they stopped along the way to obtain work and thus doubtless replenished their stock of needed provisions. They probably arrived quite well supplied with vital necessities, livestock, etc., to assist in making a fair start in their new surroundings.

Of the original ten children of Sidney and Harriet, at the time of their arrival, seven had survived the rather common general hazards of that time, and the added stresses and strains through which they had passed during the preceding ten years. Three had died in infancy or childhood.

Family Settled in Salt Lake

Sidney and family settled in the original Nineteenth Ward and built their home on Lot 8, Block 114, this being the southwest corner of 3rd North and 1st West. His name is also shown on pioneer plats as being owner of Lot 7, Block 117 which faces 4th West between 2nd and 3rd North.¹⁴ Upon this home location Sidney built a commodious residence which was retained during his entire life, and it was Harriet's home as long as she was able to care for herself. During this time and later it served a vital purpose as a city head-quarters for members of the family whose livestock and other interests took them into other parts of the state.¹⁵

Closing Years

For Sidney's activities in the remaining fourteen years of his life one is dependent upon items concerning him in the public records. Benjamin it will be remembered, commented on his building a lime processing works. In the *Journal History* of the church are two references to the subject as follows:

May 31, 1850, Pres. Young advised Bros. Sidney A. Knowlton and Stephen Winchester to

¹⁴Lot and Block designations as shown on "Pioneer Map," revision of Plot A, original survey of 1847.

¹⁵The *Gazetteer of Utah and Salt Lake City* in 1874 lists: Harriet Knowlton, widow, Nineteenth Ward, Third North between First and Second West.

¹²*Journal History*, October 8, 1845.

¹³Benjamin Knowlton's autobiography.

commence burning lime at the mouth of Red Butte Canyon. Thought it economy to quarry the rock for public buildings and burn the chips and fragments.

Oct. 5, 1850 by an unanimous vote of the people assembled at the Bowery, it was decided that the Red Butte Canyon should be given to Knowlton and Co., in consideration of their engaging in the business of lime burning, and furnishing lime for the public.¹⁶

While there are no other references to the lime burning project or Sidney's relationship to Red Butte Canyon, his name has been permanently recognized in the canyon by having one of its tributaries named after him.

Continued Interest in Agriculture

Sidney undoubtedly continued his interest in agriculture and stock raising and was recognized in this field by being appointed by the Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Society as the chairman of a committee to award premium for class A vegetables at the fifth annual exhibition in Great Salt Lake City, October 8-9, 1860.¹⁷

Sidney Known As a Man of Integrity

In 1919 John W. Young, a son of President Brigham Young, who was very prominent in Utah affairs just prior to his father's death, told this writer [Ezra Clark Knowlton] in New York City that he was well acquainted with Sidney. He spoke highly of his integrity and ability.

Church Work

In church work Sidney was recognized July 13, 1851, by being appointed with Alonzo H. Raleigh as counselors to Bishop James Hendricks. He retained this position until the reorganization of the bishopric May 6, 1856.¹⁸

Commissioner to Locate University Lands in Utah

Sidney received another singular recognition in being appointed in 1861 for one year as a commissioner to locate university lands in Utah

Territory. This was an elective position. His commission was issued on a page size certificate carrying the seal of the territory and signed by Governor Alfred Cummings.¹⁹

The available records of Sidney's public activities indicate that his home on North Third West remained his headquarters during his entire life in Utah. There is quite conclusive evidence that he engaged in stock raising activities in Skull Valley, Tooele County, for his three surviving sons were active in this area.

Sidney's Plural Wives

Sidney married a number of plural wives during the last few years of his life. At this time under the extreme conditions of privation which existed, men of recognized stability and integrity, and financially able to support more than one family were encouraged by church authorities to marry wives, often with the primary purpose of supporting them and their families. Church records indicate that he took the following plural wives:

Margaret Slater — March 25, 1855

Cecelila Verston Johnson — March 25, 1855

Mary Ann Wood — November 16, 1856
(annulled March 12, 1857)

Mary Mortenson — January 17, 1863

Charlotte Regina Artegren — January 19, 1863

(Charlotte Regina Artegren was the daughter of Allen Artegren. She was born in Sweden, December 25, 1825. She died at Salt Lake City, Utah, July 30, 1908.) Charlotte bore Sidney one son, Abraham Benjamin. He was born October 30, 1863, six months after his father died. Abraham, or "Abe," as he was well and favorably known, was life-long resident of Salt Lake City. He carried mail for a generation and thousands of people remember his tall imposing bearing. He died April 20, 1944, at the age of eighty-one years.

Tribute to Sidney and Harriet Knowlton

Sidney and Harriet Burnham Knowlton, the representatives of two vigorous Puritan families, destined to accept an unpopular religion and to endure the persecutions and hardships resulting therefrom, deserve more than the foregoing treatment which is such a meager skeleton of the

¹⁶See also *Deseret News*, October 15, 1850

¹⁷*Deseret News*, April 16, 1860.

¹⁸*Records of the Nineteenth Ward* in Church Historian's office.

¹⁹Copy in Knowlton family library.

structure of their lives. However, some comfort can be drawn from the realization that, after a century of time, their descendants by the hundreds honor their memory and are devoted to the cause for which they rendered such extreme sacrifice. After all, this is the fact of supreme importance.

Sidney's Death

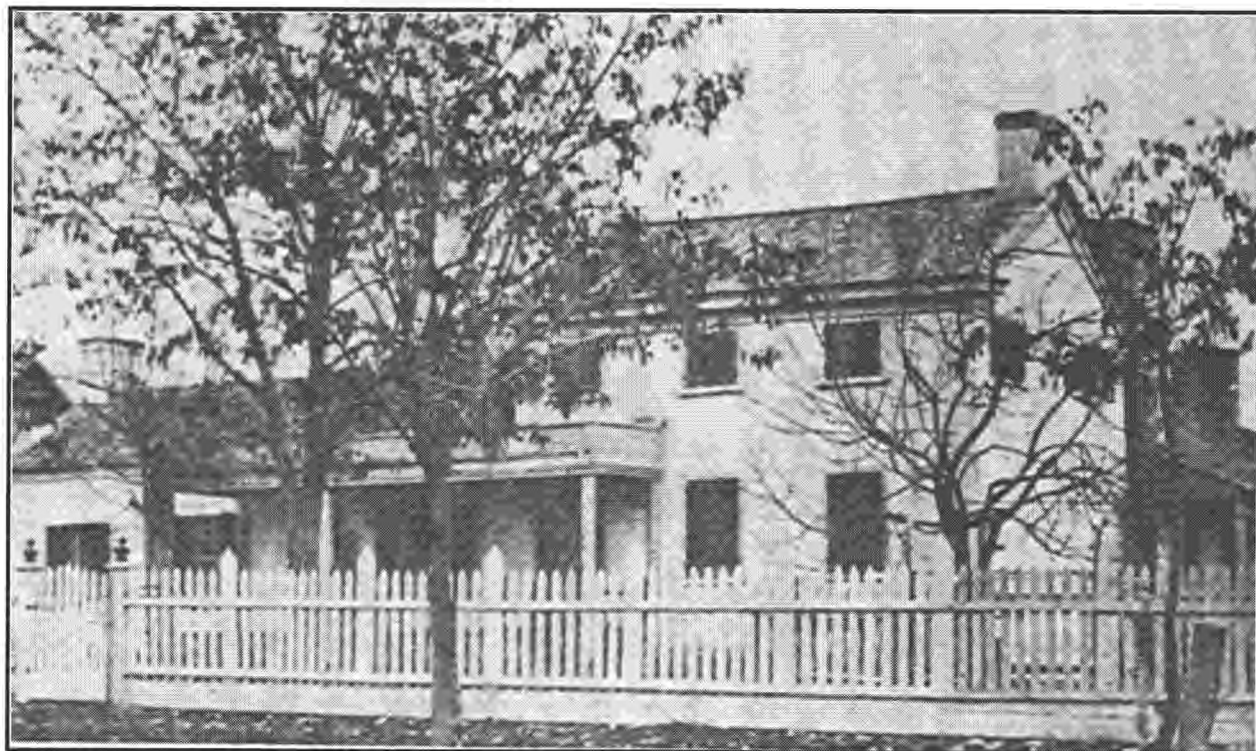
On Sidney's passing from this life April 20, 1863, at the age of seventy, the following was written of him:

Deceased has been long and favorably known to most of the citizens of this territory as an energetic and useful member of the community. He was one of those whose deeds perpetuate their memory after their earthly pilgrimage has ended. (Deseret News, April 22, 1863)

He died without leaving a will and the burden fell upon Harriet, with the authority of the probate

court, to administer and distribute his estate and also that of their son George who had acquired property in Skull Valley, and who had died previously. Sidney's estate, consisting of city lots, the family home, some farm land, some livestock and personal property was appraised at about \$9,000. It was distributed December 10, 1868. (A voluminous body of papers covering all of the details relating to the estate and its disposition are to be found under case number 85, Probate Court, Salt Lake County, Utah.)

Invaluable assistance was rendered Harriet by her son-in-law, William Henry Hooper. Meager available records, as well as family tradition, justifies the assumption that Captain Hooper was of great assistance to the family throughout his life. It seems definite that his financial assistance enabled Sidney and his sons to establish their stock raising activities in Skull Valley, Tooele County, and for a time he was in partnership with them.



Home of Sidney and Harriet Knowlton in Salt Lake City, Utah

Obituary of Harriet Burnham Knowlton

Harriet died, at the ripe age of 84 years, September 10, 1881. Her obituary follows:

Passed away: Sister Harriet B. Knowlton, the aged widow of the late Sidney A. Knowlton, and mother to Messrs. B. F. Knowlton and J. Q. Knowlton, and also Mrs. W. H. Hooper, of this city; died at Farmington on Saturday evening at ten minutes past 8 o'clock, at the residence of her son B. F. Knowlton, Esq. Her own house is in the 19th Ward of this city, and for some time she has lived with her daughter, Mrs. Hooper. The family, starting for Soda Springs a few weeks ago, were anxious for her to accompany them, but not feeling well enough to undertake the trip, she concluded to visit her son's family in Farmington until the party returned. While there the recent radical change in the weather gave her a severe cold, which developed into pneumonia, and being very feeble and at the advanced age of 81 years, she finally succumbed to her illness. Her remains were brought to Salt Lake last evening and the funeral will take place at the residence of Hon. Wm. H. Hooper at 8 P.M. on Wednesday the 14th. We extend our deepest sympathy to all who are called upon to mourn but are assured that she, after a long life of usefulness, has proceeded to a sphere of happiness where pain and sorrow are known no more forever.

Elders Geo. Q. Cannon and Jos. F. Smith, of the First Presidency, spoke at her funeral services and she was buried in the Knowlton family plot in the city cemetery.²⁰

²⁰*Deseret News*, September 16, 1881. The family plot (Lot C-9-12), in addition to the remains of Sidney Algernon and Harriet, contains those of a large number of their descendants including some of the children of Benjamin and Rhoda.

Additional Information and History of the Knowltons

Few other branches of the New England family of Knowltons, then or since, are known to have embraced Mormonism. The only other early converts of record were the sons of Sidney's sister, Mary Knowlton Hanks (Ephraim Hanks Line.).

It may be properly asserted, therefore, that the earthly careers of the members of these three generations of Knowltons represent this family's distinguished contribution to the Mormon religion and the culture of its people.

Important and Significant Roles in Establishing Independence

Of inestimable assistance in the preparation of this work, indeed a background for it, have been the available family histories of this family. The large and distinguished family of Knowltons, from which Sidney came, settled in New England. He was of the **seventh generation** from the founder of the family in America. Its members played important and significant roles in the early settlement of America and the establishment of its independence.

There are few families which have been favored with such outstanding written family histories as are enjoyed by the American Knowltons, together with such reasonably authentic connections with England, their mother country. These histories include the monumental work, *The Knowlton Ancestry*, by **Charles H. W. Stocking, D.D.**, which was published in 1897, and *Errata and Addenda* to it published six years later by George Henry Knowlton.

All Sidney's Children Except One Came to Utah

Fortunately all of the children of Sidney and Harriet except Ruhamah Knowlton Derby, their oldest child, came with them to Utah. But one of Ruhamah's children, Louis Phillip, came later with his family, remaining in Utah for a short time, and some of his children married here.

[Temple Work Summary 1840-1968]

During the year 1840 Sidney, Harriet and several of their children living at Bear Creek, Hancock County, Illinois, were baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In 1845 their endowment work was performed in the Nauvoo Temple.

After arrival in Utah, Martha Jane Knowlton Coray endeavored to have records prepared for the continuation of endowment work as soon as church facilities were available, and Mary Ann Hooper followed her with ordinance work in the Logan Temple, beginning in 1885. This activity was continued after Mary Ann's death in 1887 by her daughter, Mary Hooper Jennings.

... in 1905 the "first" Knowlton family organization meeting was held in Utah. This convened at Lagoon August 26, 1905. ...

... From 1937 until the present time [1971] the Sidney A. Knowlton Family Association has continued as a viable, purposeful organization, and as far as can be determined, it is the only branch of the Knowlton family in America which has thus been active. ... Through the year meetings of the broad family membership have been sponsored to encourage family solidarity and other objectives emphasized by the church programs.

Sidney Algernon Knowlton Ancestry

1 st Generation	Richard Knowlton 1553 England	—	Elizabeth Cantize
2 nd Generation	William Knowlton 1584 England	—	Ann Elizabeth Smith
3 rd Generation	John Knowlton (Immigrants) 1610 England	—	Marjery Wilson
4 th Generation	John Knowlton 1633 - 8 Oct 1684 Ipswich, Essex, MA, USA	—	Deborah
5 th Generation	Nathaniel Knowlton 29 Jun 1658/1659 - 24 Sep 1726 Ipswich, Essex, MA, USA	—	Deborah Jewett 3 Dec 1664 - 25 Apr 1743 Rowley, Essex, MA, USA
6 th Generation	Nathaniel Knowlton 3 May 1683 Ipswich, Essex, MA, USA	—	Mary Bennett 3 Mar 1684 Ipswich, Essex, MA, USA
7 th Generation	William Knowlton 8 Feb 1706 Ipswich, Essex, MA, USA 13 Mar 1735 Ashford, Windham, CT, USA	—	Martha Pinder Abt 1696
8 th Generation	Captain Daniel Knowlton 31 Dec 1738 Ipswich, Essex, MA, USA 31 May 1825 Ashford, Windham, CT, USA	—	Elizabeth Farnham 10 Mar 1742 Windham, CT, USA 1 Jun 1786 Ashford, Windham, CT, USA
9 th Generation	Ephraim Knowlton 3 Oct 1773 Ashford, Windham, CT, USA	—	Jemima Farnham 1 Jul 1773 Ashford, Windham, CT, USA
10 th Generation	Sidney Algernon Knowlton 24 May 1792 Ashford, Windham, CT, USA 20 Apr 1863 Salt Lake City, UT	—	Harriet Burnham 7 Mar 1797 Dumbarton, Merrimack, NH, 10 Sep 1881 Farmington, Davis, Utah, USA

Harriet Burnham Ancestry

1 st Generation	John Burnham 1665 -1716	—	Sarah Choate Abt 1669
2 nd Generation	John Burnham 1691 - 1746 Chebecco/Ipswich, Essex, MA, USA	—	Ann Choate 22 May 1691 - 15 Aug 1739 Ipswich, Essex, MA, USA
3 rd Generation	Nehemiah Burnham 1723 Old Hopkington, Middleton, MA, USA	—	Ellizabeth Burnham 2 Jul 1723 Ipswich, Essex, MA, USA 1812 Dumbarton, NH, USA
4 th Generation	John Burnham 22 Dec 1743 Ipswich, Essex, MA, USA	—	Sarah Andrews 29 Apr 1755 Gloucester, Essex, MA, USA
5 th Generation	Harriet Burnham 7 Mar 1797	—	Sidney Algernon Knowlton 24 May 1792

Part VIII

CORAY FAMILY

Generations

1st Generation- Elnathan Coray and Abigail Green Family

- 1. Gabriel Coray*
- 2. Isaac Coray*
- 3. John Coray (Grandfather to Howard Coray) **
- 4. Silas Coray (Granduncle to Howard Coray)*
- 5. Abigail Coray (Grandaunt to Howard Coray)*

2nd Generation - John Coray and Phebe Howe Family

- 1. Silas Coray (18 Mar 1788) (Howard Coray's Father)**
- 2. Ira Coray (3 or 5 Jun 1791)*
- 3. David Coray (15 Jan 1794)*
- 4. John Coray Jr. (3 or 5 Jun)*

*2nd Marriage after husband, John Coray, died -
James Abbott and Phebe Howe Coray Family*

- 1. James Abbott*
- 2. Austen Abbott*
- 3. Stephen Abbott*
- 4. Eleagon Abbott*
- 5. Abiel Abbott*

Silas Coray and Mary Stephens Children and their Spouses

3rd Generation

1. Aurilla Coray (22 Jan 1809)
husband – Mahon Dusenbury
2. Sally Ann Coray (16 Mar 1811)
husband – Burrier Griffin
3. John Coray (27 Mar 1813)
4. Phebe Coray (21 May 1815)
husband – Lyman Knapp
- 5. Howard Coray (6 May 1817)
wife – Martha Jane Knowlton**
6. George Coray (4 May 1819)
7. Betsy Coray (Sep 1821)
- 8. William Coray (Sep 1823)
wife – Melissa Burton**
9. Mary Ettie Coray (31 Jan 1827)
10. Uriah Coray (Nov 1830)
11. Elizabeth Coray (Feb 1834)

Howard Coray and Martha Jane Knowlton Children and their Spouses

4th Generation

1. Howard Knowlton Coray 1842-1928
wife – Mary Eliza Lusk
2. Martha Jane Knowlton Coray 1844-1929
husband – Theodore Belden
3. Harriet Virginia Knowlton Coray 1846-1872
husband – Wilson Howard Dusenberry
4. **Mary Knowlton Coray 1848-1823**
husband – Orville Clark Roberts
5. Ephrina Serrepa Coray (Eppi) 1850-1923
husband – Theodore Belden
6. Helena Knowlton Coray 1852-1905
husband – William D. Alexander
7. William Henry Coray 1853-1935
wife – Julia Ann Mundy
8. Sidney Algernon Coray 1855-1943
wife – Lydia L. Harding
9. Wilford Coray 1856
10. George Quincy Coray 1857-1929
wife – Katherine A. Burt
11. Francis DeLaVan Coray 1860-1908
wife – Elizabeth Sellars
12. Louis Laville Coray 1862-1949
wife – Julia Ann Allred
13. Don Silas Rathbone Coray 1864-1899
wife – Elizabeth Hyslop

HOWARD CORAY - MARTHA JANE KNOWLTON



HOWARD CORAY



MARTHA JANE KNOWLTON

Autobiography of Howard Coray¹

I, Howard Coray, was born on the 6th day of May, 1817, in the township of Dansville, Steuben County and state of New York. In the meantime, my sister Betsy died, and was buried in a graveyard near burns, Allegany County, New York. I continued to live in the place of my nativity, until I was nearly ten years of age, when my father moved down to Pennsylvania, Luzerne County and township of Providence.

My father, having a roving turn of mind, changed his locality several times while we were living in Pennsylvania. We lived a while in Providence, Luzerne County, In Eastern, and in Mauch Chunk [Pennsylvania.] During this time, my sister, Aurilla, was married to Mahon Dusenbury; Sally Ann to

Burrier Griffin, and Phebe to Lyman Knapp. And while living in Providence, a very sad and distressing event occurred; my eldest brother (John) took rather suddenly sick and in a few days, died. He was the pride of the family, greatly beloved and highly esteemed by all that knew him.

In this state, we continued to reside until the fall of 1838, being then in my 22nd year of age. At this time, my father, hearing about what a beautiful country Illinois was, the lovely prairies, etc. etc. got the western fever; so about the first of December [1838] he put \$1,000 worth of merchandise in his wagon and taking myself and my brother George, he started for the west.

¹Autobiography of Howard Coray, copy of holograph (a document wholly in the handwriting of the purported author.) Text in this typeface denotes that it is from the holograph copy.

We reached Perry, Pike County, Illinois, about the 1st of January, 1839. Here my father found his half brother, Stephen Abbott; and, as the country and things in general pleased him, he resolved to stop and make himself another home. After looking around for two weeks, to see what he could see, he concluded to return to Pennsylvania for the purpose of getting his family and bringing them to Illinois as early in the spring as possible. I went along with him, as far back as Jacksonville, Illinois, with the intention of going to college. Not being altogether prepared to enter college, I went into the preparatory department, where I continued until about the first of the ensuing spring.

Henry Ward Beecher – Discusses Religion

In the meantime, I made the acquaintance of the notable, Henry Ward Beecher. The circumstances connected with the matter, being somewhat novel, I will make some mention of the same. On a certain Sabbath, I attended service; Beecher was the minister on that occasion, and his earnest manner and rather bewitching eloquence made some impression on my mind and I concluded to attend meeting in the evening. There was preaching to be in a certain church and an inquiry meeting at the ladies' seminary. Well, it so transpired that I, by mistake, went to the inquiry meeting. About as soon as I entered the room, I saw that I had gone wrong, for I had not the least notion of being catechized by preachers in regard to my religious feelings. I felt somewhat awkward, and in rather a predicament, as I did not wish to show myself illbred by leaving at once; neither had I any relish for being questioned concerning my anxious state of mind that I, per chance, might be in, in relation to my soul's salvation.

However, after taking in the situation, I concluded to face the music and stay. Presently, Mr. Beecher came around to me, and whispering in my ear, inquired as to how I felt. I replied, that I had come there through mistake, yet I would like to see him in some place, where I could converse with more freedom than would be proper on that occasion. He said he would be pleased to meet with me wherever I wished, and it was agreed that I should call on him at his room in the college.

At the appointed time for seeing him, I

knocked at his door and was invited in. He received me in quite a friendly and pleasant manner, and we soon fell into conversation. I told him I had no fixed religious views; that, if I inclined to anything, it was to universalism. I quoted the text, "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." 1st Corinthians 15:22. He undertook to elucidate this scripture, but his explanation only enveloped it in obscurity, and I was quite unable to understand the point that he endeavored to make.

I next gave him the 5th chapter of Romans to read. He appeared to be equally as much puzzled to simplify and bring within the scope of my comprehension this chapter, as the verse quoted from Corinthians. I asked him how he knew there was a God. He said, he was once praying in the back part of his garden, and the Lord came and stood beside, or near him. I asked him how he knew this, if he saw the Lord, or heard his voice. He said, "No," but realized in some way His presence and that He was there. I told him I was willing to join any denomination that was right, but before taking such a step, I wanted some unmistakable testimony, something more divine than man is able to give.

Howard Lays Aside His Studies in Search of Getting a Testimony from God

Being rather desirous to know of an absolute certainty that there is a God and one to whom we are amenable for all our acts and doings, I resolved to lay aside my studies, and turn my whole attention in the direction of getting religion, some testimony from God, and if possible, to find out what His will was concerning me. So I prayed much — I would get up in the night and pray, and followed this up about two weeks. School closed for a two-month's vacation, and I returned to Perry, Pike County, Illinois.

I soon met with my uncle, Stephen Abbott. As soon as he saw me, he exclaimed, "Well, Howard! What is the matter with you? Your face looks as long as a hoe handle." I don't remember just how I replied, but I think it was very religiously. As I had received no testimony of a supernatural kind, and had sought the Lord with all the fervency, and ardor of soul that was in my power, I was not very hard to win back to my former way of thinking. He kindly offered me a discussion between Abil C. Thomas (a

universalist), a Dr. Ely, (a Presbyterian minister); also one between a Mr. Skinner, (Universalist and Alexander Campbell (a Campbellite minister).

Although I had confidence in Mr. Beecher as an honest, well meaning man, I was forced to the conclusion that there must have been some mistake in regard to the Lord's coming and standing beside him, for I had made every endeavor that I had the capacity of making to see something miraculous, yet had received no spiritual manifestation whatever. So I concluded from the reading of these discussions, etc. that the universalism doctrine was about as true as any of the isms.

First Meets People Who are Mormons

We reached Perry, Pike County, Illinois sometime the following January [1839]; here we were brought face to face with Mormonism. The next spring, as those who were driven out of Missouri scattered about in Illinois, seeking homes or somewhere to live, I came in contact with them and was anxious to know something about their faith.

First Hears Mormonism Preached

In this state of mind I continued until I went to hear a Mormon elder preach, by the name of Joseph Wood, in Roswell Perry's house in the town of Perry. I took rather a back seat, as I did not wish to be noticed by anyone; soon Mr. Wood came in with a Bible and hymn book under his arm, and took the seat arranged for the preacher. Having never seen him before, I eyed him very closely to size him up (in common parlance). Well, all I could discover was that he was above the medium size, rather good looking and had a very bright and intelligent countenance.

In a few minutes, he rose to his feet and after calling the congregation to order, sang a hymn and offered prayer. His voice seemed sweet in singing, and his prayer faultless, so far as I was able to judge. He sang another hymn, then read for the foundation of his remarks, "For the priesthood being changed, there is made of necessity a change also of the law." Hebrews 7:12. This text was new and strange to me, and I wondered what he would do with or make of it. He soon showed by weeding through the scriptures what he would do with it. He explained what the law was, and then how it was

changed and in what manner. He showed up in a masterly manner what the priesthood had to be changed to, and all about it. Well, by the time he got through speaking, I was satisfied that he was decidedly the most profound theologian that I had ever seen, but, as to how he came by his information was beyond my ken. His style of reasoning was exceedingly convincing, and his eloquence overwhelming. I was well prepared by this discourse to hear him again, or more upon the subject of Mormonism, "as it was called." This made me anxious to follow up Mormonism, and know all about it and what there was in it,

In a short time, there was a two or three days' meeting of the Saints and of course, I went. My father, as well as others of the family, were becoming more or less interested in the doctrines of Mormonism. Consequently, we all concluded to attend the meeting. There was considerable plain, strong preaching, which was not without its effects upon the mind of my father. So at the close of the meeting, he approached Elder Wood, and gave him a cordial invitation to go home with him and stay overnight. This was cheerfully accepted. After supper, and the chores all done, the family gathered around to hear what the preacher might have to say and to ask questions, such as the occasion might suggest.

Howard and Family Members are Baptized

Near the close of the evening, I well recollect asking this questions: "Can I know that Mormonism is true?" I was willing to do anything, provided I could know that such was the fact, He said most assuredly I could know, and it would be my duty to obtain that knowledge. He then quoted John 7:17: "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." He then remarked that the Saints were entitled to the Spirit of God, and the spiritual gifts as found in the 12th chapter of 1st Corinthians. After listening a short time to his explanation of some points of doctrine, I told him he could baptize me in the morning. According to promise, on the morrow my father took brothers George, William, myself and Elder Wood about four miles to a creek, some six or eight miles distant from Perry and Elder Wood baptized first myself, next William and then

George, and confirmed us by the water's edge. This was on the 24th or 25th day of March, 1840². . . and confirmed us at the water's edge by the same individual, also brothers George and William.

Received Strong Testimony

In some two days I received a testimony of the spirit to such a degree as to perfectly satisfy me that I had not made any mistake, that what was called Mormonism was absolutely the gospel, that Joseph Smith was truly a Prophet raised up in the 19th century to usher in the "Dispensation of the Fulness of Times," clothed with the Melchizedek Priesthood with all the gifts and graces appertaining thereto.

Attends Conference and Meets the Prophet Joseph Smith

On the 3rd or 4th day of April, 1840, I set out with a few others for Nauvoo, for the purpose of attending conference and to gratify a curiosity that I had to see the Prophet. Sometime during the conference, I took occasion to visit him, in company with Joseph Wood. He introduced me to Brother Joseph with something of a flourish, telling him that I was collegiate from Jacksonville College. This was not true and was not authorized by me.

Employed by Joseph Smith As a Clerk

On the following April [1840], I went to Nauvoo to see the Prophet and attend conference. It so transpired that I obtained an interview with him. After eyeing and questioning me a little, he asked me if I could come and live with him and clerk for him; I replied in the affirmative, but desired to go home first which would take me about two weeks. He said that would do, so in a couple of weeks or such a matter, I was on hand to go to work. Well, I went to work and next day after my arrival at his house. The first thing he gave me to do was to copy a large pile of letters into a record. This labor was performed in his kitchen, having no other place at that time to do such business.

²Church records give the date of Howard's baptism as 25 March and his confirmation at 27 March 1840. He was rebaptized in Salt Lake City 15 September 1850 by Levi W. Hancock.

Ordained an Elder

September 3, 1840, I was ordained under the hands of Joseph Smith, the Prophet to the office of an elder.

Received Patriarchal Blessing from Hyrum Smith

October 20, 1840, I received a patriarchal blessing under the hands of Hyrum Smith.

Observing the Prophet — Very Much at Ease with Everyone in Every Situation

While I was employed in this manner, I had many valuable opportunities. The Prophet had a great many callers or visitors, and he received them in his office where I was clerking, persons of almost all professions, doctors, lawyers, priests and people seemed anxious to get a good look at what was then considered something very wonderful: a man who should dare to call himself a prophet and announce himself as a seer and ambassador of the Lord. Not only were they anxious to see, but also to ask hard questions, in order to ascertain his depth. Well, what did I discover?. . . . He was always equal to the occasion, and perfectly master of the situation; and possessed the power to make everybody realize his superiority, which they evinced in an unmistakable manner. I could clearly see that Joseph was the captain, no matter whose company he was in, knowing the meagerness of his education, I was truly gratified at seeing how much at ease he always was, even in the company of the most scientific, and the ready off-hand manner in which he would answer their questions.

Howard Observes Joseph Smith's Knowledge in Conversing with People

While thus engaged, I had many very precious opportunities — great and small, almost every day, [people] were calling on him, some for one thing and some for another — politicians and preachers and of different persuasions — some with the view of testing the depth of his knowledge and if possible, confounding him and putting him to shame. Well, what did I discover — that he was equal to every occasion, that he had a ready answer for all questions. I heard him say that God had given him the key of knowledge by which he could trace any subject through all its ramifications.

Joseph Smith As Sidney Rigdon's Cat's Paw?

I had heard it remarked that Joseph Smith was Sidney Rigdon's cat's paw³: soon after he returned from the east, he came to see Joseph and the thought went through my mind, now I will see who the cat's paw is. Well, I did see; after passing the usual compliments, Rigdon said to Joseph, "When I was preaching in Philadelphia after I had finished my discourse, a man stepped up to me and desired me to explain something in John's revelation, (mentioning at the same time what it was), "Well, I could not do it, how is it Joseph?" Joseph cited him at once right offhand to a passage in Ezekiel and something in some other book of the Old Testament, saying that they explained all about it. I thought to myself, that don't look much like Joseph's being a cat's paw.

Howard Observing Joseph Smith's Interaction with Others

Stephen A. Douglas called to see him and ask him some questions. One thing he desired to know was how he managed to govern a people so diverse, coming from so many different countries with their peculiar manners and customs. "Well," he said, "I simply teach them the truth and they govern themselves," was his ready answer. Among other great men who called to see him was Cyrus Walker, a lawyer of much note; he tried to sound the Prophet, and see how deep he was. Well, it was with Walker as it had been with all the others. He soon got enough, found Joseph too deep for his lead and line, and gave up the enterprise. Thus it was in every instance that came under my observation: How could we expect it to be otherwise, for any man who has never peered into heaven and seen heavenly things, be a match for one who had had a half a score or more heavenly messengers for teachers.

Howard Ask by Prophet Joseph Smith to Write the Church History

I continued the work of copying his letters until I finished the same. He then desired me to write up the Church history, saying that he would

furnish all the material. I declined, telling him that I did not feel myself competent for such a work. He said if I would undertake it, I would be thankful, for it as long as I lived. Having more confidence in him than I had in myself, I engaged in the business of a historian. He placed in my hands some items and scraps of history for me to arrange chronologically and fix up as best I could.

Howard Observes Prophet Joseph Smith and John C. Bennett Writing Nauvoo Charter

We had now moved into his new office, a two-story building arranged to do the office work in the upper story. John C. Bennett was occupying a portion of the room engaged in writing the Nauvoo Charter. Joseph dictated much of the Charter. I could overhear the instructions he gave Bennett and know it was gotten up mainly as Joseph required.

Howard Witnesses and Feels the Prophet Joseph Smith Receiving Divine Revelation

One morning, I went as usual into the office to go to work. I found Joseph sitting on one side of a table and Robert B. Thompson on the opposite side, and the understanding I got was that they were examining or hunting in the manuscript of the new translation of the Bible for something on priesthood, which Joseph wished to present or have read to the people the next conference. Well, they could not find what they wanted and Joseph said to Thompson, "Put the manuscript one side and take some paper and I will tell you what to write." Brother Thompson took some foolscap paper that was at his elbow and made himself ready for the business. I was seated probably six or eight feet on Joseph's left side, so that I could look almost squarely into Joseph's left eye, I mean the side of his eye. Well, the spirit of God descended upon him and a measure of it upon me, insomuch that I could fully realize that God, or the Holy Ghost, was talking through him. I never, neither before or since, have felt as I did on that occasion. I felt so small and humble

³Cat's-paw means one used by another as a tool. DUPE

Howard's Leg is Broken by Prophet Joseph Smith

In the following June, I met with an accident which I shall here mention: The Prophet and myself after looking at his horses and admiring them, that were just across the road from his house, we started thither, the Prophet at this same time put his arm over my shoulder. When we had reached about the middle of the road, he stopped and remarked, "Brother Coray, I wish you were a little larger, I would like to have some fun with you." I replied, "Perhaps you can as it is," not realizing what I was saying, Joseph a man of over 200 pounds weight, while I scarcely 130 pounds, made it not a little ridiculous for me to think of engaging with him in anything like a scuffle. However, as soon as I made this reply, he began to trip me; he took some kind of a lock on my right leg, from which I was unable to extricate it, and throwing me around; broke it some three inches above the ankle joint. He immediately carried me into the house, pulled off my boot, and found at once that my leg was decidedly broken; then he got some splinters and bandaged it. A number of times that day did he come in to see me, endeavoring to console me as much as possible. The next day when he happened in to see me after a little conversation, I said, "Brother Joseph, when Jacob wrestled with the angel and was lamed by him, the angel blessed him; now I think I am also entitled to a blessing." To that he replied, "I am not the patriarch, but my father is, and when you get up and around, I'll have him bless you."

Prophecy Given to Howard by Prophet Joseph Smith

He said no more for a minute or so, meanwhile looking very earnestly at me, then said, "Brother Coray, you will soon find a companion, one that will be suited to your condition and whom you will be satisfied with. She will cling to you, like to cords of death, and you will have a good many children." He also said some other things, which I can't so distinctly remember.

Miraculous Healing

In nine days after my leg was broken, I was able to get up and hobble about the house by the aid of a crutch and in two weeks thereafter, I was about recovered, nearly as well as ever, so much so that I went to meeting on foot, a distance of a mile.

I consider this no less than a case of miraculous healing. For nothing short of three months did I think it would be ere I should be around again, on my feet, able to resume work.

Working with Edwin D. Woolley and Then Miller

I finished the job of copying letters. I was then requested by Brother Joseph to undertake, in connection with E. D. Woolley, the compilation of the church history. This I felt to decline, as writing books was something in which I had had no experience. But Brother Joseph insisted on my undertaking it, saying, if I would do so, it would prove a blessing to me as long as I should live. His persuasive arguments prevailed; and accordingly, in a short time, Brother Woolley and myself were busily engaged in compiling the church history. The Prophet was to furnish all the materials; and our business was not only to combine and arrange in chronological order, but to spread out or amplify not a little, in as good historical style as may be. Brother Woolley's education, not being equal to mine, he was to get the matter furnished him in as good shape as he could; and my part was to go after him and fix his up as well as I could, making such improvement and such corrections in his grammar and style as I might deem necessary.

On seeing his work, I at once discovered that I had no small job on my hands, as he knew nothing whatever of grammar; however, I concluded to make the best I could of a bad job, and thus went to work upsetting and recasting, as well as casting out not a little. Seeing how his work was handled, he became considerably discouraged and rather took offence at the way and manner in which I was doing things, and consequently soon withdrew from the business.

Immediately after Brother Woolley left, I succeeded in obtaining the services of Dr. Miller, who had written for the press and thus was considerably accustomed to this kind of business. Now I got on much better. I continued until we used up all the historical matter furnished us by the Prophet. And, as peculiar circumstances prevented his giving attention to his part of the business, we of necessity discontinued our labors, and never resumed this kind of business again.

Teaches School

I next engaged in school teaching, which was my main avocation for livelihood while I resided in Nauvoo. In the year 1840, Brother Joseph proffered me his office for a schoolroom, which I willingly accepted, and soon engaged in the business of teaching the young ideas how to shoot. I was now boarding with Brother Robert B. Thompson and with whom I continued for some considerable length of time.

Howard Meets Martha Jane Knowlton

Subsequent, some three or four weeks, to getting my leg broken, and while at meeting, the blessing of the Prophet came into my mind, viz; "that I should soon find a companion, etc. etc." So I thought I would take a square look at the congregation, and see who there was, that possibly the fair one promised me might be present. After looking and gazing awhile at the audience, my eyes settled upon a young lady sitting in a one horse buggy. She was an entire stranger to me and a resident of some other place. I concluded to approach near enough to her to scan her features well and thus be able to decide in my own mind whether her looks would satisfy my taste. She had dark brown eyes, very bright and penetrating, at least they penetrated me, and I said to myself, she will do. The fact is, I was decidedly struck.

After the dismissal of the meeting, instead of going for my dinner, I remained on the ground and presently commenced promenading about to see what I could see. I had not gone far before I came square in front of the lovely miss, walking arm in arm with a Mrs. Harris, with whom I was well acquainted. They stopped and Mrs. Harris said, "Brother Coray, I have the honor of introducing you to Miss Martha Knowlton, from Bear Creek." I, of course, bowed as politely as I knew how and she curtsied, and we then fell into somewhat familiar conversation. I discovered at once that she was ready, off hand, and inclined to be witty; also, that her mind took a wider range than was common for young ladies of her age. This interview, though short, was indeed very enjoyable, and closed with the hope that she might be the one whom the Lord had picked for me; and thus it proved to be.

Courtship and Marriage

I shall not go into all the details of our courtship; suffice it to say, every move I made, seemed to count one in the right direction. I let Brother Joseph into the secret and showed him a letter that I had written, designed for her. He seemed to take uncommon interest in the matter and took pains to see her and talk with her about me, telling her that I was just the one for her. A few letters passed between us; I visited her at her home, proposed, was accepted, and on the 6th day of February, 1841, we were married at her father's house. Brother Robert B. Thompson performed the ceremony.

It was while boarding here [with Brother Robert B. Thompson] that I was united in marriage to Miss Martha Jane Knowlton. The next day after the ceremony I took my wife home with me, that is, to my boarding house, where we continued to live until the fall of 1841.

Martha Jane Becomes Howard's Assistant School Teacher

Sometime in the spring of 1841, Brother Thompson built a room of considerable size and rented it to me for a schoolhouse. I then took my young wife in with me as an assistant school teacher.

First Child, Howard Coray Jr. is Born

We continued teaching together until fall; when I left Nauvoo and went to Augusta, a small town on Skunk River in Iowa, not far from Burlington, for the purpose of selling goods, or exchanging them for grain for the Nauvoo House. To do this business, I was employed by Lyman Wight. I stopped in Augusta until all the goods were disposed of, which I think was sometime during the following August (1842). While here my son Howard was born April 10, 1842.

Mission with Father-in-law, Sidney Algernon Knowlton

After winding up my business at Augusta, I returned to Nauvoo and engaged again in school teaching. When I had taught one or two quarters, I was called to go on a mission. My father-in-law, Sidney A. Knowlton, was called at the same time. We got ready and started about the 1st of November

(1842), and went as far east as the Allegheny Mountains in Pennsylvania.

We were gone six months without accomplishing much, as it was a time of heavy persecution, the time when John C. Bennett apostatized and published his expose' of the spiritual wife doctrine as he called it. While on this mission, we were turned out of doors late in the evening, by a man by the name of Brown and had to lay out of doors on a cold frosty night, on account of which I took cold in my eyes and the effects of which lasted me many years. In fact I can't say as I have yet altogether recovered.

Ordained High Priest

Soon after his return from his mission, Howard was ordained a High Priest, 4 June 1843, by Edwin D. Wooley.

Cory Home in Nauvoo

From the Nauvoo history we read: "Nauvoo home of Howard Coray was typical of the many houses that sprang up like mushrooms here during the seven year Mormon era. Not all of the Mormon homes at that time were of hand made brick like some of the century-old homes still existing today. The Coray residence which had three rooms on the first floor, and one room upstairs was located near the corner of fourteenth [Hyde] and Young Street.

Nauvoo had some 2,000 homes plus 500 in the suburbs at the time the followers of Joseph Smith were making history in Illinois. About 1,200 were nice homes and the other half were shanties or buildings of logs plastered over; some were of adobe. This house was nearly a hundred years old when it was razed in 1920.



"Whistling and Whittling Brigade"

Howard Coray is remembered in Nauvoo as an organizer of the men who had no occupation and the young boys into an organization known as the "Whittling Deacons." They were also known as the "whistling and whittling brigade." In order to protect the citizens of Nauvoo, History of the Church states that: "The Priesthood was organized more strictly that the peace and good order of the city might be preserved. The deacons became very efficient looking after the welfare of the saints; every part of the city was watched with the strictest care, and whatever time of night the streets were traveled at the corner of every block a deacon could be found attending to his duty." They would whistle and whittle as they followed an unwanted visitor around until they became irritated and frightened and left town.

Death of Silas Coray, Howard's Father

I will mention now the death of my father, which occurred on the 22nd day of January, 1841. The circumstances concerning his demise are about as follows: he was hauling a load of logs on a sled and for some cause, unknown to me, the sled upset and getting entangled in some way in the lines, he was unable to jump far enough to escape being caught by the legs. The team, not stopping, dragged one of them over one of his legs, which mangled it so badly that a physician who was called immediately told him that the limb would have to be amputated in order to save his life. But my father refused to have this done, saying when he went, he would go altogether.

Martha Jane Has a Peculiar Dream — Hyrum Smith Seals Howard & Martha Jane to Each Other for Eternity

1843, I engaged again in teaching school soon after my return from the mission and followed this business most of the year. About the 1st of July of this year, my wife had a peculiar dream and, believing that it had significance, she desired me to accompany her to Brother Hyrum Smith's for the purpose of getting him to interpret it. We went the next Sunday to see him, but having company, he was not at liberty to say much to us; he said, however, if we would come the next Sunday, he would interpret the dream, but wished to see us by ourselves, when there was no other one present. Accordingly the

next Sunday we went, but found as many at his house as the Sunday previous. He said to us, come again the next Sunday and probably it will be different; but in a day or so he called at our house, and invited us to take a ride with him in his buggy. We accordingly did so. When we had gotten far enough out of town to converse safely, without attracting attention or being understood, he commenced rehearsing the revelation [D&C 132] on celestial marriage and carefully went through with the whole of it, then reviewed it, explaining such portions of it as he deemed necessary. This was on the 22nd of July, 1843. The dream was in harmony with the revelation and was calculated to prepare her mind for its reception. She never doubted the divinity of it, nor rebelled against it. And while still in the buggy. Brother Hyrum asked my wife if she was willing to be sealed to me. After a moment's thought, she answered, "yes." He then asked me if I wished to be sealed. I replied in the affirmative and after telling us that he knew by the spirit of the Lord that it was His will for us to be sealed, he performed the ceremony, then and there.

Death of Joseph and Hyrum Smith

Howard and Martha Jane were in Nauvoo at the death of the Prophet Joseph Smith and Hyrum Smith, 27 June 1844, but it affected them so deeply that they could not bring themselves to even make mention of it in their diaries.

Mission Call – Plans Changed

"October 8, 1844 The General Conference of the church was continued in Nauvoo and in the minutes as published in the "Times and Season" (5-695-497.) Elder Heber C. Kimball took charge of the meeting which was opened by singing and prayer by Elder William W. Phelps.

After some business was attended, President Brigham Young appeared and proceeded to select men from the High Priest Quorum to go abroad in all the Congressional districts of the U.S. to preside over the branches of the church and Howard Coray's name was among the 85 chosen.

President Young explained the object for which these High Priests were being sent out. He explained they were not to go and tarry six months and return but to go and settle down where they could take their families and tarry until the Temple is built, then

come and get your endowment and return to their families and build up a stake as large as this."

Call to Write the Smith History

In the fall of 1844, I procured the music hall for a schoolroom. It was large enough to accommodate 150 students and I succeeded in filling the room, or nearly so. In running the school I had my wife's assistance, and also Brother John M. Woolley's. Sometime in the winter following, Mother Smith came to see my wife about getting her to write the history of Joseph, to act in the matter only as her, Mother Smith's, amanuensis⁴. This my wife was persuaded to do and so dropped the school. Not long had she worked in this direction before I was requested also to drop the school and turn it over to Brother William and Woolley and help her in the matter of the history. After consulting President Young, who advised me to do so, I consented and immediately set to with my might. We labored together until the work was accomplished, which took us until nearly the close of 1845. (In the margin is written "Call to write the Smith History."

November 10, 1845 Monday – President Brigham Young spent the day with Elders Heber C. Kimball, Willard Richards and George A. Smith revising church history. Several of the Twelve and others called in the afternoon, the brethren consulted on the subject of purchasing the copy right to mother Smith's history and concluded to settle with Bro. Howard Coray for his labor in compiling the same.

Receive Endowments in Nauvoo Temple – Children Are Sealed to Them

In January, 1846, myself and wife received our endowments in the Nauvoo Temple and were resealed over the altar by President Young. We had Howard and Martha Jane, the only children we had at that time, adopted [sealed] to us, and after which, myself and wife were adopted to Patriarch Hyrum Smith and his wife Mary.

⁴Amanuensis is one employed to write from dictation or to copy manuscript: secretary.

Leave Nauvoo

In the month of May 1846, I left Nauvoo, in company with the main body of the Saints, for a new location somewhere west; but how far, I had not the remotest idea, neither had the Saints generally, and I doubt if there were any that knew very much about the matter. I got as far west that year as the Missouri River, where I spent the winter assisting my father-in-law [Sidney A. Knowlton] in taking care of his stock.

Fort Kearney

The next summer (1847), I helped to put in and raise a corn crop. In the fall I went to Fort Kearney, on the Missouri, and took a contract of hauling 26 thousand bushels of corn. The government, or gr. [quarter] Master, swindled me in the settlement, so that I made nothing.

Nishnabotna River — Hunsaker Ferry — New Fort Kearney — Salt Lake City

In 1848, I moved to Nishnabotna River. My wife tended the Hunsaker Ferry and I got five or six yoke of unbroken steers and broke them for their use, and broke prairie that season, besides raising a crop of corn; by this means we made a little raise; bought a wagon, a good yoke of oxen and several cows. In the spring of 1849, I moved up to Kanesville, put in a fine garden, and eight acres of corn. In August, I sold out to Brother Orson Hyde and moved up the Platte River to Fort Kearney, near Grand Island and wintered. The next season, [1850] I reached Salt Lake City.

Salt Lake City General Tithing Office — Tooele County — Provo

In the winter of 1850-1851, I went into the General Tithing Office where I continued as a clerk four years, on a salary of \$1,000 a year. I next sold out my premises to Elder Hyde for \$1,000 and moved to E. T. City [Lakepoint] in Tooele County. I next moved to Provo (1857) and lived here until 1871, doing various kinds of work, farming, clerking, school teaching, building a sawmill and sawing lumber, running a molasses factory and hauling lumber to Fairfield, etc. etc. I was getting on pretty well, until I undertook the sawmill, which resulted in embarrassing me not a little.

Howard Recorder in Provo

Howard Coray nominated for recorder of Provo 1 August 1860 – Howard Coray, Clerk of Probate Court with Hon. Z. Snow, Judge. 9 March 1863 – Howard Coray. For Representative to the Legislative Assembly. For County Recorder, Howard Coray. 12 July 1864.

Howard Serves Mission to Virginia

14 April 1867 Meetings were held as usual in the Bowery Great Salt Lake City, in the forenoon meeting a number of outgoing missionaries occupied the time bearing testimonies. The names of those who had reported that they could pay their fare to England were W. N. Dusenberry, Howard Coray, W. Brown and others.

15 April 1867 Monday, the weather continued fine in Great Salt Lake City. Elders John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff and Geo. I. Cannon set apart R. C. Sharkey, W. N. Dusenberry and Howard Coray for missions. The two later were going to Provo, the former intended to start by rail for the East with Henry W. Lawrence.

8 November 1867, Bro. Coray was at the time writing, well and busily engaged in fulfilling the duties of his mission.

11 September 1868, From a letter to President Young. We know the elders were laboring in the following places. Howard Coray was in Virginia.

1 December 1868, Howard Coray was supposed to leave the mission tomorrow, resume their labor in that direction.

5 April 1869, Deseret News, "Brothers Boyle, Howard Coray, Stuart, Dusenberry, and Lewis, are in North Carolina and Virginia where a good work is going on. Bro Boyle and Coray will remain until emigration time and gather up all the Saints in that field who are able to go this season and return with them. They expect to have a company of 75 or 100 souls. Brother Lewis will remain in the Field."

8 August 1869, in the evening, Elder Howard Coray and Joseph F. Smith preached in the 14th Ward Meeting house.

Juab County Homestead — Provo

In 1871, I homesteaded a qr. Section in Juab County and moved on it. Here, I lived continuously until the fall of 1880, when I returned to Provo, bringing with me a sick wife

Other Missions

7 October 1876, Missions in U.S.A. – Howard Coray serving in Provo.

7 October 1879, Presented the following names of missionaries (Those have already gone to Europe and U.S.A. – Howard Coray Mona, Great Britain.

Tribute by Howard Cory to His wife, Martha Jane Knowlton Coray

I shall say in this connection that what the Prophet said in regard to the companion which I should soon find has been fully verified. A more intelligent, self-sacrificing, and devoted wife and mother, few men have been blessed with. She became the mother of twelve children, seven sons and five daughters, and lived to see them all grown up to man and womanhood, educated, intelligent, virtuous and religious. [Their ninth child was a son, Wilford Coray who died as an infant.] In this great work, she acted well her part. In February 1840, she embraced the Gospel and soon became well acquainted with the Prophet; and as such, greatly venerated him. I have frequently heard her say that he himself was the greatest miracle to her she had ever seen; and that she valued her acquaintance with him above almost everything else. She lived a consistent Latter-day Saint life up to time of her demise, which event occurred on the 14th day of December 1881. Her age, when she passed away was 59 years, 6 months and 11 days.

Stake Missionary

For the next eighteen months after Martha Jane's death, Howard was busily engaged in missionary work. From January until the spring of 1882, with an official assignment from President A. O. Smoot, he served as home missionary. He visited all the wards in that Stake and preached a number of times in each and was well received and well treated.

Mission to Smyth County, Virginia

Some time during the following May I received a letter from President Taylor, to the effect, that if there was nothing to prevent it, he would like me to take a mission to the Northern States, and be ready to start by the 13th of June.

I answered his letter stating that I would be ready, so according to promise I was on hand; and after being blessed and set apart, I started out in

company with five other Mormon Elders for our field of labor. I reached Smyth County, Virginia on the 20th of June 1882 – the place to which I had been sent to labor, in the ministry.

Here I spent all my time . . . preaching in a private way — that is, stores, post office — where I stayed over night, an opportunity might offer me; but only once chance had I of preaching in any sectarian meeting house while I was on my mission. I got my release and returned home with the emigration reaching Provo on the 4th day of April, 1883.

That mission marked the end of Howard's action-filled life. He spent the next quarter century in rather uneventful retirement at the homes of his sons and daughters located in Southern Colorado, or in Utah and Salt Lake Counties in Utah.

Ordained a Patriarch

26 April 1897 Monday – the First Presidency decided Howard Coray should be ordained a Patriarch.

5 May 1897 – He was ordained a Patriarch under the hands of Elder F. O. Richards of the Apostles, assisted by Elder C. W. Penrose.

Death of Howard Coray

He died January 16, 1908, at Salt Lake City, Utah, at the age of ninety-one years. He was survived by six sons and daughters. Pertinent facts of his obituary and funeral follow: *(He was) High Priest, missionary to southern states, clerk in the presiding bishop's office at Salt Lake City for five years; secretary to the Prophet Joseph Smith, with whom he became intimate, at Nauvoo, Ill., April, 1840, and for whom he had unbounded trust and admiration during his entire life. Assessor in Utah Co., school teacher at Salt Lake City and Provo, bookkeeper and accountant . . .* (Quote from *Pioneers and Prominent Men of Utah* Frank Eschom, 1913; also see *Deseret News*, January 17, 1908.)

From the *Deseret Evening News* – January 20, 1908 – Resume of Howard's funeral services which were held in the Utah Stake Tabernacle at Provo, under the direction of Stake President David John, follows:

The speakers were Elders Joseph F. Smith Jr. of Salt Lake, O. H. Berg, H. H. Cluff and President Joseph F. Smith, who all spoke in glowing terms of the deceased. President Smith was the principal speaker . . . A large funeral cortege followed the remains to their last resting place in the City Cemetery.

By any sound measure of human accomplishment, Howard Coray's life was a very distinctive one. In addition to his outstanding posterity, now numbering into the hundreds, his own personal contributions to the destiny of Utah and its people deserve to be emphasized. Especially is this remarkable when considering the serious handicap he endured from birth, of being without a normal left hand.

LETTERS WRITTEN BY HOWARD CORAY

Two letters written by Howard Coray to Joshua Stevens. When one studies these letters they will find within them some deep thinking and beautiful answers to Gospel Questions. They are lengthy but reveal the depth of understanding of God that Howard had and was able to express to his friend Joshua Stevens.

Provo City, Utah
Nov. 30, 1885

My Dear Friend Joshua

Your letter bareing date ultim, came duly to hand; but as I have been rather badly situated for writing anything requiring much thought or care, I have delayed answering you for the sake of more conveniences than I have had, until the present, for getting up, in a suitable manner, anything for the pres. . You expressed a wish to publish my letters. In relation to this I will say, I have no objections, provided the Editor will be fair and send me his paper.

I was very much pleased to hear from you – that the Lord was blessing you so abundantly and hope and trust that He will continue to do so.

I shall now take the liberty of remarking upon your quotations, from the immortal Shakespeare, hoping that what I may say; either about his notion of things or any thing else, will be received with the same hearty good will, and liberality that has ever characterized your letters.

Shakespeare

“I belong to no sect –

“I travel no private roads;

“But, am traveling through Nature,

“Up to Nature's God.

Now, on a mere cursory view, the above quotation looks very nice – reads very well. But let us scan critically the idea involved in it – which, as I apprehend, is simply this; – That a man, by studying the works, or laws of nature, can find out the God of Nature, and thus be in a proper condition, to enter and enjoy His celestial abode. That the laws of nature are but the laws of God, I am free to admit; and that by studying them we can fully satisfy our minds that there is a God, of some kind or other; the general fitness of things – adaptation – relation, etc. evidence design, and design evidence; the existence of a designer – call Him what you please. But, by all this, what do we know as to his personality? His form, image, shape, size, or his attribute; and if he has any will concerning us – what that will is – what will please or displease him? I answer – we know nothing. The multitude of notions, ideas, etc. respecting the Grand Architect and Builder of the universe, sufficiently evidence this fact – Some worship the White elephant, some the Crocodile – some the Zebra, (Sacred ox as they call it,) some the Pagoda – some a God without body, parts, or passions; which is as near — nothing as any thing I can imagine. I deem it unnecessary to say any more upon this subject to satisfy any intelligent mind like your's, that to know God as he is, whether we are his children and, consequently in his image and likeness, we must have revelation – we must go to a higher school than

where only the Laws of Nature are taught, to know God and reach his presence in a condition to enjoy the same, and remain there-in while time shall last or immortality endure.

You may ask, is such a school taught now; or has it ever been? I answer affirmatively – That it has. Whenever the Lord has had servants upon the Earth, sent as were the apostles and prophets, being called and ordained properly, so that they can duly represent their Master; just what kind of school is always taught.

There is one thing that may seem a little strange to you, it is this; these kind of teachers, – prophets, – apostles etc. have always been very unpopular, – much persecuted and generally unto death. Why persecute good men? Let the Saviour answer the question: “If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore, the world hateth you.” (John 15:19) And again he said: “I have given them thy word; and the world hath hated them, because they are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.” (John 17:14) The Apostle Paul said to Timothy, “Yea, and all that will live Godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.” (2nd Timothy 3:12)

Now understand me; I do not take the ground that a man is a good man, simply because he is generally evil spoken of, nor do I admit that a religious body must be bad, because they are unpopular, and a venal⁵ press says many very hard things about them, – Such a position would drag every stone from under the foundation of the Christian religion.

In order to explain the cause, as I understand, of the antagonism to the Son of God, His Apostles, the ancient, as well as modern prophets, and all the followers of the Meek and lowly Jesus, and the reason why this condition, or state of affairs will be likely to continue until the Saviour shall come in the clouds of Heaven, with power and great Glory, I must go to the beginning of things, pertaining to this

Earth, – I must show up the plan of salvation and redemption of the human family, as devised in the Grand Council in Heaven, before the world began.

To imagine, that an intelligent, orderly Being, as is exhibited in the movements of the heavenly bodies, as well as in all the works of nature; and that he has worked upon a haphazard principle, without a plan, in the salvation and redemption of man, would certainly be very absurd.

According to Job, there was a meeting at the time when the foundation of this Earth was laid, and great rejoicing and, as appears from the following: “Where wast thou, (Job), when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it? Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner stone thereof; When the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy?” (Job 38:4-7) Now, that Job was present on that occasion, is very reasonable to conclude, and that there was important business transacted, which caused many to sing and shout for joy is equally conclusive. You may query as to what reason I have for concluding, that Job was present at the meeting of the Grand Council in Heaven; in the Bible there is considerable said about election. The Saviour was elected to come into the world and die for the sin of Adam, or make an atonement there for, also, to become a propitiatory sacrifice for such as have faith in his blood – having attained to the years of accountability. Apostle Paul, said he was called with a Holy calling in Christ Jesus, before the world began. He also speaks of God making promises of eternal life, before the world began, upon certain conditions, – (Titus 1:1-2). The Prophet Jeremiah was ordained to be a prophet to the Nations before he was born. Cyrus, the Persian King, was spoken of and called by name about 150 years before his birth; and the work, that he was to do, concerning the deliverance of the Israelites from Babylonish Captivity was very clearly pointed out. (Isaiah 45:1-13). The disciples of the Saviour, wished to know of him in relation to the man who was born blind – whether it was the blind man or his parents, that had sinned, and thus brought this calamity upon him. These scriptures, narrowly scanned, independent of others that might be adduced, are quite sufficient, in

⁵Venal means capable of being bought or obtained for money or other valuable consideration: purchasable: mercenary, corrupt.

my view, to prove the pre-existence of Spirits. God is called, the Father of Spirits, – Our Heavenly Father etc. Now if others had a pre-existence; why not Job? And why not present when the Grand Council met to consider of matters pertaining to this earth.

Besides the election of the Saviour, there were many others also elected. What to? Eternal Salvation or its antithesis? O no! To ministry. Paul says he was called with a Holy calling Christ Jesus before, the world began. The Apostle mentions the covenant God made with Abraham. “For when God made promise to Abraham, because he could swear by no greater, he swear by himself, Saying, Surely blessing I will bless thee, and multiplying I will multiply thee. . . . For men verily swear by the greater: and an oath for confirmation is to them an end of all strife. Wherein God, willing more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise the immortality of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath. That by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us:” (Hebrew 6:13-18) God made covenant with Abraham, that in him and his seed, all the families of the earth should be blessed. This seed means the Saviour, and such as were elected at the Council in Heaven to the ministry, to come into this world and preach the gospel, under the direction of their Master, the Lord and Saviour, enduring the scoffs and frowns of the world patiently to the end, for a crown of glory that fadeth not away. Are they all that will be, saved? O no! they are the van of that great army that will come up through great tribulation, having washed their robes and made them white, in the blood of the Lamb. It is evident from the Scriptures, that there was an occurrence of great moment, happened in Heaven at some time – I will say at the great election. Lucifer, son of the Morning, was there, and rebelled, as well as others, and was cast out. “How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! *how* art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the

most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; That made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners? (Isaiah 14:12-17)

Isaiah sees the time when Lucifer will exercise almost unlimited sway or dominion upon the earth, also the time when he shall be overcome and cast into Hell. The difficulty with Lucifer and his followers as mentioned above is also referred to in Revelations 12:3-9. It appears, from what I find in this chapter, there was something of a battle fought between the Devil or Lucifer and his angels and Michael and his followers, and Michael and his followers, cast the Devil and his out into the earth. Now, why did Lucifer rebel? Evidently because he did not like the way the election went, nor perhaps, the plan of salvation. What was his condemnation as also his angels that fell with him? I would suppose from their actions, it was this: That they should never have tabernacles of their own; for we find them stealing, or getting into bodies, and binding the rightful owners; and preferring, even the body of a swine, to none at all. From this we would conclude then, that all who have the privilege of getting tabernacles here were on the side of Michael – when Lucifer was expelled from heaven; certainly, the earth is now the battle field. We have to meet the Devil and his angels here. All intelligena [intelligentia] is independent in the sphere in which God has placed it; hence the agency of man. The Devil as well as man, has his agency. Though placed here, as we are, in this dark and dreary world, we have light enough to understand good and evil. Christ is said to be the light, that lighteth every man that cometh into the world; Every man then must have a portion of inspiration, as long as he follows this light; – does not banish it from him by wicked and vile behavior; yet it does not follow that a man is in the kingdom of God, simply because he has a portion of His Spirit. – See what the Saviour says to Nicodemus. “Verily, verily I say unto thee, except a man be born again he can not see the Kingdom of God.” And again he said, “Verily, verily I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the spirit,

he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God.” When a man enters into the Kingdom of God, he does so, by obeying the laws of adoption encompassed in the plan of Salvation, devised in the Grand Council in Heaven before the world was. These laws of adoption require a man to take upon himself certain obligations – he agrees to take upon himself the name of Jesus and ask God the Father in His name for every thing that he prays for, placing him at the head as his great Captain and agreeing to keep his commandments to the end.

Why God’s Servants Are Not Popular and Never Will Be

There are three independent principles – the spirit of God, the spirit of man, and the spirit of the Devil – Job says there is a spirit of man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding, – Now when a man rejects the Spirit of God, the Devil takes power and wields more or less influence over him. – Perhaps you now understand what my views are in relation to the hatred and antagonism of the world towards those whom the Saviour had chosen out of the world. Lucifer and the rest that rebelled with him are here to tempt, prove, try and draw away as many as possible from following him. – Hence His servants never, nor never will be popular, or free from persecution, more or less, till the Ancient of days shall sit to bind Satan, Lucifer or the Devil. (Daniel 7:21,22) refers to the deliverance of the Saints. In order to become a son of God, and joint heir with the Saviour, you must learn obedience by the things you suffer; and must overcome all things, to reign on the earth during the Millennium. (Revelation 5:10 & 3:12)

You seem a little surprised that I should be so positive in regards to my duty, as well as that of my brethren in relation to my future course and action in Mormonism. Well, I am not surprised that you should see as you do – You have not attended the right school – In the Church and Kingdom of God, the Holy Ghost, or spirit of God is the main teacher, – “No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the

Holy Ghost.” However, “God has set some in the Church, first Apostles, secondarily Prophets, Thirdly, Teachers; after that Miracles; then gifts of healing, helps, governments, diversities of tongues.” (Corinthians 12, also Ephesians 4) The Apostle gives the order of a true Church and says: “all these gifts are for the work of the ministry, hence indispensable as long as a ministry is necessary.

Now when I embraced the gospel as promulgated by the Latter-day Saints, I expected to find the Church organized according to the pattern and in it, all the gifts and graces, that were enjoyed in the days of the apostles, Peter and Paul. Was I, or have I, been disappointed in this regard? No: being No. And there are many thousands in the Church that can truly testify, that these things are so, that is that the Latter-day Saints enjoy the gifts of the gospel.

Powerful Testimony of Howard Cory

I have had the privileges beyond the most of my brethren, – I was clerk for Joseph in the year 1840 – lived with him – saw him under varied circumstances – with his family – his friends, as well as strangers. He was always self possessed and at home perfectly master of every situation that I ever saw him in. I was present when he translated as a Seer on one occasion. I was also present when he received a revelation in relation to Priesthood matters; and if my sense of sight, of feelings, of hearing can be trusted, I know Joseph Smith was no humbug; what I saw him do – what I know he did do, was as convincing to me, that God had called him to introduce the Dispensation of the fullness of time, as if I had seen him raise the dead. I know of these things in a way and manner in which there is no possibility of deception by the holy Ghost. – Shall I turn away and deny what I know, because dark clouds are hovering over us? I hope I am not made of that kind of stuff.

Truly your friend & etc.

Howard Coray

SECOND LETTER WRITTEN BY HOWARD CORAY TO JOSHUA STEVENS

Provo City, Feb. 15, 1886
Utah Ter. Utah

Friend Joshua:

Your's of the 2nd. Inst. is to hand, and I can truly say, that it met with a hearty welcome. Your letters please me, because of their ingeniousness—and plain outspoken style – yet in a spirit of kindness, which partakes largely of the spirit of the gospel. You wish me to correct you, wherein you misstated or over stated any thing in regards to our moral conduct as a people while we were living in Kirtland, Missouri, and Illinois; and also since we were residence in Utah Ter. Now, this I deem nothing but reasonable under the circumstances; and I shall endeavor to comply with your request. Since my connection with the Church I consider my opportunities for knowing, as to the plan, purposes, aims, acts and doings of the people are about as good as any one connected with the Latter-day Saints. In regard to Kirtland I will say, that what I know, I obtained by asking question of various individuals who lived there and were identified with the Church during its stay in that place, and listening to the conversation, at divers time, of different persons who appeared to be perfectly familiar with the history of the Church from its commencement; and from the best information I have received, the Temple in Kirtland was commenced in 1831, and finished 1836. That the traveling Elders were appointed to collect means by soliciting donations from the different branches of the Church and from liberal minded persons, for the erection of the building – That the Mormons living in Kirtland, donated labor, as much as they could afford, and in this way, the work was accomplished in 5 years. –

I understand that a bank was started in Kirtland and that a man by the name of Warren Parish was cashier, also that he stole the funds and ran away – I never heard Sidney Rigdon's name mentioned in connection with the bank, until I saw it in your

letter, – and I have not the remotest idea, that he ever had the least thing in the world to do with it. With regard to persecution I am able to say, from such information as I have received – That, when Joseph Smith first announced that he had had a vision, and, that he was told by the heavenly messenger, that all of the churches were wrong, that they teach for doctrines the commandments of men, having a form of Godliness but deny the power thereof, and that he should join none of them, the warfare began.

Feb. 25th. I have been in rather poor health; so much so that I did not feel like writing; which is my reason for not finishing this letter, sooner. I will now endeavor to answer, and explain some matters connected with our history agreeable to your request, as I understand them and view them from my stand point.

In Mo.[Missouri] Settlements were commenced by our people as early as in Kirtland, and the Saints were told by our prophet that it was necessary for them to gather in both places, but principally in Mo. – Enough were to stay in, or go to Kirtland to build the Temple, as it was needful that such a building should be constructed, in order that the Elders might receive an endowment, the better to qualify them for their missionary labors, – The church kept up an organization in Kirtland, until this was accomplished; the Saints then principally went to Mo., according to council, but all did not leave Kirtland, until after we were located in these mountains. Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon were taken out of their beds one night, were whipped unmercifully and tarred and feather, and, in attempting to pour something down Joseph Smith's throat, broke out two of his front teeth. The next day Smith preached to a large audience and after doing so baptized two persons. The tarring and feathering of Smith and Rigdon, together with the whipping they received at the same time, was about all the violence that was shown the Saints in

Kirtland, and this was some time before the branch of the church was discontinued at that place. Now, in regard to Mo., I think I understand in relation to the difficulties etc., which the Saints had to confront in that state better than I do our affairs in Kirtland. The Saints that went to Mo., were from the New England and Middle States – they were industrious and enterprising – while the Missourians were from the Southern States; and, many of them being owners of slaves; were naturally rather averse to labor. The contrast, every way was too great, for general affiliation – jealousy was but the inevitable result, – our system of voting was being rather peculiar, as well as our religion, is what set things in motion – We vote unitedly for such persons as we esteem the best man, irrespective of party – and as those we vote for are generally the winners the losers set up a howl denouncing us as unrepudican and traitors to the Governor. It was at the polls in Mo. where trouble commenced, – A Mormon stepped up to vote, – a Missourian standing by said, that no Mormon would be allowed to vote at that election. – no attention was paid to the threat, and the man handed in his vote, – no sooner done than he was struck by the one who had forbade him to vote. At this a man by the name of John Butler got a club and declared that he would vote or know the reason why, – the fight then began in good earnest, – and the Mormons came off victorious. This fight opened the ball and the Missourians then began to plot, plan and scheme to oust the Mormons from the State, they went so far as to burn up some of their own old log houses and reported that the Mormons had done it; mobs gathered in different counties and arranged their plan of attack, etc.; they drove off the hogs and cattle belonging to the Mormons, destroyed their crops and reduced them to almost a state of starvation. When brought to this condition a supply company was formed to obtain food for starving women and children – this company was named Daniels Band – and lasted until the Mormons got into Illinois. Some of the Mormons who had been stripped of all their worldly goods felt like going back into Missouri and helping themselves to a team from those that had robbed the Mormons. I inferred this from a remark I heard Joseph Smith make on the stand. He said; “When a people is at war or in a state of siege, it is customary to live off of their enemies; but now we are at peace; and if any

one should be tempted to go back to Missouri to steal horses or any thing else, on account of having been robbed there, he shall suffer for such wrong doing.”

I now come to that part of our history when I became identified with the Mormons; and have been so intimately connected with them ever since, that I do not believe there has been any church policy, plans, or movement of any moment since my association with it, that has not come within the compass of my observation.

Well you might think now about Nauvoo? What did the Mormons do or engage in for livelihood?

Principally in farming, some in merchandising, some in school teaching and some in clerking etc. etc.

Well but the stealing that is accredited to them, what about that? This is what I learned was the case; that there was a band of horse thieves, that reached from Galena to the Gulf, running up and down the Mississippi River, and that one or more of their number was supposed to be located in the neighborhood of Nauvoo. A man by the name of Jackson came to Nauvoo, professedly for the purpose of engaging in the lumber business, – a stranger in our midst, well dressed and seemed to have plenty of money, – he boarded at some Hotel or public boarding house, – he expressed himself as being rather partial to the Mormons and their faith; there was some wondering about him – where he came from etc. and err long the watch or city police detected something in his actions, as also that of his mysterious visitors, who were occasionally calling on him, which awakened suspicion, that there was something wrong with Jackson. A close watch was ordered by the city authorities to ascertain what this Jackson (as he called himself) was associated with a strong band of thieves and counterfeiting that they would steal and run horses through Nauvoo to evade their pursuers – sometimes probably hiding them for a short time in the city, – As soon as we obtained sufficient evidence to be satisfied, in regard to Jackson – Joseph Smith came out on the stand, denounced him as a grand scamp and villain – At this Jackson left Nauvoo, swearing eternal vengeance against Smith. He immediately went to

work circulating every imaginative lie of which the human mind is capable of conceiving.

You ask the question – “Are you of the generation who wipes their mouths and say, I have done no wrong.” I answer No. We make no pretensions to impeccability – but that we come as near it as could reasonably be expected or demanded of us under the circumstances – The parable of the net cast into the sea, catching fish of every kind, must catch some rather poor ones. Yes, some follow for the loaves and fishes, or something other than the pure principles, of the gospel. And it would be as easy to make a whistle out of a pig’s tail, as to make a saint out of such poor material. But I am proud to say that such are not our representative men, nor the pillars of the church; although, I am free to admit that even they are not wholly divine – have more or less humanity mixed up with divinity.

Paul says, Elijah was a man of like passions as other men, yet had real power with God etc. etc. I hold, notwithstanding all our weaknesses and imperfections, we are far in advance of those that malign us, in all the principles of morality and virtue.

Our religion teaches us to be honest, truthful, virtuous; and to seek to do good to all mankind – to be industrious, charitable and forbearing. Those of us who fail to carry out these principles, have not reached the standard, that has been set up for all the Saints to go by. I would now show up our acts and doings since we came to Utah, if I had time to do so, without omitting another subject that I feel like treating upon at this time – which is the higher law. The Mountain Meadow Massacre, I will at some other time, endeavor to explain as I understand it.

“The Higher Law doctrine” (you say) “cannot prevail in America.” Now what I understand as the higher Law doctrine may be one thing, and what you understand may be quite another. It is best before discussing this subject, to clearly understand each other.

When God appeared to Moses in the burning bush, and commanded him to go into Egypt and deliver Israel from bondage, Moses obeyed which was simply yielding obedience to the higher law. I say, Moses did right by obeying the command of God. What say you?

The Saviour appeared to St. Paul and called him to the ministry; (1 Corinthians 9:16) “For though I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of: for necessity is laid upon me; Yea woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel!” Did Paul do right in his presidency in obeying the higher Law? (God). I think so. Do not you?

Peter was scourged and forbidden to preach Jesus any more. What did Peter say to this? (Acts 5:29) “Then Peter and the other Apostle answered and said, We ought to obey God rather than men.” Well, what does the Saviour say touching this subject? (Matthew 10:28) “Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.”

Now let us scan the Lord’s Prayer – “Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be thy name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done in Earth, as it is in Heaven. etc.” I would like to know how the will of God can be done on Earth as in Heaven, without obeying the Higher Law.

Now friend Joshua, is not this what’s the matter: Abraham, Moses, Daniel, Peter, and the rest of the apostles – Paul and Barnabas – Joshua and Gideon were all right, because God commanded them– but as for the man Joseph Smith, he was an imposter – his revelations are a cheat – a humbug – consequently, not entitled to any consideration whatever, nor the people who are silly enough to give any consideration to them. Thus it was in regard to prophets and apostles as before mentioned and those who accepted their ministrations in the day in which they lived.

If you really believed, that the angel mentioned in Revelations 14:6 has flown through the midst of heaven and he committed the everlasting gospel to Joseph Smith commanding him to see that it – be preached to every nation, kindred, tongue and people, you could say, come what will – life or death; that he and all others charged with this mission or, are operating in connection with him, should — go ahead, never look back, turn neither to the right or the left – never shrink or swerve from their duty, but to fear God rather than man, and never mind the penitentiary, the inquisition, or confiscation.

This is the ground upon which we stand; and if the Lord does not deliver us in due time from bondage – than are we as a people as badly befooled as ever there has been one since the foundation of the world.

You say; ugly things have gone into history against us. – The lies that are told about us, we are not responsible for, and I do not know as we should feel very badly about them either – the Saviour said: “Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil [against you] about you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for. . . , so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.”(Matthew 5:11:12)

Now I can say, when I was at home under the care of my parents, I was taught nothing but the strictest morality, – to be honest, truthful and virtuous, – and since I embraced the gospel, as explained and taught by the prophet Joseph Smith, I have never heard through any reliable person, nor

heard any of the authorities of the Church, teach any doctrine, otherwise than in conformity with the most rigid principles of morality, as laid down in the scriptures; at least as I understand them.

What is said by our enemies about the Danites, is all Bosh.

And in relation to the Mountain Meadow Massacre; I can say understandingly, that the authorities of the Church knew nothing of the terrible affair, until after the deed was done; that I did not suppose any white man had anything to do with the matter, for some time after it happened, and my opportunities for information was as good as any, concerning this sad affair, outside the immediate neighborhood where it occurred. – Mormonism never authorized it, never sanctioned it, – . And I have yet to hear the first Mormon speak of it in any terms other than of abhorrence.

Your Friend and Relation

Howard Coray

WIFE OF HOWARD CORAY

MARTHA JANE KNOWLTON CORAY

Martha Jane Knowlton Coray, the third child of Sidney Algernon and Harriet Burnham Knowlton, was born in Covington, Kenton County, Kentucky, across the Ohio River from Cincinnati, Ohio, 3 June 1822. During Martha's childhood her parents first moved to Cumminsville, Ohio, and later, about 1835, to Bear Creek, Hancock County, Illinois, an area that is South of Carthage, Illinois.

Interest in Preserving Facts

Martha Jane was known for doing her own thinking, good perception and understanding from a very young age. She made her own decisions, and set her own high standards of excellence.

Before adopting any principle of religion, law or politics whether proposed by father, husband, priest, or king, she must clearly see and understand for herself the righteousness and consistency of the matter.

"I was, and had been from the age of 13 years, much in the habit of noting down everything I heard and read which possessed any peculiar interest to me, in order to preserve facts."

Teaches Sunday School at Young Age

When she was 10 years of age, she taught a Sunday School class in the Campbellite church. She applied for baptism at the age of twelve, a request sufficiently unusual from one so young that church officials were initially reluctant to grant it.

First Contact with Mormons

Her family was living in Hancock County, Illinois in 1838 when the Mormons were driven out of Missouri. Her father being a kind and hospitable man, gave employment to quite a number of Saints and furnished other families with houses in which to live. This was her first contact with Mormonism.

Martha Jane was 17 years of age at this time. She became interested in their religion and attended a meeting where she heard George A. Smith preach. She said, "He set forth the principles of the gospel in such a plain and unmistakable manner as to

completely upset all my Campbellism and convert to Mormonism."

Baptized a Mormon

She was the first member of her family to join the Church and was baptized February 1840 – "a hole was cut through the ice, and herself and a few others were baptized." Her older sister, Ruhamah, was soon baptized along with her parents, Sidney and Harriet and three younger siblings who were eight years of age or older. Two siblings were under eight years.

Recognizes a Living Prophet

When Martha Jane first saw the Prophet Joseph Smith, she could discern something in him of such a peculiar character that she knew who he was before he was pointed out to her.

Records Speeches – Joseph Smith – Others

Martha Jane began recording speeches of Joseph Smith, speeches which she carefully preserved. George A. Smith said she had taken more pains to preserve the sayings of the Prophet and had accomplished more in that direction than any other woman in the Church. Her daughter, Martha Jane Coray Lewis, later noted that Wilford Woodruff "consulted her notes when he was Church Historian, for items not to be obtained elsewhere." It is a family tradition that when the Relief Society was organized by the Prophet Joseph Smith, she was the first secretary.

Blessing Given by Patriarch Joseph Smith, Sr.

In the year 1840, father Joseph Smith, Patriarch, pronounced a blessing upon the head of . . . Martha Jane Knowlton.

Martha Jane Meets Howard Coray

During the summer that year [1841] Martha was introduced to her future husband, Howard Coray, while attending a church gathering in Nauvoo to which she had come in a one seated buggy.

The couple corresponded and the Prophet took a peculiar interest in the ensuing courtship even writing a letter to Martha Jane telling her he thought

Howard was the one for her. Following the recommendation of the Prophet Joseph Smith, she was married to Howard Coray on the 6 February 1841. She became the mother of a large family, nine were sons, five were daughters, twelve grew to maturity. Her posterity perhaps exceeds any other of Sidney and Harriet Knowlton's children.

Significant Accomplishments

Supplementing Martha's unusual record as wife and mother, other significant accomplishments outside the house mark her as one of the outstanding women of the Mormon pioneer generation. Immediately after her marriage she assisted her husband in school teaching duties at Nauvoo which she continued on an intermittent basis until the winter of 1844-45.

Death of Beloved Prophet and His Brother

Martha Jane and Howard were in Nauvoo at the time of Joseph and Hyrum Smith's death. The grief was so great that neither of them ever mentioned it in their journals.

Assists Lucy Mack Smith

About this time the mother of the late Prophet Joseph Smith visited Martha and requested that she assist in writing the history of the Prophet, which Martha agreed to do. It seems appropriate here to quote from Howard Coray's Personal History. *"Sometime in the winter following 1844-45 Mother Smith came to see my wife, about getting her to help write the history of Joseph; to act in the matter, only as her, Mother Smith's amanuensis. This my wife was persuaded to do; and so dropped the school. Not long had she worked in this direction, before, I was requested also to drop the school, . . . and help her in the matter of the history. After consulting President Young, who advised me to do so, I consented; and immediately set to with my might. We labored together until the work was accomplished, which took us till near the close of 1845."*

Endowments and Sealing

In December 1845 both Howard and Martha Jane received their endowments and they were sealed as husband and wife by President Young and had their two children sealed to them.

Leave Nauvoo

They left Nauvoo in May of 1846. Harriet Virginia Knowlton Coray was born the 9th of August 1846. During the two years 1847-49, Howard supported them mainly in agricultural pursuits, over a wide area from Kanessville on the east bank of the Missouri River westward to Fort Kearney, Nebraska, with varied success.

Martha Operates a Ferry

Mary Knowlton Coray was the second of three children born to Howard and Martha Jane Knowlton Coray while they were on their trek across the plains to join the main body of Saints. A portion of this time Martha Jane tended the Hunsaker Ferry on the Nishnabotna River. She was pregnant at the time, and after pulling on the ropes all day, she would be totally exhausted at night. Mary Knowlton Coray was born 22 April 1848 on the Nishnabotna, Atchison County, Missouri. She was a frail child, but through the blessings of the Lord, she survived the hardships of the desert and the plains. [In 1848 the Missouri border was 10 miles North of present border. For more information on Hunsaker Ferry contact Irene C. Wayland.]

Ephrina Serrepa Coray was born the 4th of February 1850 in Nebraska. Howard helped to build the Old Fort Kearny located at Nebraska City and the New Fort Kearny located at Grand Island.

Cross the Plains with John Sharp Company

In the Spring of 1850 the John Sharp Company left from St. Louis. The Cory Family joined this Company probably at Fort Kearny; Grand Island, Nebraska. This was a small independent company and was one of the earliest to arrive in the Salt Lake Valley that year. Howard and Martha Jane Coray with six children ranging in age from a few months to eight years traveled with the John Sharp family in this company. Howard's widowed mother, Mary Stephens Coray, 58 years of age, also traveled with them.

Salt Lake City

Howard promptly obtained employment as a clerk in the tithing office, where he remained for the next four years, his salary being \$1,000.00 per year.

When the First Relief Society was organized in the valley, Martha Jane was the secretary.

Move to Tooele County – Grasshoppers

After living in Salt Lake four years, the family next moved to E.T. (Lakepoint) in Tooele County, where they remained for about two years. While living in Tooele they witnessed the grasshopper war which their daughter Mary remembers well and later recorded in her Diary. [Mary's Diary, page 127] This happened about 1855. *"The whole town turned out with flags and brush to drive them into a thicket."* . . The next morning the gulls came. *"The whole heavens seemed filled with gulls. They alighted on the fields of grain, then rose like trained soldiers, one or two would rise and make a round sweep, then others would follow in quick succession. As they rose they widened the circle one following the other until they formed an immense funnel, then flew off to the great lake and dropped their load of grasshoppers they had gathered in a pouch under the neck. Then they flew back and repeated the act over and over again until the fields were cleared from grasshoppers and the people were saved from starvation. I have seen reefs of grasshoppers as high as a house all salted down on the shore of Great Salt Lake."*

Family Locates in Provo – Education

In 1857, with eight living children, the ninth having died as an infant in 1856, they established a home in Provo. There four more children were born. This was during the threat of Johnston's Army. Both Howard and Martha Jane taught school. She was a self taught woman, Because she didn't have access to books, she corresponded with scientists, businessmen, and Brigham Young and others to expand her education. She had a fair knowledge of law, philosophy, history, poetry, chemistry, and geology. She assayed minerals and distilled herbs. She wrote articles for the *Woman's Exponent* and the *Enquirer*. She was determined that her children would be educated. She wouldn't tolerate sloppy language and at night after a hard days work, she would hear their lessons. She painted her own maps and hung them on the wall. She also made a world globe that was passed from one school to another in Provo until it was worn out.

Difficult Times

During this time Martha was doing all she could to help support the family. Sego lilies, watercress, wild onions, rabbits and whatever else

they could find formed their food. At night Martha Jane would make tallow candles for her children to sell the following day. She would get syrup from a few sugar beets or cane to trade for a little bread. Only once did she break under the strain. She had gleaned a little grain from a field and ground it into coarse bran and cooked some bread and when her children begged for another piece of this unpalatable food as for candy, she cried. One of her children wrote: *"when [we] moved to this place (Provo) I was about nine years old, There were eight of us children, poor and destitute, yet tenderly attached to each other and shared our troubles cheerfully . . . always looking forward to the time when God in his mercy would lift the cloud of darkness . . . and grant us the privilege of storing our minds with the rich treasures of knowledge. A thirst that our mother had in her untiring efforts inspired us with."*

Promise of 15 Years More

About 1866, when the youngest child, Don was two years of age Martha Jane appeared at one time to be at the point of death, from Pneumonia. Dr. Don C. Roberts (a brother to her son-in-law) having given up hope of her surviving. When all expectations of recovery had been abandoned by those around her, she turned her face to the wall, and said in effect *"even as Hezekiah turned his face to the wall, and asked Thee O Lord for an extension of fifteen years to his life, so do I now, for the sake of these my children."* She recovered and lived another fifteen years.[2 Kings 20:1-6]

Death of Daughter – During Childbirth

Harriet Virginia Knowlton Coray was the mother of four children and the age of 25 was taken in death from complications following the birth of her last child a few days earlier.

Martha Jane wrote to Brigham Young recommending there be better training for midwives. About this time Brigham Young encouraged Romania Bunnell Pratt to go East to study medicine. Soon, Ellis Shipp and others followed her.

Home in Mona

In 1871 they home-steaded a quarter Section in Juab County. This rural location near the small community of Mona, north of Nephi, became the Coray family headquarters where they remained until

the fall of 1880. That autumn marked a drastic change in the lives of several other members of the Coray family. Four sons and one daughter of this family headed South to help in establishing settlements in Southern Colorado, Northern Arizona and New Mexico.

Move Back to Provo

Howard and Martha Jane Coray returned to Provo where they could receive better care and medicine for Martha Jane. "She lingered till December 14, 1881, when her spirit took its flight." In the family library will be found three of Martha's letters written to her son, Sidney, during his missionary service, which reveal the sterling qualities of this remarkable woman.

Dean of Women – B.Y.U.

Martha, during her rather short life, made other significant contributions to her people beyond the strenuous duties required by her large family. Among these were services rendered the Brigham Young Academy which was organized in October, 1875. She became a member of its original Board of Trustees and was also its first Dean of Women. She served as a trustee until her death December 14, 1881.

FROM THE UTAH ENQUIRER – 3 January 1888

President Brigham Young organized by a deed of trust, 16 October 1875, the educational institution bearing his name. The aim was to build an institution surpassed by none. During the first year of its existence, President Brigham Young died, thus leaving the responsibility of carrying out his plans upon others. Thus thrown, as it were, upon its own resources, the Brigham Young Academy had to look for its support to the interest taken by its students, the faithfulness and

efficiency of its Board of Trustees, and above all the blessing of Almighty God.

The names of the first Trustees were: A.O. Smoot, William Bringham, Leonard E. Harrington, Wilson H. Dusenberry, **Martha J. Coray**, Myron Tanner and Harvey H. Cluff. These incumbents were to hold office during the will of Brigham Young. **Martha Jane Coray was the first Dean of Women.**

EXCERPTS FROM THE DIARY OF MARTHA JANE KNOWLTON CORAY

- Oct. 24, 1875 – I went to Board Meeting today; Dr. Maeser did not come. Bishop Smoot is in Salt Lake City to see Owen off and to see Dr Maeser.
- Nov. Tues. 23 – Dined at W. H. Dusenberry's; saw Bro. Jones and Daniels; signed the deed for the Academy.
- Nov. Wed. 24 – Engaged house for children; got book for Geo. A. Cannon.
- Nov. Fri. 26 – Trustees met; examined halls; made rules and so forth, Rained hard.
- Nov. Sat. 27 – Bp. Smoot went to Salt Lake City, also Geo. A. Cannon.
- Nov. Mon. 29 – Executive committee met to arrange about renting a building for the Academy.

- Dec. Sat. 4 – Board met; Bp. Harrington and Bringhurst were not present. Elected, or appointed, Wilson Dusenberry, Principal of the Academy.
- Dec. Mon. 27 – Will and Frank worked on the Academy fence.
- Dec. Tues. 28 – Boys worked on A. fence from 10 till 4.
- Dec. Wed. 19 – Boys again worked on fence.
- Dec. Thurs. 30 – Boys worked on the A. fence all day.
- Dec. Fri. 31 – Stormed – Nellie and Will went to a party. They had a brass band – Jacques – I sent note to Mr. Coray concerning School in First Ward.
- Jan. 1, Sat. 1876 – Bishop Smoot, Frank and Will worked on Academy fence. I went to the Dedication Supper.
- Jan. Mon. 3 – Pa and I opened school in First Ward. Academy also opened with four of the board present – W. H. Dusenberry, H. Cluff, and Mrs. Martha Jane Knowlton Coray. Boys still working on A. fence.
- Jan. Sun. 19 – W. Jacques died today.
- Apr. Sat. 15 – I attended a B. U. A. Board meeting; we put in Bro. Maeser.
- Apr. Sun. 23 – Pa, Don and I went to meeting; heard Bro. Maeser and bro. Thomas preach.
- Apr. Mon. 24 – Pa and I went to see Bro. Maeser open the Academy. I attended a Board meeting. We fixed the tuition at \$4.00 per pupil.
- May 3 – I saw Harvey Cluff about school business.
- May Sat. 13 – I attended Executive Meeting – no one else came.

Martha Jane Knowlton Coray continued as a board member until her death, 14 December 1881. The afternoon that she died, she had them give her some papers to sign for the business of the Brigham Young Academy.



Brigham Young Academy

Martha Jane Knowlton Coray Lecture Hall

On 16 October 1986 a special program was held at the Brigham Young University and tribute was paid to Martha Jane Knowlton Coray, first Dean of Women. Below is a copy of the Program.



MARTHA JANE KNOWLTON CORAY LECTURE HALL

Honors and
General Education
Brigham Young
University

My principle
in educating has been:
God's laws of religion
first, Man's laws of honor
and morality second,
Science of every
attainable kind and as
much as possible but
lastly in forming a
permanent base for
character and hope of
future salvation.

*Martha Jane
Knowlton Coray, in a
letter dated April 10, 1876,
to Brigham Young,
accepting appointment to
the Board of Trustees of
Brigham Young Academy.*

PROGRAM

Martha Jane Knowlton Coray
Lecture Hall Naming
October 16, 1986
11:00 A.M.
321 Karl G. Maeser Building

WELCOME
Dean J.R. Kearl

INVOCATION
Professor H. Smith Broadbent

PRESENTATION
Martha Jane Knowlton Coray: A Life Sketch
Mary Ann Russell

REMARKS
Professor Noel B. Reynolds

MUSICAL SELECTION
O Heiland reiss die Himmel auf, Johannes
Brahms
University Singers

REMARKS AND UNVEILING
President Jeffrey R. Holland

BENEDICTION
Professor John H. Gardner

MARTHA JANE KNOWLTON CORAY

1821-1881

Prominent among the many great women who have made significant contributions to Brigham Young University stand Martha Jane Knowlton Coray, the first dean of women and a charter member of the Board of Trustees. Unhindered by fame or fortune, this pioneer woman excelled in her own intellectual pursuits as an educator, as a mother, and as a faithful Latter-day Saint, setting an example that gave inspiration and hope to her contemporaries and her own family, as well as to later generations. Her exceptional success in bringing all these qualities together into one exemplary life and under the least auspicious of circumstances will continue to inspire all who may visit this lecture room named in her memory.

During her childhood years on the American frontier, Martha Jane Knowlton earned a reputation for careful and independent reflection "before adopting any principle of religion, law, or politics." She discovered the restored gospel in Hancock County, Illinois, where her father employed and took in various Mormon families that had been driven out of Missouri. Being particularly impressed with the preaching of George A. Smith, she was baptized in January of 1840 through a hole cut in the ice of the Mississippi River.

While attending a conference in Nauvoo the next summer, she was noticed by Howard Coray, the 23-year-old personal secretary to Joseph Smith, who at the time was taking care of the Prophet's correspondence, compiling the *History of the Church*, and teaching school – all in the same office. "Decidedly struck" by the encounter, young Coray soon learned that Martha Jane was not only witty, but "that her mind took a wider range than was common for young ladies of her age." The Prophet himself took an "uncommon interest" in this couple and actively promoted the match. They were married the next February and were soon teaching jointly in the school, which grew to 150 students in Nauvoo and carried over to similar schools in Salt Lake City and later Provo. Perhaps because of her habit of always carrying pencil and paper, she served as the secretary of the Nauvoo Relief Society and subsequently served in the same role in Salt Lake City and then Provo.

Martha Jane took leave from the school in 1845 to write *The History of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, based on long interviews with the Prophet's mother, "that she might preserve as much as possible of the history of our great prophet to read to her own children."

The book is increasingly recognized as one of the best sources of reliable information about the early years of the Church. Because she recorded and preserved so carefully the speeches of Joseph Smith, she was said by George A. Smith to have taken more pains to preserve the sayings of the Prophet than any other woman in the Church. As Church historian, Wilford Woodruff frequently relied on those notes.

The influence of Martha Jane's enthusiasm for serious education was widely acknowledged in frontier Utah. She influenced Brigham Young to initiate medical and midwifery training for Utah women. Fully committed to the struggle of rearing and providing for twelve children with a very small income, her attitudes toward education were not born of leisured reflection. Yet she firmly believed education was a necessity, even for the poor. The power of her commitment to learning is evident in the lives of her own children. Three married prominent Utah educators, one became a professor at the University of Utah, and others provided long-term encouragement to Brigham Young Academy and other educational institutions.

Martha Jane took an early hand in the establishment of the Brigham Young Academy and was appointed a trustee and dean of women when the first Board of Trustees was organized. As one of the most active trustees, she helped interview and hire Dr. Karl G. Maeser. She spent the last six years of her life in active promotion and support of the Academy and, until the day she died, was signing papers for the business affairs of this school. The task of the original trustees was particularly difficult in that the founding benefactor died shortly after their appointment, leaving them without means of future funding. Martha Jane demonstrated a particularly strong sense of mission in trying to find ways to support the institution and build it to fulfill its future destiny. Quoting her, George Q. Cannon stated that "Elders, fathers, and mothers in Israel would do well to consider and give their attention to the aims of this place, and more particularly to the actual results arising from even a short experience as a student in the Academy, and how close the principles of faith, honor and a deep desire for general intelligence cling to the scholar [and] even after his departure from school do not leave him." Subsequent leaders of Brigham Young University have proudly adopted her perception of the special purpose of this institution.

History of the Prophet Joseph Smith by His Mother Luch Mack Smith

* * * * *

Martha Jane Knowlton Coray Serves as Lucy Mack Smith's Amanuenses (Compiled by Robert P. Cooper 1965)

Some time during the winter of 1844 and 1845, Mother Smith, as the mother of the martyred Prophet Joseph Smith was affectionately known, went to Martha Jane Knowlton Coray and asked her if she would write the history of her son, Joseph, from dictation. Both Martha Jane and her husband, Howard, had been closely associated with the Prophet Joseph, for it was he whom, with the other Saints, had followed from place to place; it was he who had given Howard the responsibility of copying letters and documents of historical value; it was he who had broken Howard's leg during a friendly tussle; it was he who then set the broken leg and gave Howard a blessing; it was he whom they had watched with the greatest concern as the persecution against the Saints mounted; it was he who had encouraged the match between Howard and the lovely Martha Jane Knowlton.

When the two were married on the sixth of February, 1841, Howard was 23 years old and Martha Jane 19. Fourteen months later their first child, Howard Knowlton, was born in Augusta, Iowa. Then, in Nauvoo, on February 19, 1844, their second child, Martha Jane, was born.

The 27th of June following, the Prophet Joseph and Hyrum were martyred. Neither Howard nor Martha Jane have anything in their own writings which describe that event or anything directly following it. However, Howard wrote in his journal that in the fall of that year, 1844, he "procured the Music Hall for a school room" and nearly filled it with about 150 students. His wife, Martha Jane, was one of his two assistants.

And, so it was, that while the young Coray couple with their two young children were living in their small log house on the Nauvoo townsite and were carrying the main responsibilities of teaching a school, Mother Smith went to Martha Jane and asked her assistance in writing the Prophet Joseph's history. Martha Jane was persuaded. She "dropped

the school" and started laboriously to copy the words as they came from the mouth of Mother Smith. There were some letters and documents which Martha Jane could copy, but most of the history was coming word for word from the lips of Mother Smith as she remembered it. It was a big job and they asked Howard to assist them. He, in turn, presented the problem to President Brigham Young who consented to the proposition. The school was left under the direction of two other brethren, and Howard assisted Martha Jane until near the end of 1845 when the history was completed. They had been working on it for nearly a year.

From this original manuscript a copy was made which was given to Mother Smith. This copy fell, next, into the possession of Mother Smith's son, William, and then, into the hands of Isaac Sheen. Then, when Apostle Orson Pratt was on his way to a mission in England in September, 1852, he purchased the copy from Sheen, took it to England with him and directed its publication in 1853 under the title: *Biographical Sketches of Joseph Smith the Prophet, and his Progenitors for Many Generations* by Lucy Smith, Mother of the Prophet. Orson Pratt had it published "without revision. . ."

Martha Jane Knowlton Coray kept the original manuscript in her possession for at least six years while she and Howard made preparations for moving west, aided the other Saints in the migration, and added three more children to their family. Some time after their arrival in Salt Lake City in 1850, Martha Jane gave her original manuscript to President Brigham Young. (This manuscript was examined by the writer and his cousin Jenny Weeks, in the Church Historian's office. It was compared with the handwriting of both Howard and Martha Jane. Both the manuscript and the corrections in it seemed to be in Martha Jane's handwriting.)

The authorities of the Church recognized the merits of the history of Joseph Smith which was now suppressed and President Brigham Young appointed George A. Smith and Judge Elias Smith, cousins of Joseph Smith, as a committee to revise it. They revised and corrected the original work throughout to the satisfaction of President Young. However, according to Coray family tradition, **Martha Jane would never give her consent to the publication of the revised copy. She maintained that the history was in the direct words of Mother Smith and should not be changed.**

The writer, [Robert P. Cooper] a great-grandson of Martha Jane Knowlton Coray gained a lot of respect and admiration for her, partly because of his having known and associated with two of her children: Mary Knowlton Coray, the writer's grandmother, and William Henry Coray, his great-uncle. Therefore when Robert had the opportunity of studying a suppressed edition of the history of Joseph Smith which was published in England [1853 edition] and the approved Utah editions [Preston Nibley 1958 edition], he made careful comparisons between the two editions [with the help of his wife Garnet, and mother Daphne]. [Results of his work are in the original *Roberts Family Connecticut to California Book*.]

The writer [Robert] tried to determine if Martha Jane Knowlton Coray, who had been a teacher and woman with a reputation for considerable learning, had contributed any of her own vocabulary or writing ability while writing for Mother Smith. None of Martha Jane's writings gave any indication that this happened. Nowhere in her writings has she shown any inclination to use adjectives, adverbs, or the easily flowing language which is found in the History of Joseph Smith. From this book alone the writer can say with Preston Nibley that **Mother Smith's place as the "first woman of the Church" is secure, and the writer might also add that Martha Jane Knowlton Coray played a most important part in helping her to secure it.**

Lucy's story can now be read in its entirety as Martha Jane Knowlton Cory, pen to paper, recorded it for Lucy over 160 years ago. Read the book: *History of Joseph Smith by His Mother Lucy Mack Smith, The Unabridged Original Version*, compiled by R. Vernon Ingleton; published 2005. This publication uses the entire 1853 edition as the bases and adds the original rough-draft manuscript and corrections from other publications. The reader can easily distinguish previously deleted parts of the original version rough-draft. Reading Lucy's account in its entirety will strengthen testimonies of the Prophet Joseph Smith and the Restoration.

SALT LAKE HERALD, 16 December 1881 – Death of Martha Jane Knowlton Coray.

There were few persons in the territory acquainted with its history but knew or had heard of Mrs. Coray, sister to Mrs. Capt. Hooper, and therefore the pain and grief at the announcement of her death will be wide spread.

Mrs. Coray joined the church in Illinois and accompanied the members during their expulsion and came here 31 years ago. She was a remarkable woman and her superior

qualities impressed themselves upon those who approached her even for a very brief period. She was possessed of indomitable energy, and besides being wide read and cultured and possessing in an eminent degree many womanly traits, she was almost masculine in her strength of character. Her mind was clear and comprehensive, and she employed it to good advantage.

TAKEN FROM: THE TERRITORIAL ENQUIRER
Provo City, Utah County, Utah Saturday 17 December 1881

Died Mrs. Martha Jane Coray, the wife of Howard Coray passed behind the veil on the 14th. Inst. At 11 P.M. She died as she had lived, a strong and firm believer in the gospel, as revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith. She was born on the 3rd, day of June 1822, Boone County, Kentucky. Her father, when she was a mere child moved to Carthage, Ohio. Her straight forward and honest way of doing things, joined with more than ordinary clearness and perception and understanding of matters and things in general for one of her tender age, attracted the attention of some of the most noted of the place, for instance, Rev. Walter Scott, Levi H. Jameson and others. At the age of twelve she applied for admission by baptism into the Campbellite Church, but on account of her age, they held the matter for a short time under advisement before receiving her, notwithstanding she was altogether qualified, so far as information and a sound moral character are concerned.

Very early in life she evinced a character in a degree somewhat rare for one of her sex – that is, of decidedly doing her own thinking, hence, before adopting any principle of religion, law or politics. Her father moved to Hancock County, Illinois, and was living there when the Mormons were driven out of Missouri in 1838; and her father [Sidney A. Knowlton] being a very kind and hospitable man, gave employment to quite a number of the Saints, besides furnishing several families with houses to live in. This brought her face to face with Mormonism. Mingling with and associating more or less with those families and the men in her father's employ, she attended their meetings and heard Bro. George A. Smith preach, who as she said, set forth the principles of the gospel in such a plain and unmistakable manner as to completely upset all her Campbellism and convert her to the principle of what is called Mormonism. So, in January 1840, a hole was cut through the ice, and herself and a few others were baptized. . . I mention this circumstance as it evinces in some degree the courageous determination of the woman to grapple with and overcome difficulties that interposed between her and a religious conscientious duty, exact and truthful in all her business transactions in life. After joining the church she soon became acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith, she said that before he was pointed out to her as the man, she could discern something in him of such a peculiar character that she knew who he was, and from her unbounded confidence in him as the man of God she took in common hand every discourse that she heard him preach and has carefully preserved them. Brother George A. Smith said that she had taken more pains to preserve the sayings of the great Prophet and had accomplished more in that direction than any other woman in the church.

She was married to Howard Coray, 6 February 1841, and was the mother of 12 children by him – seven sons and five daughters, all of whom lived to adulthood. Their names are as follows: Howard Knowlton, Martha Jane, Harriet Virginia, Mary Knowlton, Ephrina Serrepa, Helena Knowlton, William Henry, Sidney Algernon, George Quincy, Francis DeLaVan, and Louis Laville. [She lost one son, Wilford Coray as an infant.]

The following, a pertinent part of her obituary carried in the local press, is a brief but appropriate tribute to her life's record:

Deceased is the wife of Brother Howard Coray, sister to Mrs. Hooper and related by marriage to Prof. T. B. Lewis. She was 59 years of age, having been a woman of most indomitable energy, probably died from general debility. She was a woman among ten thousand. She became identified with the Church in Illinois, shortly after the Saints were expelled from Missouri; when she was a mere girl, being the first of the family to embrace the Gospel. Almost by her own exertion she reared a family of twelve children, eleven of whom are still living. She was possessed of great independence of character, marked natural intelligence and considerable culture. The nobler traits of womankind have been exhibited in her life to a degree that is seldom excelled. Sister Coray was intensely beloved by her children, to whose training she had devoted the greater portion of her life's best energies. The same feeling exists in hearts of her other connections, Capt. Hooper and his wife being deeply grieved at her departure. Sister Coray will be held in affectionate remembrance by a very large circle of friends. She came to Utah 31 years ago.

It also seems appropriate to include the full text from Howard's diary of her funeral services:

Her funeral was held at the Provo Meeting House. Many of her friends and acquaintances came down from the City; among which were Wm. H. Hooper, Mrs. Hooper, her 2 daughters — Wilford Woodruff, Joseph F. Smith, and Horace L. Eldridge, also Frank Knowlton, his wife and T. B. Lewis. They came to pay their last respects to the remains of one who had led a very active, useful life — one who was widely known, and by all who knew her, highly esteemed. Her remains were cared for — was clothed in her priestly robes and put into a casket, costing \$150.00. Bishop Smoot preached her favored discourse, others also speaking on the occasion. Her remains were then conveyed to the Provo burying ground and laid away to await the resurrection of the just.

Yea, she has gone to repose,
Where no noise shall disturb her,
Until the great day of the Lord, shall awake her.

Women's Garden Nauvoo Visitor's Center

Perhaps one of the greatest Tributes to Martha Jane Knowlton Coray is connected with the Relief Society Nauvoo Monument to Women.

The Visitors Center in Nauvoo consists of Blocks 58, 59, 71 and 70. At the southwest corner of Block 70 once stood a simple Single-story log cabin where Howard and Martha Jane Coray lived.

Is it any wonder that the very ground where Martha Jane's home once stood is now a Women's Garden. The woman who was an example of the virtues that she held dear – truly a great woman – is now honored in a most unusual way.

This Garden consists of eleven beautiful statues honoring Women. Each statue represents

the qualities that Martha Jane exemplified in her life: Womanhood, Talents, Compassion, Learning, Prayer, Courtship for Eternity, Teaching With Love, Preparing Her Son(s), Joy, Family Circle, and Fulfillment.

Dennis Smith who sculptured nine of the statues was also responsible for the creative concept of the Nauvoo garden setting of the brick walks and flowing circles that unfolds the story of woman's journey toward perfection; it portrays the ever-widening circles of her service and influence. Martha Jane Knowlton Coray's life was and continues to be an ever-widening circle of her service and influence.



Martha Jane Knowlton Coray's descendants, fifth and sixth generations, at the Women's Garden.



William Coray - Melissa Burton

WILLIAM CORAY, SERGEANT IN THE MORMON BATTALION

William Coray, son of Silas and Mary Stephen Coray, First Orderly in Company B.

Born 15 May 1823 at Dansville, Steuben Co., N.Y.

Died 7 Mar 1849, Salt Lake City, of Consumption.

Melissa Burton Coray, (Kimball) wife of Sergeant William Coray

Born in Mersey Upper Canada, 2 March 1828. Lived in the 15th Ward in 1891.

April 15, 1844, William Coray was appointed over a Conference in Missouri, with Andrew H. Perkins. At the same time his brother Howard was appointed over a conference in Illinois with Gen. W. Hickerson.

The Historian Samuel W. Richards became ill, so dictated the Camp Journal from his pillow for William Coray to write, from Feb. 17, 1846 until 28 March 1846, when President Young released him as he had other work for him. On Apr. 8, 1846, William Coray started for Nauvoo after his family. The weather was clear and frosty. He carried with him a mail of 20 letters. He started at 8 A.M.

(1846, in this space belongs the organization of the Mormon Battalion.)

1 July 1846, at Council Bluff, Captain James Allen was introduced into camp by President Young. William Coray and wife joined the group.

Purchase Pony at Hunsaker's Ferry

As the Battalion Boys were on their march July 24, 1846, Serg. William Coray and Serg. William Hyde found that they could not stand the march in the heat, so they bought an Indian pony each, at \$25.00 a piece. This was at Nishnabotna River at Hunsaker's Ferry in Atchison County, Missouri.

Terrible Storm

Under the date of 19 Aug. 1846, in the Camp Journal, David Tyler writes, that there was a terrible storm that did a great deal of damage in camp, and that Serg. William Coray's carriage was driven before the wind for about ten rods; the ground was descending to the East. Mrs. Coray was in the carriage when it started, but she preferred the

exposure to the storm to risking the dangers of being driven in the carriage before the wind, and sprang to the ground and with womanly dignity and courage, took the driving rain and the pelting hail.

William Coray wrote in his Journal as follows: This morning we received orders to be ready to move. We heard that the other companies, D. and C. were close at hand. Before noon they were seen to pass us, about 1 P.M. Companies A. and E. left Wakaroosa encampment, followed by Company B. in two hours, three and one half miles farther on, the whole Mormon Battalion camped together, for the first time since they had left the Fort. The Evil One expressed his madness at this happy meeting in such a manner as to make us all sensible of it, by kicking up such a storm as I had never witnessed before.

My wife was in my carriage when it began to be blown by the wind. I managed to get hold of her hand, helped her to the ground on her knees. Together we ran to a wagon and held on to the wheel to keep from being blown away. Finally we got into the wagon and helped to hold the cover from being blown away. I never expected to see my carriage again, but after the storm we found it about ten rods away, right side up with care.

Chills and Fever

Many were suffering with chills and fever, and after such a soaking, we were fearful of what would happen to the sick, but strangely enough, they were better and soon recovered. About 100 tents that were stretched before the storm were all down flat. Captain Hunt was in one with his twins, and had a hard time keeping them from drowning and suffocating.

Instead of counting the dead and suffering after the calm as we expected, there were laughter and singing as they busied themselves in gathering up the wreckage.

This was taken from a copy of the "History of the Mormon Battalion Archives.

For more about William and Melissa Coray – there is a video which is shown at the Mormon Battalion Visitors Center in San Diego, California which features their personal story. The video may also be available through the LDS Church Distribution Centers.



Mormon Battalion



Call to Serve in the Mormon Battalion

Index

- Accidents 109, 110, 136, ax 167, ax 220
 Adams, Asenath 31-32
 Adkins, Mary 16-17
 Agriculture 249
 Ambitious 128
 Apple picking 141, 178, 211
 Ashley School 193
 Asthma 161, 163
 Auto, first ride 114

 Babies, way with 145, 190
 Baptized 115, 121, 210, 260, 277
 Baseball 168
 Basset, Flora (Roberts) 41
 Bathing suits 100
 Bedsores 122
 Beecher, Henry Ward 259
 Bees, honey 94, 100, 153
 Bennett, Emma (Roberts) 236
 Benson, Emma Parmelia (Roberts) 43, 50
 Bible 188
 Big Brush Creek 162
 Birthday Spankings 61
 Birthday celebration 116, 145, 152
 Blair, Mary Jane (Roberts) 37
 Blake, Mercy (Roberts) 14
 Blessing 155, 261
 Bluff, Utah 176
 Boarders 129
 Bookkeeping 188
 Bread 129, 142,
 Bridge Building 46-47
 Brother's advice 124
 Brotherly Bond 109, 122
 Brown, Sytha (Roberts) 238
 Bryant, Katherine 194, 204, 205
 Burnham Ancestry 254
 Burnham, Harriet (Knowlton) 251, 254
 Burns 209
 Burton, Thomas 36
 Burton, Melissa (Coray) *see William Coray*
 Butler, Catherine (Roberts) 2
 BYU (Academy) 132, 133, 140, 175, 238-241,
 280, 281, picture 144
 Blow snake 144,
 California 92, 112, 113, 114, 116, fair 158, 165,
 192, 198, 200, 240
 Cartoonist 240
 Cattle freeze 110, 147
 Celebrations 211
 Cemetery headstones – Winchester, Scott,
 Illinois 32
 Central School 193
 Chairs – moving in dark 180
 Chicken – coop & cowshed 131, business 213
 Chicken Creek 121, 173
 Children, love of 188, 196, 210
 Christmas 67, 94, 125, 136, 195, birth 197
 Church activity 115, 138, 205, 212, 213, 214,
 215, 249
 Church calling 247
 Civil War 94, 98, 146
 Clark, Phebe (Roberts) 18-19
 Clark, Eliza Aldula (Roberts) 25-29, 30-40
 Clark, Norma (Roberts) 31
 Clark Eunice (Roberts) 106
 Coach 239
 Colonel Conover 56
 Community Service 234
 Compassion 112, 179
 Cooper, Roy 191, 196, children 207,
 Coray Family 255-257
 Coray, Silas and Mary – children 256, death 265
 Coray Ancestry 255
 Coray, Martha Jane Knowlton 77, 258, 264,
 266, 272-288
 Coray, Martha Jane Knowlton 277-288
 Coray, Mary Knowlton (Roberts) 51, 72-91, 151
 Coray, William 289-290
 Children 107-108, Part V children's stories
 107-320
 Coray, Howard 257-276, leg broken 263,
 prophecy 263, letters 269-276
 Coray, Howard and Martha Jane 257
 Coronado, California 115
 County Clerk 162
 Courtship 149, 264
 Cow, Breaking 122, milch 129, mad dog 141,
 174, milk 186
 Curvature of Spine 185

- Dean, Louise (Roberts) 217, 229-230
 Dean of Women 280, Lecture Hall Program 282-283
 Dear friends 196
 Death children 142, 143, 144, 145, 160, 177, 181, 189, 214, 215, 219, 221, 250, 251, 265, 279, 285, 286, 287
 Dedication 128
 deLoery, Volney Bonnet 233
 Democratic principles 48, 171, 189
 Dentist 66
 Denver, Colorado 191
 Devil 202
 Diamond Mountain 203, 221
 Ditch, deadly 178
 Divorce 202
 Doctoring 66, 179, 226
 Dog, mad 141
 Dolls 57, 137, 195
 Doubletree 1276
 Draper, Utah 162
 Dreams 153, 169, 170, 206, 265, 266, 268, 278
 Drought 69
 Drown – Howard D. Roberts 10, 86, 125
 Drowning 135
 Dry Fork School 193, 202
 Duck meat 219
 Durango, Colorado 137

 Eating, anything 113
 Education 279
 Educator 238
 Endowments 266, 278
 Engineer 212
 English, proper 187
 Exposition, California 192, 200
 Eye problems – Orville Clark Roberts Jr. 112

 Family 163
 Farming 188, 247
 Farmington, New Mexico 218
 Fasting 155, 198
 Ferry, Hunsaker 267, 278, 289
 Fire 131, 139, home 146, prairie 147
 Fireworks 115
 Flash flood 68, 73
 Floyd, teacher 65
 Flu 161, 193, 202
 Food-very little 201, for winter 201

 Forgives 186
 Fort Kearny 267
 Fourth of July 124
 Freeman qualifications 12
 Freight trip 155, 210
 Fried cakes 136
 Friendship 134
 Fruit trees 62
 Fruitland, New Mexico 168, 170
 Fun times 186

 Gibbs, Huldah (Roberts) 20-22
 Gun accident 85
 Gold mining 93
 Goose eggs 97
 Guinea eggs 144
 Golden rule 113
 Grasshoppers 279
 Grandchildren 151
 Garden, Women's Nauvoo 288
 Guiding star 167
 Gratitude 223, 228
 Good times 175

 Hallies Comet 144
 Handcart rescue 93
 Hansaker ferry 267, 278
 Happiness 161, 179
 Hard times 153
 Hardwick, Elizabeth (Roberts) 35
 Hartle, Frank 194, 205, 207
 Hawkins, Lettice (Palmer) 42
 Hay fever 161
 Headaches – sick 127
 Health – frail 127
 Herbs 174
 High Priest 265
 Hikes – sunset 239
 Hired killer 146
 History of the Prophet Joseph Smith by his mother Lucy Mack Smith 284-285
 Holcomb, DeLucia (Roberts) 27, children 40, 105-106
 Home – blown down 146, poem 162, tent 192, decorating 199, Coray 265, Women's Garden 288
 Homesteading 203, 214, 267
 Honest to a fault 113

Horses 66, 109, 122, 174, 177, 186, 188, 210,
212, 222, 227, 228 234

Horses business 53, racing 168

Hotel Roberts, Provo, Utah 234-236

Housekeeping – Daphne’s 69

Hunsaker Ferry 267, 278, 289

Ice cream 128

Illness – final 199

Indians Mattabesett tribe 12, killed by 12,
stories 52, 54, 55, 58, 63, 64, 68, 70, 81, 93,
94, Indian war veteran 95, 120, 129, 136,
157, 179, 217, 218, 223, Lamanite 223

Integrity 249

Intellectual family 195

International meets and relay 239

Iowa, Neola 147

It Must Be Done 127

It’s True 148

Jackson, New Mexico 68, 140, 142, 143, 152

Jacobus report on Roberts of Middletown 6

Jamacha, California 115, 192, 198

Johnson, Susan (Roberts) 30

Juab County, Utah 267

Kindness 64, 66, grandchildren 117

Kirtland, New Mexico 143

Knitting 110

Knowledge 73, 180, 261

Knowlton Ancestry 253

Knowlton home 250

Knowlton Information and History 252

Knowlton, Ephraim 245

Knowlton, Harriet Burnham 251, 254

Knowlton, Martha Jane (Coray) *see Martha
Jane Knowlton Coray*

Knowlton, Sidney Algernon 245-253

Lafayette, name of carved at Witmore acres 12

Lakepoint, Utah 267

Lamanite people 223

Lambert, Elizabeth (Roberts) 37

Laundry 213

Lawyer 73

Leete (Leeke), Catherine *see Catherine Roberts*

Leota, Utah 221

Leota School 193, 204

Lessons – difficult 199

Letter writing 136, letter to relations 171, to
children 181, Frank to Daphne 191, May to
Daphne 207, Howard Coray 269-276

Lewellen, Loretta (Etta) 58, 60, 136

Life of party 119

Log home cozy 96

Log Milling 211

Love of children 85

Lusk, Julia Maria (Roberts) 96-103

Mail Contracts 63, 81

Man – proves 187

Mancos, Colorado 61, 74, 75, 79, 82,

Mancos Hill 59, 137, 138

Marriage – thoughts on 100, 154, 220, 265

McEvers, Harriet (Roberts) 33-35

McKay, David O 196

Measles 174

Medicine 174

Middletown, Connecticut – largest town 12,
important port 12

Midwife 204

Milk – bread 142, Flora’s 186

Mince pies 136

Mining 53, 93

Miracles 139, 263

Missions 176, 219, 222, 238, 247, 264, 266,
267, 268

Mona, Utah 56, 279

Montana 148

Mormon Battalion 289-290

Mormonism 246, 260

Mountain Fever 122

Mountain trips 175

Music – talent 180, 233

Nauvoo, Illinois 261, 264, 265, 267

Nebo, Mount 137

Neola, Iowa 147

Nephites, Three 139

New Mexico 148

Newhouse Hotel 234

Nickname 173

Nielson, Jens Peter 173, 176-178, children 183

Nishnabotna River, Missouri 267

Noel, Frank Leland 166-172

Nuts 152

- Obituaries 71, 90-91, 126, 189, 235, 242, 251, 268
- Ohio, Cumminsville 245-246
- Operation 127
- Orange Groves freeze 199
- Orator 85
- Organ 65, 195
- Oxen 174

- Palmer, Seth 42
- Palmer, Ambrose 42
- Palmer, Lettice Hawkin 42
- Paradise park 221
- Patriarch 268, 277
- Peace – happiness 161
- Peach pie 124
- Perilous Times 101
- Perpetual Emigration Fund 34-35
- Piano 214
- Picnic 115, 221
- Pictures: Cemetery 32;
 - Toll Bridge 70;
 - Orville Clark Roberts' Family 71;
 - Trading Post 170;
 - Frank Noel Display 171;
 - Hotel Roberts 236;
 - Knowlton Home 250;
 - Coray Home 265;
 - Brigham Young Academy 281,
 - Nielson home in Bluff 189,
 - Mormon Battalion 290
- Pioneers 176
- Playing – with children 67, 111, playhouse 122
- Pleasant Valley, Utah 188
- Plowing 152
- Plural wives 249
- Poems: Daddy 65;
 - A Deed and a Word 70;
 - Our home in Draper 162;
 - The Old Fire Place 164;
 - One by Martha Jane Roberts Nielson 182,
 - About Frank Roberts 187,
 - May Noel About Sister Daphne 207,
 - The Storm 242
- Politics 171, 189
- Pony Express 44
- Postmaster 94
- Pottery 34-35
- Poyer, Claire (Roberts) 214-216

- Prairie 146
- Prayer 114, 128, comfort of 151, 152, 155, 175, 198
- Preserving – facts or records 277
- Priesthood – administrations 66
- Promise 196, 197, 279
- Proper English 187
- Prophecy fulfilled 102, 263
- Prophet 277
- Proves a man 187
- Provo, Utah 137, 215, 267, 279, 280
- Purifying Plant 115

- Quarantine 161
- Quarrel 138

- Railroad 60, 63, 67, playing by 111, 213
- Rangely, Colorado 145
- Reader Place 221, 222
- Redmesa, Colorado 133, 197
- Relief Society 157
- Research on Roberts line 8-9
- Reservation 168
- Resourceful mother 111
- Respectful 188
- Retirement 214
- Rheumatic fever 214
- Rhubarb Pills 110
- Rich or poor 161
- Rico Mountain 220
- River Water Effects On Milk Story 48
- Roberts, Derivation of 2
- Roberts Hotel, Provo 234, 236
- Roberts of Middletown 3
- Roberts, Adelbert 105-106
- Roberts, Bolivar 43-49, children 50
- Roberts, Byron 105
- Roberts, Catherine 12, three sons 13
- Roberts, Clark – death 133, 219
- Roberts, Claude – death 132, 219
- Roberts, Daphne (Palmer) 42
- Roberts, Daphne Helena (Cooper & Hartle) 191-206, children 207
- Roberts, Dermont Homer 236
- Roberts, Don Carlos 209-213, children 216
- Roberts, Dr. Clark 31-32
- Roberts, Dr. Daniel 25-29 children 39-40
- Roberts, Dr. Don Carlos 41-42
- Roberts, Emma Bennett 236

Roberts, Ephraim Jr. 20-22, children 23-24
 Roberts, Ephraim Sr. 18-19
 Roberts, Eugene Lusk 238
 Roberts, Ezra 16-17
 Roberts, Frank Homer 185-190, 138
 Roberts, Harriet Virginia (Steele) 135-145,
 children 150
 Roberts, Homer 104
 Roberts, Horace Ephraim 33-35
 Roberts, Howard Daniel 119-126, shoots finger
 off 122, children 134, wedding 209, his
 accidental death 125, 126, 141, 181, 125,
 Mary's Diary 31, 114-117
 Roberts, Huldah Lula (Burton) 36
 Roberts, Jeremiah Wilcox 36
 Roberts, John 4, 13
 Roberts, Levi 37
 Roberts, Lillian Aldula (de Lorery) 223
 Roberts, Lois (Clark) 31
 Roberts, Louis Dermont 217-228, 140,
 children 230
 Roberts, Martha Jane (Nielson) 173-182,
 children 183, 191, 196
 Roberts, Mary Ann Taylor (Polly) 234
 Roberts, Mary Eliza (Noel) 151-165,
 children 172
 Roberts, Morris 35
 Roberts, Orpha Zulema (Walker) 237
 Roberts, Orville Clark 51-71, children 107-108,
 death 199 and 219, children's stories
 Part V 109-230
 Roberts, Orville Clark Jr. 109-117, children 118
 Roberts, Rollin K. 106
 Roberts, Samuel 5, 13, 14-15
 Roberts, William 5, 6, 13
 Roberts, William 30
 Roberts, William Clark 38
 Roberts, William DeWitt 92-95, children's
 stories Part VI 231-242
 Roberts, William DeWitt Jr. 234

 Salt Lake City, Utah 177, 205, 215, 248, 267, 278
 San Juan Academy 132
 San Juan River floods 112, 167
 San Diego, California 192, 240
 Satires 240
 School teaching 72, 193, 264, 277
 Schooling 97, 115, 116, 125, 147, 152, 153, 161,
 166, 174, 191, 210, 211, 212, 214, 218

Sealing – *see Temple sealings*
 Secessionist Meeting 52
 Sense of humor 102
 Sensitive 186
 Servants of Lord unpopular 272
 Shakespear 269
 Sharp, John Company 278
 Sheep 131, 147, 213, 222, Story 223, 228
 Shiprock, New Mexico 157
 Shooting Accidental 120
 Sleigh ride 152
 Smallpox 63, 139
 Smith, Joseph Sr. (Patriarch) 277
 Smith, Joseph 261, 262, 263, 266, 277
 Smith, Hyrum 261, 265, 266
 Smith, Lucy Mack History 266, 278
 Spiritual day 117, experience 177
 St. George, Utah 163
 Starkey, Hattie (Roberts) 104
 Steele, Charles Milton 141, 146-150
 Steele, Grandpa & Grandma 142
 Stick horses 70
 Stitching nose on 179
 Store Business 168
 Storm – terrible 157
 Sunday School 61, 63, 158, 159, 218
 Sunset Hikes 239
 Surgeon 66
 Swedish family 110, 136

 Taylor, Evelyn (Roberts) 185, 189
 Taylor, Mary Ann (Polly) (Roberts) 234, 235
 Teacher – Mr. Floyd 65
 Telegraph 46
 Temple Sealing 143, work 163, 177, work 214,
 252, 265, 266, 278
 Tent home 192
 Testimony 69, 155, 165, 182, 259
 Thirty degrees below 222
 Thoughtful 188
 Three Nephites 139
 Thy Will Be Done 100
 Timpanogos, Utah 239, 241
 Tooele, Utah 267, 279
 “Tots” Daphne 194
 Touching moment scene 199
 Town, first time 152
 Trading Post 156, 158, 168
 Train 133, 175

Tribute to mother 167, wife 170, to Frank
189, to Daphne 207, 223, 224, 229, 249,
268, 272, 285, 288
Trip from Mona – Mancos 56-65
Troubles 225
Tuba City, Arizona 222
Two Dreams 206
Typhoid fever 156, 229

Vaccinations 63, 209
Vernal, Utah 159, 192, 201, 202, 215
Virginia, Smyth County 268

Wagon Trip – very ill 155
Walker, James Merriweather 237
Warmer Climate 67
Washington, name of at Witmore acres 12
Water conditions 189
Watermelon 59
Wedding anniversary 83, 85, 114, Valentine
wedding 111, 20

Well 69
“Whistling and Whittling Brigade” 265
White, Minerva (Roberts) 36
Whooping cough 136, 141, 197, 204
“Will Roberts” 234
Winter, coldest 110
Witmore acres in Middletown, Connecticut 12
Witmore, John 12
Witmore, Thomas 12
Wolves 97, 147
Women’s Gardens Nauvoo 288
Wool dresses 72
Woolen mills 81, 195
Woolley, Edwin D 263, 265
Work 153
Writing letters 136
Wyoming 144

York, Martha Eliza (Roberts) 105
Young, Mary Whipple (Roberts) 127-134
Young, Persis Amy (Roberts) 109